

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES Editor and Publisher

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Greater Indianapolis

*"Are you in earnest, seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius, power and magic in it,
Only engage and the mind grows heated;
Commence and soon the work will be completed."*

—GOETHE.

In his New Year's address, three years ago, to the people of the metropolis, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, said:

"I am always dreaming of a wonderful London in which everybody is happy, a London where there is no poor and only a bounteous rich, where children can walk in safety and breathe in an atmosphere clean and sweet.

"I would make this dream of mine the last of all civic ideals, knowing that in its realization those already begun must first have come to fruition."

Greater London has a population of about nine million. Greater Indianapolis has a population one tenth as great. For this wonderful interurban system of electric lines, makes the family fifty miles distant as much a part of this community as the family in Irvington or Mars Hill. And the people of this city need to realize that greater Indianapolis is much more than a city of some three hundred thousand population. It is a great community including towns and villages and country homes for fifty miles and more, East, West, North and South, and unites a million souls in a common interest of which the prosperity and happiness of every one is a part.

We too, can be dreaming of a wonderful Indianapolis, "In which everyone is happy, where there is no poor and only a bounteous rich—where children can walk in safety and breathe in an atmosphere clean and sweet."

And when will this dream come true? When the atmosphere of this community is that of good will. When each man counts every other man his friend and speaks only well of his neighbor. When every citizen realizes that the prosperity of every other citizen is the only assurance of his own success. When there is such a sentiment as Indianapolis patriotism. When its people love this city of their homes, and are proud of it, speak well of it and realize that its honor is their own. When the men and women of this community lift up their hearts to the civic ideals which the Heart of Greater Indianapolis is ever holding out to them. When we have the courage of our convictions, when we know that poverty and pessimism are both unnecessary because society is solvent, and opportunity is always holding the gate ajar to him who brings the open sesame of courage.

And finally our dream of Greater Indianapolis will come true when the men and women of this community, who love right, believe in the good and forget the bad in their fellow-men and who know that the realization of Happiness and Prosperity for everyone who only awaits the banishment of selfishness—when these men and women rise up and declare themselves the defenders and builders of Greater Indianapolis.

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The Indianian

The Indianian presents its initial issue in the confidence that the mission it undertakes will meet approval and response in the sentiments of Greater Indianapolis. For it is the spirit of Greater Indianapolis which this publication will undertake to represent. And it will undertake to do what may be done toward expressing and organizing the vital and progressive sentiments of this community.

A community can be for the most part either an aggregation or an organization. Of course, no community is altogether either one. But the dominant sentiments of a community may originate from the more or less prevalence of either condition. And if the dominant sentiment happens to be that of an aggregation, then the larger the community the more difficult and dangerous becomes conditions for the individual. And the more favorable do these conditions become as the community becomes organized on the basis of ideals in which all can agree.

It is putting into words what every one knows, to say that the tendency of the past half century has been toward social and industrial ideals and social and industrial organization. The basis of this tendency has been the simplest and most obvious principles that regulate human conduct, and these principles can be stated under four heads:

1. Intellectual independence; the consecration of mind to facts instead of doctrines; the belief that "God is in His heaven and the world is all right"—if only it is rightly guided;
2. The spirit of sympathy and brotherly love—the conviction that the community has a compelling responsibility to the individual;
3. Ideals, and the courage to carry ideals forward to Realization; and
4. Organization on the basis of these three principles and by the use of the *Best* that the community possesses, and never the worst.

To contemplate the gradual reorganization of any community on the basis of these principles is also to contemplate what from the present viewpoint would seem as the moving forward into another world than the one we know. So long have we breathed an atmosphere of selfishness, so long has the community submitted to the rule of inferiority, so long have we known struggle and want and poverty, so long has the race been to the swift and the battle to the strongest, that to contemplate a condition when the weak can lean upon the sustaining arm of the strong, the wise will become the teachers of those who need to learn and the child of poverty can laugh and play in the sunshine of comfort and security; to contemplate these things is to lift one's eyes above the mist and clouds of today and see out there—somewhere—Greater Indianapolis. But all of this is really possible, for "God is in His heaven and the world is all right," if only we will have it so.

No one would put forth a hand to stay this forward movement, however little there may be to hope for immediately. If a new and greater day for Indianapolis has its beginning with this first year of Indiana's second century, then, however distant may be the day of realization, to our children and theirs will come the fruits of that for which the men of today will be remembered. Again let it be said that this movement is one in which the aristocracy of mind and heart can join. And from what unexpected and hitherto unknown sources will these patricians of Greater Indianapolis come!

And it needs be said with every confidence that this community possesses as large a proportion of citizens of intellectual superiority as any other American city. Intellectual greatness and Ideal-

ism have lain very close to the heart of Indiana since its birth a hundred years ago. And the men and women are here today to make of this community whatever they will—if only they will declare their own intellectual independence and end the rule which inferiority and self-seeking has usurped, solely because those who should guide the destinies of Indianapolis have neglected their high estate and left it in unworthy hands.

The spirit and character of Greater Indianapolis would change in a week if the men and women who possess ideals, understand conditions, think straight, and above all else who have the courage of their convictions, would just rise up and declare themselves. And all that is needed to this end is just a little education and then militant organization. Surely the incentive is here in the potential and evident possibilities of Greater Indianapolis. And the education that is required is little more than a clear statement of fundamental conditions.

We have long ago grown accustomed to content ourselves with a very superficial knowledge of exceedingly important facts. And the ridiculous responsibility which the public has imposed upon the newspapers accounts for much of this. So great has become the public appetite for the chronicle of daily happenings, that the newspapers essentially limited in time and space have had neither time and gradually less and less inclination to analyze the "why" of conditions. This public appetite is as unworthy and superficial as is the feminine love for gossip. And one has no farther to seek for the demonstration of this than to carefully go over the news columns of any daily paper with regard for what is really vital and important—or to try to recall what he read yesterday.

What is needed is accurate and complete information concerning conditions that are essential to every one. How much, for instance, does the average citizen really know about the present municipal administration, or about the uses to which the city revenues of more than three million dollars are being put; or in regard to the present civic conditions in Indianapolis as compared to what they should and might easily be; or in regard to any of the big problems that ought to engage public attention. And yet with all this evident superficiality of general information the intelligent citizen is ready and eager to know all about the things that most concern his welfare.

For this reason—the readiness and willingness of the intelligent citizen to know the truth—and because the evident possibilities of this community are so tremendous, The Indianian has taken up a responsibility which, if it cannot execute, will surely fall to the lot of a more capable successor. And that responsibility is to deal weekly with the larger problems that concern every citizen of this community and the solution of which will give expression to the highest intelligence most worthy and enduring principles and most manly courage of Greater Indianapolis.

The Indianian belongs to no one except its publisher; holds no brief for special interests of any sort, and is committed to no policy except the best service which it can possibly give to all the people of this community. And in that service it will express something larger than the personal ideas and convictions of its editor. It will undertake to give expression to the principles, convictions and ideals which are common to all the high-minded citizens of this community.

The Indianian will take for granted the welcome and sympathy and co-operation which its purposes and what it accomplishes deserve. And in this first issue it pledges all loyalty and the very best service of which it is capable to that King who should rule us all—The Heart of Greater Indianapolis.

The Coming City Election

A splendid opportunity for a very notable civic achievement is now before the citizens of Indianapolis in the coming municipal election for which candidates will shortly be selected. At this election the mayor, city clerk, police judge and nine councilmen will be elected. The municipal organization of Indianapolis is such that the mayor is, for all practical purposes, the executive head and business manager of the city for the reason that practically the entire city government is appointive and under his direct and personal control. This is just as it should be, but it greatly affects the responsibility of the community in selecting a man for this office who in personality, character, capability and experience is equal to the place.

If consideration is given to the one fact of what Indianapolis really means, the importance of this suggestion will be readily appreciated. The valuation for taxation of Indianapolis real estate is more than two hundred million dollars. Its actual value is, of course, a much larger sum, and added to this is all the other property of this community, besides the real estate. There are no means of ascertaining what the total assets of this community really are, but it is safe to say that they amount to considerably more than a billion dollars, and the city's annual business runs into the hundreds of millions.

Therefore, the real situation is that a billion dollar corporation, in which every citizen is a shareholder according to his possessions, is about to choose its board of directors and executive head. It is needless to say that any commercial organization of such magnitude would choose for such responsibilities the most eminent, capable and high-minded persons among its shareholders.

The very same consideration should move the citizens of this community in selecting the nine members of the city council, who are really the board of directors of this great corporation and the mayor its executive head. Our election laws provide that the council must consist of six members of the dominant party and three from the opposite party, and therefore, from either ticket put forth, there will be at least three members elected.

Now, is it not possible for the leaders of the political parties of this city to put forth a man for the office of mayor who possesses the character, personality, capability and experience to administer the responsibilities of this important office in a manner that will command the respect and confidence of the citizens of this community. Can we not have one city council composed of really representative citizens—men who are really leaders among the three hundred thousand shareholders in this great community, and who can give to the city of Indianapolis the deserving distinction which its wealth, intelligence and future deserves?

A number of candidates have already been suggested by the two principal political parties, and among these two gentlemen have already been proposed who in every way are capable, experienced and efficient and would, with credit to the community, fill this great responsibility. These gentlemen are Mr. Charles A. Bookwalter, Republican, and Judge Charles J. Orbison, Democrat. These men have spent their active lives in this community. Both of them have attained great success and distinction in their respective occupations. Both of them are men of such high character that their efficient and patriotic administration of the office of mayor would be open to no question. Both of these gentlemen are idealists and could be depended upon to surround themselves with such

capable assistants that the city would not only be governed with the highest efficiency, but with the greatest economy.

It would be the part of wisdom if this very important matter of candidates were not left entirely to the discretion of political parties, where the usual political methods are sure to influence what is done. And it would be imminently fitting if there should be an organized citizens' movement to consider and recommend the candidates for nomination by the two parties. This would be an exceedingly difficult thing to bring about in the present state of civic inertia in this community. But the importance of the undertaking more than justifies any effort it may require. And all that is necessary to inaugurate such a movement is for some capable men to assume the initiative.

The Indianian is in no sense a partisan publication, but it has the highest regard for both of these gentlemen and would regard as a very perplexing dilemma the necessity of making any choice between them. This article merely suggests these two men, whose candidacy is already taken for granted, and the Public can choose the man. And whatever may be the result of this election, if these two men are nominated, the first mayor of Greater Indianapolis will be a credit to the community.

A Story Worth Remembering

When the Chicago Clearing House discovered that the condition of the Chicago National Bank was such as to make its further continuance impossible they were confronted with a very serious responsibility. A nation-wide panic was on, and the failure of any large Chicago bank meant disaster to every other financial institution. The more generous-minded and public-spirited members of the Chicago Clearing House recommended that the Clearing House Banks take over the assets of the Chicago National Bank and assume its liabilities to depositors. This proposition was immediately met by the "conservatives" with this bald inquiry, "If these assets were presented to us in the ordinary course of business as collateral, for the amount of money required for this emergency, would we make the loan?" To this there could be only one answer—"No." But an interesting fact was that every one believed that with good management the assets of this bank might be made ultimately to realize dollar for dollar for its depositors' liabilities. It merely meant to tie up some seven or eight million dollars for probably two or three years—possibly longer.

As the story goes, the discussion began Saturday afternoon and continued at various renewed meetings until late Sunday night when it was suggested that Mr. Marshall Field be called into their counsel.

Mr. Field was sent for, and although nearing his end (which occurred a few months afterwards), he came to the meeting that night. The situation was explained to him by both sides, and when he had heard all there was to be said he arose and made one of the greatest speeches in the history of American finance, and it consisted of just one sentence; it was this:

"Gentlemen, if the Chicago Clearing House banks are not willing to assume this responsibility for the sake of this city of our homes, then Marshall Field will."

What followed is long since a part of the financial history of Chicago. But what would the development of such spirit as this on the part of a few Indianapolis business men do for this community?

With Indiana's Law-makers

They are off!

The preliminaries have been staged and the main bouts are now being rung in under the starting gong.

The statewide prohibition bill has been introduced into the Seventieth General Assembly of Indiana and all eyes are focused on the progress of the bill. The other measures introduced up to the present time have been of local prominence only and concern only the sections from which senators and representatives have been elected. But with the prohibition question it is a different matter. It is regarded as the big, paramount question before the General Assembly, and now it is in the running.

The organization of both houses has been completed with the Republicans in charge on both sides. The various committees have been appointed without causing any tremendous excitement, because most of the vital measures to be introduced, those of suffrage, prohibition and the new constitution, will be forced into an open fight—a free-for-all.

The entire first week of the session resulted in nothing but the organization work and the introduction of a few bills with everyone marking time, so to speak. And then later on, when about thirty or forty days have elapsed, both houses will try to repair the loss of those seven days by holding night sessions and threatening to hold sessions on Sunday. 'Twas ever thus.

The question of prohibition will probably be paramount through the entire session, and may be the vital issue about which all legislation will turn. The adherents of the prohibitionists and the supporters of the opposition movement are watching every movement about the capitol, and the lines have been drawn so closely within the last few days that the counting of noses has begun. And the leaders of the opposition sit back contentedly, puff away at their cigars and insist they've got it.

The dry workers are holding out in the lobbies at the capitol itself. They are here, there and everywhere with the members of the Women's Legislative Council ready to assist every effort to get a vote. Ministers, preachers, the barber, the baker and the candlestick maker, they are all there on the job.

Senator William M. White of Crawfordsville, who was prominent during the last session because of his ability as a diplomat, has been placed in charge of the public morals committee in the Senate. White is openly a "dry" man and the prohibitionist bill will go to his committee for action when the time comes. It will be reported out of his committee with either a favorable or an unfavorable recommendation, but the "dry" forces say there is no doubt it will be reported out, as White will not permit any process of the open pigeonhole for it.

The "dry" forces are willing to concede the public morals committee has been stacked against them. There are seven senators on this committee and four of them are said to have no great hatred for the liquor interests. Four of them come from districts where the liquor interests are supreme and the four are expected to report the bill unfavorably.

"But that makes no difference because these senators cannot vote against the prohibition question," said one of the prominent dry supporters when elaborating upon the possibilities. "We can show them the sentiment in their communities is against the liquor interests. Seventy-nine of these counties have voted against liquor at various times, and that should mean the votes of the great majority of the senators."

The Senate is the stage for the fight. They have passed the buck, as it were, in the House, where a public morals committee was named strongly in favor of the "dry" cause. The House had the first shot at naming these committees, so the Senate had to await action. And then the opposition put all the pressure on the Senate side. So it will be with the prohibitionist bill unless the Senate can get to it before the House acts. If the senators do get the first shot, the buck will be passed right back to the House.

And in the meantime the effect of the Ralston anti-lobby bill is seen. In the years gone by the "third house," or the lobbyists, have held their sessions in the corridors about the capitol or in a room provided for the occasion. But Ralston forced his anti-lobby bill through the last session, and those caught about the capitol must have a license and be registered. So the hotels have become the mecca towards which all feet sway. And the wigwagging of signals from the capitol to the lookouts at the hotels has been constant.

As it is with the prohibitionist bills, so it is with woman suffrage.

The members of the Women's Legislative Council got a limited suffrage bill through the last Senate. Senators voted for it and laughed heartily as they voted. But they passed it, almost unanimously, and it was sent over to the House. Members of the House roundly cursed the Senate and then acknowledged to becoming members of the order of goats. They were the goats, and when the bill was handed to them they voted down the suffrage cause. And the senators laughed again when members of the House were abused for their failure to provide the suffrage opportunity.

It takes more than one bird to make a summer and more than one legislature to dishearten the suffrage enthusiasts. The women have a room near the legislative chambers. They've got a secretary on the job to watch things and they've got several lobbyists who know nothing about the whispering, gumshoe methods, but who know how to corner a man and demand openly why he will not support the suffrage measure. And then when he says openly he is against it, they know how to smooth a ruffle here and a tuck there, to reach him with a little well-pointed flattery, his appearance, his ability, his opportunity, his girl at home, and so on.

So the women are of the opinion they are going to get suffrage. They are demanding suffrage regardless of whether or not the constitution is changed. They are insisting they have what suffrage they can under the present constitution.

And then comes the final big issue, the new constitution. There is no doubt of the action on this measure before the session is over, supporters of the movement contend. It is going to be accorded an open welcome, they say, and those secretly opposed to it are going to vote for it because there are so few of them this time there is no chance of beating it. The vote in the Senate will be more than two-thirds for a constitutional convention and the same condition will prevail in the House, according to the constitution leagues.

But early in the battle the constitutional convention supporters struck a snag in the senate after Senator Harry E. Negley had introduced the bill. By request of Senator Negley the committee on constitutional revision delayed action on the bill, since it is said Senator Negley desires a public hearing on the measure. Meanwhile it is reported that practically every member of the committee is opposed to the constitution convention plan. Senator William E. English, chairman of the committee, has made no bones about the fact he is opposed to the calling of a convention and he has backed his public statements by having introduced a number of amendments to the present constitution.

Governor Ralston has contended openly on all occasions that prohibition and woman suffrage in Indiana are not possible until the constitution is changed. He says he still believes it is impossible to obtain these new features of legislation despite the fact the Supreme Court wavered a little on the liquor question in declaring valid the county option law. The Governor has fought, openly and privately, for a new constitution and his private advice given to Democratic senators has been to get in line for all progressive issues.

Governor James P. Goodrich had just taken the oath when he declared for a new constitution. Goodrich has his pet hobby all wrapped up in the tax question, but the taxation experts (some would say cranks) contend also there is little opportunity for reform without a new constitution. And that is where Governor Ralston and Governor Goodrich have an open quarrel.

"Our present law is based on the theory that all men are equal," says Governor Ralston. "It says in effect that my dollar and your dollar are just alike in the eyes of the law. To classify property as Governor Goodrich desires will mean to place a low-tax on such taxable as you can hide in security boxes and to place a high tax on real estate and farm property. It says in effect to the tax dodgers, 'If you'll come in we'll give you a clean appearance for whatever amount of taxables you wish to record.'—And then it says to the poor man, 'Pay the full amount on your little property.'"

The present law may be all right but it won't work and we are not getting anything from the tax dodgers under it," is the Goodrich cry. "Under the progressive classification process, adopted in other States, we can get something from the tax dodgers, so why not take that method and get the best you can?"

There are the arguments of the question which is destined to become the most vital in the State. Taxation has become such a burden in some counties that the tax on money is greater now than its returns to the owners. In other words, the tax on \$100 has run greater than \$5, and in a trust company where 4 per cent. is paid it will return only \$4. The wailing and knashing of teeth over this condition can be heard distinctly if the ear be placed to the ground.

But the liquor men are ready to accept the new constitution movement before they accept statutory prohibition, and they are about the only organized opposition to either woman suffrage, prohibition or a new constitution.

"What about the Goodrich administration?"

That is a question often asked these days about the capitol.

The Goodrich message was plain. Local editors said it was "meaty." It declared for the abolition of a great many elective offices at present. It declared for economy, a State highway commission and a new constitution. It was a short message, not half so long as that of Governor Ralston.

But the meaning of the message can be viewed from various angles and Democrats and Republicans in the legislative councils are so viewing it.

"I am for some of the things he wants, but I am not for creating a czar in Indiana or building up a gigantic political machine to thrust into his power so he can pry open the lids of the Republican nomination for President in 1920," is the manner in which several of the Democrats viewed the message. And then they explain.

They contend Governor Goodrich wants more appointing plunder rather than economy. They point to the office of attorney-general, where experienced attorneys say it is impossible to do more work without more assistance. Mr. Goodrich wants the legal work of the tax board, the public service com-

mission, the governor and the state board of accounts transferred to this department. The tax board now has its legal clerk, so has the accounting board and the governor.

"Now, let him appoint the attorney-general, as he desires and says in his message, and he will appoint just as many assistants as there are now and it will cost just as much before he goes out of office, but he will have another spoke in his machine," argues the Democrat. "It's centralized power of the most vivid sort," they add.

"It is a measure of economy," argues back the Republican. "If Goodrich wants to become responsible for this office let him do so. It will save money."

So it is with the oil department, the fish and game department, the public service commission, and eventually the accounting department. The Democrats charge openly that Goodrich is building his machine and the Republicans are proclaiming his desires for economy.

And so the fight will proceed for four years. The Democrats are going to continue to yell hypocrite and watch every opportunity to display the political wares of Mr. Goodrich and the Republicans are going to watch every opportunity to ask Democrats why they didn't save this money.

The 1917 legislature faces the most peculiar financial condition in the history of the State. Every dollar of the State's debt has been paid and instead of the usual increase in the State tax rate that had come to be looked on as a necessary part of the proceedings of each legislature, admonitions have been sent to the legislators on every hand to prevent unnecessary expenditures in future years, through legislation of an extravagant nature, that the existing financial status of the State might go unimpaired.

Freak legislation—that infests every congress of the United States and every State legislative session the country over—will find its usual place in this assembly, from early indications. An "anti-corset bill" headed the list of this class of legislation.

Then some sort of legislation may be expected looking towards taking all possible State action to reduce the cost of living, although few have any definite program along these lines. Amendment of the public utility law to provide that the public service commission be given greater powers in the handling of car shortage conditions, or other congestion on railroads, is another possibility, and some persons are even advocating that the Governor of the State be empowered to use other very drastic methods to remedy conditions at such times as highly inflated prices of commodities in general use were working tremendous hardship on the people of the commonwealth. Discussion of this subject turned to the possibility of some enactment whereby a Governor might be empowered to call out the national guard to take charge of and operate such necessity fountains as the coal mines of the State when economic conditions, or other conditions, brought intense suffering to the people of the State. It seemed hardly probable, however, that any such socialistic ideas as these would bear fruit, although it was expected that "freak" bills would be introduced on such subjects.

The seventieth legislature faced a record, made by the sixty-ninth assembly, for economy that it could not well overlook. The legislature of 1913 was one that spent relatively much money in various ways, and a revulsion of feeling among the voters of the State because of this led to an economy record in the 1915 assembly that made a "low water mark" for future assemblies.

Statutory Prohibition

A very zealous and exceedingly well organized campaign is on to force a state-wide prohibition statute through the present legislature. And some examination of the facts of this movement might be very much worth while. Unfortunately this proposed measure promises to overshadow all else that will come before the legislature, hence the importance which will be given to it in this article.

If this campaign presented on the part of its agents a merely moral issue the situation would be greatly simplified, but this is very far from the case. To commence with, the directing spirits in this undertaking are professional and thoroughly trained "Anti-Saloon League" paid reformers, who have demonstrated that "reformation" as a profession is an exceedingly lucrative occupation. And the moral value of their activities can very justly be heavily discounted on the ground of personal interest. Much might be said just here, but that much for the present will be withheld until the exact operations of these professional gentlemen come out into the light. But let no one suppose that these Anti-Saloon League officials are moved to warfare against the liquor traffic by any violent personal hatred of the bad saloon—much as that undeserving institution merits public condemnation.

And then this moral propaganda includes in its ranks, like every other reform movement, a great many of those restless busy-bodies who, never having discovered for themselves any place of positive usefulness, have concluded that their "place in the sun" is to teach this busy world what it ought to think and do. The misfortune of every reform movement is that it gives a chance to declare themselves to a lot of otherwise useless people who never in the world would be heard from except in the masquerade of reform.

But in this movement are also many conscientious and high-minded citizens who hate the saloon because they believe it to be a curse upon society and they honestly regard prohibition as the only effective remedy. It is to these citizens that any protest against unreasonable and destructive procedure should be addressed.

And to such citizens The Indianian has three things to say: First, that Statutory Prohibition is neither the wise nor permanent remedy. In fact, it is condemned at the outset by its evident impermanence. No legislature can make any law which a succeeding legislature cannot change or repeal. Moreover, Statutory Prohibition thrusts the whole liquor question, with all of its problems and dangers, into politics, where for every reason it should not be. Heaven knows that American politics has already been cursed by problems which not only baffle the ability, but what is infinitely worse—tempt the cupidity of our law-makers.

The second thing The Indianian wishes to say is just a little concerning the property rights involved in this question. It is a curious thing how some people who have nothing, and never expect to have anything, are so ready to reduce to the same level those who have. When the great Lord Blackstone gathered together the customs of the English people—customs that had been observed "since the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and reduced these customs to formal laws—he arranged these laws under these heads: The Rights of Persons, The Rights of Property, and The Rights of Kings. The Rights of Property have been recognized by law ever since law or the customs that preceded law have existed, and it has remained for an irresponsible element of American democracy to claim the privilege of annihilating property without regard for the rights of those who own it.

Other nations than ours have dealt with the liquor question, and that without legalized confisca-

tion. Russia dealt with it years ago by putting it in the hands of the Czar, so that the other day all his majesty had to do to bring about prohibition as a war measure was to shut up the Vodka shops, which he absolutely controlled. England is preparing to deal with it now in a manner entirely just to the demands of its morality, and also the rights of property. And only an American legislature would ever dream of enacting a law which would arbitrarily confiscate millions of dollars of property and by the same token increase the taxes of the taxpayers of the State more than a million.

The owners of breweries and distilleries and saloons cannot expect any very serious regard for their rights, whatever they may be. Such regard has small part in the program of professional reform. But there is a class of citizens who certainly have the right to be heard, and that is the taxpayer. In the city of Indianapolis alone immediate prohibition would reduce the public revenue by more than three hundred thousand dollars. As matters now stand it would necessitate an immediate change in the tax rate of more than twenty cents on the hundred dollars. Is not this fact alone sufficient warrant for incorporating some small consideration of the facts involved in this proposed procedure?

The third thing which The Indianian has to say is that a thorough investigation of the liquor industry in Indiana by a competent and impartial commission should precede any legislative action affecting it. The justice of this suggestion can scarcely be denied. The citizens, and especially the taxpayers of this State, have the right to know precisely what they are doing when they deal with this very important problem.

As the case stands at present, about all the information which the public possesses on this question is merely a conviction by a large part of the public that the saloon is essentially bad. But undeniably this conviction is in very much the larger part moral prejudice. The alleged facts put forward in condemnation of the liquor business are altogether from the pulpit and organized prohibition sources. And the right of either of these to speak with authority on this subject is open to much question.

When due regard is had to the fact that the liquor industry has been fostered and developed by the law, has contributed more heavily to the public revenues than any other American industry, and in its development has created property values running into the hundreds of millions—and that by the strictest observance of legal requirements—surely it is within the scope to call for an arrest of judgment until all the facts are known.

To begin with, the bad saloon needs to be arbitrarily segregated from the liquor business as a whole. The liquor industry has grown to its present magnitude because a very large part of the people desire and consume liquors in moderate quantities. The bad saloon has come about solely because the proper functions of government have been neglected by those who either by their activities or neglect make good or bad government possible. In other words, it is the lack of law enforcement that is entirely responsible for the existence of the bad saloon.

The American saloon is an American institution and its like is not to be found anywhere else in all Christendom. It is one of the products of the American idea that this country is "the home of the free." Those who patronize it have developed its functions in accordance with what they have regarded as their own desires and personal privileges and, when the enforcement of law has been lax, they have all too often guided its activities into channels for which there is no justification.

When the saloon becomes a partner in prostitu-

tion, or gambling, or crime, or debauchery of any sort, nothing can be said in its defense. Even the distinctively American habit of treating has its undeniable dangers. The saloon on Saturday night is a very different influence among workingmen than the saloon of the rest of the week.

But the criminal and immoral and debauchery influence of certain saloons apply to an exceedingly small part of the retail liquor trade. And to annihilate a vast industry because certain undeniably bad conditions have grown out of it—conditions which have developed by permission and neglect—is to legislate without regard either for facts or justice.

The liquor industry cannot complain if it is asked to stand trial on the basis of facts, and when all of these facts are known, to submit its cause to the judgment of all the people. But a business which has grown with the development of the nation, in response to an enormous public demand and by every step in accord with the guidance and requirements of the law, does have the right to protest at being tried with a brass band and before a jury who have made out the verdict before the case is even commenced.

Might not the motives of the prosecution properly be asked for? Is there anything wrong in calling for evidence instead of shouts of condemnation? And is it beside the strictest rules of justice to suggest that those who are most affected by this sort of precipitate and sumptuary legislation should at least have a hearing? In short, is there any reason why those who are about to act should not respectfully be requested to first ascertain just what they are doing?

Indiana has a great opportunity in dealing with this liquor problem—an opportunity which can make it a leader among states, in thought and legislative action. And that opportunity—a duty really—is the necessity of thoroughly investigating the liquor industry and its problems and requirements before any action is taken affecting it.

The present legislature can do a very useful thing in creating a commission for the purposes of such an inquiry. Some of the facts which such a commission can ascertain are the exact status of the liquor business, the volume of capital employed in it, and the amount and value of its product, all of which would make known the magnitude and importance of the business. It can also ascertain the measure and nature of crime that is directly chargeable to the liquor business. This might be an unwelcome revelation to the enemies of the business. It can determine the extent to which the evils of the bad saloon can be segregated from the liquor industry and abolished. And finally—if the liquor industry is to continue in response to the public demands for its product—such a commission can determine the regulations that would best serve public welfare in the government of the liquor traffic.

Other countries have faced the liquor problem and found its solution. Notable among these are Germany, France and Sweden. The problems in this country are different, of course. But they are problems which justly call for just and judicial treatment. And whatever may be the ultimate judgment of the citizens of this State upon the liquor industry, that judgment should be founded on facts, and not emotional prejudice. It should take into due account the responsibility which the State has had from the beginning in the development of this vast industry. If the rights of the individual are still to be respected, then some due regard must be had for the wishes and judgment of those citizens who have made the liquor industry possible because they have desired its products. The property rights of those engaged in this business cannot justly be disregarded, and finally when this case is carried up to the court of last resort,

the judgment of all the people of this State, it should be upon a brief which not only states all the facts, but is deaf alike to the clamor of emotional prejudices on the one hand and the maneuvers of cupidity and personal interest on the other. And the judgment, when it is rendered, should be based on straight thinking and the courageous convictions which the facts alone determine.

And one of the very first facts which such an investigation would disclose is that Indiana already has most excellent liquor laws, which, if honestly and effectively enforced, would meet every wish of the so-called moral element of society, except the wish which is representative of but a fractional part of society, to destroy the liquor industry altogether.

It is a poor remedy for the failure to enforce good laws already existing, to pass other laws the disregard of which would bring about conditions tenfold worse than those that exist now. Let the people of Indiana demonstrate their respect for law by demonstrating the courage and ability to enforce those that we already have.

And finally let it be repeated with every possible emphasis—let the people of Indiana know *all* the facts before they act at all.

Those Thrift Talks

Indianapolis is now being blessed with a Thrift crusade, consisting of little sermons by successful financiers, who are also well-known Indianapolis citizens. The first of these little preachments, credited to the senior member and dean of the Indianapolis banking fraternity, reads as follows:

"Do you know that about 65 per cent. of the people of this country over sixty years of age are dependent? Do you wish to be numbered in this class? If you save half of your income, make good investments, you will become rich."

It is scarcely comprehensible that the distinguished gentleman to whom these words are ascribed even so much as took the trouble to read them after he wrote them down, for they will not bear the most superficial analysis: "About 65 per cent. of the people of this country over sixty years of age are dependent." Perhaps so! And if the advice that follows has any serious value to anyone, surely it is this prospective 65 per cent. Fully 65 per cent. of the male population of Indianapolis are trying to "get by" on incomes of less than twenty dollars per week—in some instances much less. Now, will some finished graduate in the science of saving please explain how a wage-earner with a small family—say of four members—and receiving a weekly income of eighteen dollars, can save half of that income when "perfectly fresh" eggs are a nickel apiece and bacon fifty cents a pound? For that matter, how could he do it when the cost of living was at any figure within the memory of the present generation?

This good man is himself chairman of one of the most important financial institutions in this city—employing exclusive of officers, more than one hundred men who receive considerable better than average salaries. And it is perfectly safe to say that if he should direct that all of these employees save half their incomes he would have to accompany the order with a substantial increase in salaries.

The second of these little sermonettes, written by Mr. John P. Frenzel, and commencing, "Spend less than you make and save the difference," etc., has the ring of sound common sense, and this thrift crusade can serve a most useful purpose if only those who preach have some accurate knowledge of the exact conditions that they seek to improve, and with it have some genuine sympathy and fellow-feeling for those to whom they are offering unsolicited advice.

But if the distinguished gentlemen who are dispensing this advice offer nothing more useful than glorified tommyrot, then their efforts will only serve to widen the gap between the multitude who are in daily struggle with disheartening and difficult necessity and the few whom capricious luck or elusive genius have crowned with the laurels of success.

Society

(By the Chaperone.)

The faint wreath of smoke from the cigarette is beginning to curl its fragrant way through the boudoir as well as the den these days, and is becoming as popular in the one as it has always been in the other. And like all feminine fancies, it comes daintily housed and fashioned, and heralded by such an alluring array of accessories, its appeal is irresistible. Indianapolis women are just beginning to accord it universal welcome, but their eastern sisters have long ago accepted it as a matter of course. Not that it masquerades under the guise of "something new," for even our earliest feminine ancestors are credited with a fondness for the old corn-cob pipe in the chimney corner. But that same pipe is a far cry from the dainty gold-tipped cigarette with which the woman of today soothes her tired nerves, and the manner in which those cigarettes are offered would win its way into the most prejudiced heart.

Perhaps the most useful and practical dolly that ever drifted from toy-land is the frilly French doll which stands on the boudoir table of one Indianapolis woman, and conceals beneath her fluffy ruffles a goodly supply of monogram cigarettes. This truly feminine cigarette jar is imported, and its owner does not need to explain that it hails from sunny France.

When you lift off the doll's French bisque head, a roomy space is disclosed beneath the triple ruffled skirt which boasts an 1830 fullness. Each frill is edged with narrow gold lace, and the doll's head-dress is of gold, shadowing a coquettish little face that invites you to accept a smoke from her. Seldom is the invitation refused.

Another convenience for the feminine smoker, which Indianapolis women have adopted, is the gold wire holder which protects the fingers from nicotine stains. It is scarcely larger than a hair-pin, with a ring-shaped end to hold, and the other made to fit around the cigarette and keep it firm so it may be puffed to the end without coming in contact with the fingers. Handsomely ornamented holders may be made to special order, and are worn on a chain or carried in the vanity case where they are always ready for use. So the old objection to the "stained fingers" is done away with.

One of the most highly prized Christmas gifts presented to an Indianapolis young woman was a fascinating smoking set of Japanese bronze in fine plaited ware. A quaint little tray holds receptacles for cigarettes and matches, with two cunning little ash trays fashioned much in the manner of low baskets.

The tobacco pouch of the Chinese woman has found its way into our own boudoirs and is one of its most prized

ornaments, although its mission varies slightly from that for which it was intended in its native country. Fashioned of hard wood, the grotesque heads and figures smilingly conceal within their depths the ever fragrant tobacco. The Chinese woman fastens the long end of the pouch beneath the obi, or broad sash, which she invariably wears, and after each meal she fills the tiny bamboo pipe, which accompanies it, for an abbreviated smoke. The pipe scarcely holds a thimbleful of tobacco. The American woman uses the oddly fashioned tobacco pouch for the tobacco with which she rolls her own cigarettes, and the pipe, with its slender bamboo stem and silver mounting, is but an ornament—a sort of treasured symbol suggestive of the new order of things. Often it is handsomely engraved and bears the owner's monogram.

So amid the array of silver and gold, silken trifles and jeweled trinkets which greeted the Christmas girl of 1916, was probably a cigarette case not unlike her brother's. A smoking set elaborately designed to suit her fastidious taste, and a cigarette holder of shining gold wire. Femininity has discovered that her troubles, as well as those of the "tired business man," are wont to disappear in smoke.

The business woman finds it soothing after a hard day's toil; the club woman finds it quiets her overwrought nerves; the society woman finds it a delightful habit to adopt, and even the debutante is beginning to claim her privilege to indulge in this universal panacea for all ills.

For all the world is smoking, and when the master of the house lights a cigarette, "so do his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts," also his wife and his young daughter.

Indianapolis "four hundred" surely did turn out in their very best "bib and tucker" Tuesday evening to see the wedding of Miss Lucile Green and Joseph Charles Schaf, which took place at Christ Episcopal Church, for that was a real society event, as the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Schaf, of North Delaware street, and is said to be a wonderfully fine chap and unspoiled even though he has always spent more time driving expensive cars than earning the gasoline. This is one of the few times in Indianapolis society, that a young man of such wealth, or at least promise of it, has chosen a girl with just a few money bags. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Green of Washington Boulevard.

After a series of pre-nuptial parties for two weeks or more, the wedding of Miss Jess Ethel Milnor to Henry Gilbert Karges of Evansville at the Second Presbyterian church Wednesday evening was a brilliant climax. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Milnor and the Milnor home on North Delaware street has always been the scene of all kinds of

festivities for the two daughters, so of course the first wedding in the family had to be an unusually festive time. There was a house party for a week for the out-of-town wedding attendants and the bridegroom's sister, Miss Lydia Karges of Evansville, and there were dinners and dances and afternoon parties almost every day.

Miss Cecelia Wulsin, whose engagement to Cornelius Alig was announced last week, has gone to New York with her mother, Mrs. Frank D. Stalnaker, to do some of the trousseau shopping.

Governor and Mrs. Goodrich started inauguration day last Monday by having a wedding at their house early that morning. The new governor's wife has a large Sunday school class in Winchester, at least she did have it until she came to Indianapolis as the First Lady of the State, and she was not only the teacher but the best friend to all of her girls, so of course when one of them wanted to be married at the new gubernatorial mansion on inauguration day, she got her wish. The bride was Miss Rhea McNess of Winchester and the bridegroom, Fred Applegate of Newcastle, at least Mr. Applegate used to live in Newcastle, but he has taken his bride to their new home in Detroit. It was just a simple little wedding with the Rev. J. C. Reynolds of New Salem, officiating, but of course it was an auspicious occasion taking place that day at the governor's home.

The affairs of the past week included a tea given by Mrs. James E. Roberts at her home on Meridian street.

This week will open its social events with the musicale to be given by the Woman's Press Club of Indiana in the Riley Room of the Claypool Hotel Monday afternoon. The program of vocal and cello music will be presented by Miss Daisy Jean, a Belgian musician who is touring the country.

Mrs. Joseph Reynolds Raub will give a card party at the Claypool Hotel Tuesday afternoon for her sister, Miss Kathleen Bennett, whose marriage to Carl Ittenbach will take place next month.

Indiana is being represented in the congressional fight for a National suffrage amendment at Washington by two of the best suffragists in the State, Mrs. L. J. Cox of Terre Haute and Mrs. Horace C. Stilwell of Anderson. They've both got heaps of money and always look like a million dollars, and after all everybody knows that even the most serious minded senator or congressman will stop much quicker to listen to a good looking woman than to one that doesn't catch his eye.

Of course, Mrs. Stilwell's friend husband is pretty well known politically, too, and that might help some. Horace is sure to get the glad hand wherever he goes and his pretty little wife no doubt will win a lot of attention on his account as well as her own.

Portraits Posed By Live Models

The Woman's Department Club had a novel program for the general meeting Thursday afternoon when the members were entertained with a showing of famous portraits as posed by live models. These general meetings are held once a month and each month a different department is in charge. January fell to the art department and under the direction of Mrs. J. A. Egbert this program was wonderfully worked out. Wayman Adams and Clifton Wheeler gave not only their time to the posing, but they painted the backgrounds. The pictures shown in a huge frame and with various kinds of tulle stretched across really looked as if they must be on canvas.

And to make the thing the more interesting, Mrs. Demarchus C. Brown told about the pictures and the artists. The pictures shown were "Angel With Lute," as posed by Miss Dorothy Dell; "Beatrice D'Este," posed by Mrs. David Smith; the famous Mona Lisa with her fascinating smile, by Mrs. H. F. Hackedorn; "Laughing Cavalier," of course, by Albert Richard Kohlman, who always is the living image of that portrait by Franz Hals; "Hille Bobbe," by Mrs. A. W. Brayton; "Lady Hamilton With Her Goat," by Mrs. Joe Rand Beckett; "Old Woman Cutting Her Nails," by Mrs. W. O. Bates; "Pot of Basil," by Miss Helen Sturgis; "Philip IV," by J. A. Egbert; "Carmencita," by Mrs. Bertie Shaneberger, and that well-known painting of "Hope," by Watts, showing the maiden on top of the earth globe, by Miss Helen Forsyth.

The thing was such a success that it was repeated for the general public Friday evening.

Evangelistic Campaign Plans

Churches of the city are preparing to emphasize the importance of Christianity, the study of the bible and of prayer when a city-wide evangelistic campaign will be opened next week. A wave of evangelism has been in evidence in numerous other cities of the State this winter and the capital city has planned to make the campaign here the biggest evangelistic event of them all.

The Church Federation has organized its work and every effort will be made to attract the attention of the public to the revival.

Aside from the various neighborhood church services, daily meetings will be held in Keith's theater where special appeals will be made to the workers in the busy down town district. The noon meetings, conducted by Dr. Mert S. Rice of Detroit Mich., will be held for two weeks. The church workers have entered into the campaign in a spirit of enthusiasm.

Rube Kidder Visits Lotusites

Lotus Lodge of the Theosophical Society!

What a lovely Oriental dream the name calls forth!

A long, low, dim room, lit by weird and flickering lights—the smell of burning incense—or these “three for five” punk sticks, mebbe, giving an atmosphere of Oriental mystery—fair women in seductive garb and swarthy parties in turbans—

Boy, pass the hasheesh!

Well, it isn't like that at all, the Lotus Lodge isn't. Rube Kidder knows. Rube went to a meeting of Lotus Lodge the other night. There will be other meetings every Friday night, but Rube will not go—not if he knows it. It is too—too something-or-other for Rube.

In the first place, there isn't any of this well-known mysticism, not to speak of. There may be at the secret lodge meetings, but there isn't any at the regular meetings. The Lotusites sit around a long, bare table, and agree among themselves that the earth is a punk sort of place, and that the sooner one hithers hence to the Astral Plane, it is the best for all concerned. Better still if one can get a hump on and proceed to the mental plane, which is one floor above the astral, still better if he can make the intellectual plane—puffing and out of breath, perhaps, but full of enthusiasm; still better if he can ascend to the spiritual; still better if his wind holds out till he sets his spiritual toe on Plane No. 6, the monadic, and best of all when he makes a grand entry into the seventh plane, or the divine.

It is all very deep stuff. They talk about strange things—how man is a mineral, and therefore nothing much but a sort of a glorified ten-penny nail; of how birds and animals share one soul with a lot of others of their species—one shudders at the thought of sharing a tooth brush, and how much worse to share a soul!

They have sort of spiritual travelogues, telling about their ramblings and cavortings in the other planes—and, believe me, there are some curious goings on there! That is, if one is to believe everything one hears.

Here at the end of the table, an apparently staid and elderly hausfrau tells a strange tale of getting up there in the Astral Plane, and seeing pink and blue dogs and sea serpents. In fact, she said she saw these strange specimens of zoology every time she closed her eyes. Rube was on the point of saying that in the circles wherein he moved, that was known as the “D.T.S.,” none less, when she proceeded to say that she had also encountered an astral cow, that was rewarded with an astral existence because of the splendid work she had done sustaining life on earth.

Well, well!

It must be astral milk that we've been getting lately, judging it from the appearance thereof. One wishes those cows would either keep on grazing on the astral plane, or else come back and give physical milk.

Then a man without much chin says that he knows a pump fixer with a highly developed mentality who was developing strangely acute telepathic powers—he couldn't work the powers on the pumps, but did it on his friends, and could read their—the friends—inmost thoughts. The pump fixer wasn't at the meeting, but he will not be allowed to remain long at large.

There were a lot of other interesting contributions, too, dealing principally with these strange excursions into the astral world. It was agreed that anyone could make these little trips who would take the trouble—but what would there be in it, anyway? Rube Kidder wrote that on a slip of paper—“What do you get out of it?” But the query was ignored. It may have been dropped under the table by mistake, but, be that as it may, it was unanswered.

However, Rube carried away one comforting thought from the meeting. Let the winds blow, and the snows drift—

We should worry about the squirrels in University Square!

City Revenues Reduced

The city council of Indianapolis has passed an ordinance requiring the payment of an issuance fee of \$1 with the payment of all license fees for various purposes. A tax of \$50 a year has been levied on all lumber yards, and the junk peddler's license fee has been raised from \$25 to \$100 a year. It is estimated that the levying of an issuance license fee and the raising of the other fees will bring about \$20,000 a year into the city treasury.

The purpose of the increased license tax, according to city councilmen, is to provide increased revenues to make up a deficit of about \$32,000 which has resulted from the closing of saloons in the First and Fourth wards. Remonstrances are being circulated for closing the saloons in other wards, and politicians are declaring that the city's finances are about to be crippled.

The total amount of liquor license fees collected by the city annually is about \$320,000. This money is turned into the city's general fund and pays a part of the city's general expenses. The amount forms about one-eighth of the city's revenue for this purpose.

Since these facts have been made known to many tax payers they have been a little slower in signing remonstrances against the saloon, and scores of persons have taken their names from remonstrances. It remains to be seen whether the effect of cutting down the city's revenues will have enough influence with tax payers to cause them to go slow in voting “dry” in other wards.

When Senator Wood Discovered a “Leak”

Representative Will R. Wood, who has stirred official Washington with his “leak” charges, was a great little discoverer of a “leak” in Indianapolis when he was a member of the State Senate.

For the entertainment of some convention delegates, as well as the sportily inclined members of the legislature, a boxing exhibition, so-called by the promoters while the uplifters termed it a prize fight, was staged in Germania Hall.

It was one of the last exhibitions of the kind held there and one of the local pugilistic lights was the headliner of the program.

The preliminaries were highly entertaining, as such events go, and Senator Wood, who was seated with some fellow-solons way down in front, seemed to be enjoying himself immensely, the party the while consuming considerable quantities of pop and peanuts. When the supply of refreshments ran low Senator Wood called a “soda hustler,” bought a round of soft drinks and gave the “hustler” a five-dollar bill.

Of course the waiter didn't have the change—he had to go and get it.

It was considerably less than an hour and a half when Senator Wood got wise. And that minute everybody in the front of the house knew it.

He raised all sorts of cain, called the manager, cast his eagle eye about for the waiter and finally pointed out the “boy” he accused of robbing him. The waiter denied the charge and refused to return the money because he said he didn't have change for \$5.

The State senator waxed more wrothy and was vehement in his insistence that the waiter be held for the police.

Meanwhile the “culprit” was forced to stand in the aisle facing the open accusations of theft and losing what little profits he might have made from the sale of his wares.

Just as the senator had worked himself almost into a frenzy of excitement and threatened to take matters into his own hands the manager of the show returned.

“Here's your change for the five,” he said. “The cops nicked the guy when he tried to make his getaway down the fire escape.”

Senator Wood turned to the waiter he had subjected to humiliation, asked for another round of refreshments and gave the waiter a five-dollar bill. He didn't have the change and went to get it.

When he returned Senator Wood offered him a dollar as a tip, but the boy turned away, and with his head high in the air, went on up the aisle.

Mike Thornton, senator from New Albany, is back in our midst with his bill providing that the State shall buy the old State capitol at Corydon. Mike got the bill in on the first roll call and everyone laughed.

Building Shows City's Progress

The report of Jacob H. Hilkene, commissioner of buildings, covering the activities of his department for the year 1916, shows that Indianapolis “busted her buttons” during the year, and that the building trades had to work over time to prepare for her some new clothes.

It will perhaps be good for a few chronic knockers to realize that the city made some progress in a building way during the year, and that prospects are excellent for further progress along this line during 1917.

According to Mr. Hilkene's report the net gain in the value of building operations for the year over 1915 was \$1,841,397—which is said to have been the largest gain ever made in building operations over any previous year.

The value of new buildings for which permits were issued during the year was \$8,935,039, compared with \$7,093,642 for the previous year.

Every month of the year showed a marked gain in the value of building operations over the corresponding period of the former year, which shows that the building business had a steady growth, and that the increase was not caused by the erection of a few large structures.

A total of 6,773 building permits were issued during 1916, compared with 6,155 during the previous year. About \$14,000 was collected in fees, which amount lacked only about \$200 in paying the total expenses of the department.

The commissioner of buildings now is preparing amendments to the city's building code which will make possible the erection of cheaper buildings of a better construction. Restrictions on the use of brick and hollow tile are to be removed to encourage the builder to use these fire-proof materials in preference to wood. The amendments will apply especially to apartment houses and business rooms outside of the business district.

Only one serious complaint has been made of the building department during the last year and that has applied to the duties of smoke inspector, who works under the direction of the commissioner of buildings. The complaints are made frequently that too much soft coal is used in the city, and that large corporations using immense quantities of steam coal are responsible for frequent and, in fact, constant violations of the smoke abatement ordinance.

The report of the smoke inspector, which has just been made public, shows that twenty-five arrests were made during the year for violations of the smoke ordinance, and that of the twenty-five persons arrested, twenty-three were convicted and were compelled to pay fines.

Joseph M. Cravens of Madison got his bill into the House for reduction of the State tax on the first roll call.

Heirlooms From the Rio Grande

Might as well chuck the old family plate in the ash can and use the sampler made by Great Aunt Araminta for a dust rag, for, with the return of a portion of Indiana's national guard, a new species of heirloom has become fashionable.

The family that cannot produce a bit of Mexican drawn work—possibly made some place in New Jersey, but confidently purchased somewhere south of the Rio Grande—or a mournful and dilapidated horned toad in a can, hasn't much to brag about these days.

Who would ever dream that a horned toad could become so popular? Taken by himself, the horned toad looks like "Nature's Greatest Mistake." Dr. Woodbury could work for years over the horned toad's map, and not improve it. His color scheme is punk. His disposition is awful. He hasn't a virtue that anyone ever found—and he doesn't care. And this is the article that is now being proudly exhibited in the homes of our best families.

Its neck and neck between the horn toad and the drawn work. For exhibition purposes, the horn toad may be a little in the rear, for drawn work is more tractable. The mother, or the sister, or the sweetheart of a guardsman, just returned from Llano Grande, with his trunk full of undarned socks, and drawn work, gives a party the first chance she has, and exhibits the drawn work in the place of honor.

All casually, she says:

"And this luncheon cloth—Claude brought it back from Llano Grande, where he's been with the battery."

And every one looks envious—every one, that is, who has not temporarily lost some male relative among the mesquite—and sighs, and would trade those two priceless old pewter candle sticks if they could just have an authentic bit of drawn work like that to exhibit.

Mexican drawn work! What visions it conjures up! The manana birds trilling their melodious cadenzas from the lofty boughs of the chile tree—and a lovely senorita, with a priceless lace con carne draped about her raven locks—whispering sweet nothings to Claude during such times as he is not engaged in sniping lurking Mexicans from the top of yonder mesa! Would any woman swap such a treasure, brought back from the land of romance and of fleas, for anything? She would not. That Mexican drawn work, after its novelty is worn off, will be carefully folded and put away, to go down in family history as a priceless relic.

And when the earthly course of the horn toad is run—although critters of the horn toad variety generally live quite a spell—when, we repeat, the horn toad lays down the burden of life and is found lifeless and dead—in the sugar bowl, maybe, or in some-

body's satin slipper, or in some other unlikely spot—he, too, will be mourned and there will be those who will wonder if it could possibly be true that the long trip north, and the change from the benign climate in which he was born and reared to the more rigorous temperature of Indianapolis could have hastened his end.

Along with the Mexican drawn work and the horned toads, there will also be a general renaissance of the Spanish language. Lovely language, Spanish, isn't it? So liquid—so, er, so musical. So expressive, too—let's see—is a banderillo something to eat, or is it something to ride in? Can't remember. The boys from the guard are all talking Spanish, and a person feels very much out of it not to know what they are talking about—that's the only way to learn a language—go to the country where they talk it—though hanging out in Mexico for six months or so seems a pretty steep price to pay to learn Spanish.

The girls like it, too. Call a girl "sweetheart"—and she's likely to give you a look, unless you are very sure of your ground—but call her "douce co-razon," young feller, and she's yours. "Carissima" is a good word, too, and will probably be widely heard the remainder of the winter among our younger set. Almost as often as the returned guardsmen will be forced to insist that the Mexican girls are NOT good looking—"Swell eyes, you know, all that sort of thing—but too much—to sort of—nothing to be jealous of at all."

Of course, there is other flora and fauna that the returned guardsman has brought home—the sombrero with a crown like an ice cream cone, a chunk of brick thrown at Villa—and missing him—a tarantula or two, a herd of jumping beans, some guitars shy two or three strings and a lone chameleon—but the principal articles imported from the turgid banks of the Rio Grande are those enumerated above—the Drawn Work, the Horned Toad, and Sentimental Spanish Phrases.

These will go on forever, and for your kind attention—

Senors—Mil Gracias!

Extravagance or Economy?

Economy in the city street cleaning operations for the year is shown in the annual report of James Rochford, superintendent of the department. In his statement to Mayor Bell, Rochford shows a saving of \$30 a mile was made in 1916 as compared with the cost for the preceding year. Included in the statement of the expenses for the year was cost of hauling 3,500 loads of rubbish and refuse taken from alleys and yards in the "cleanup" campaign conducted by the Chamber of Commerce last year. On the face of the figures it doesn't look like municipal extravagance or mismanagement in that department.

What's the Matter With Indianapolis

"What's the matter with Indianapolis?"

There was a time when the answer to the "what's the matter?" cry made Indiana and Indianapolis famous and made a resident of this "no mean city" President of the United States. That same "all right" endorsement ought to be the answer now.

And it is the answer whenever the dweller within its gates sits in sober judgment, forgets to seek symptoms of some mysterious malady and doesn't try to apply his own peculiar home-made remedy.

But it doesn't take the returned prodigal long to diagnose the case properly—what ails Indianapolis is "growing pains."

Modern specialists tell us that grandmother's idea about "growing pains" is simply an old-fashioned delusion—but grandmother knew the child was growing and that at various intervals he kicked up a disturbance and the rest of the family accepted the situation with considerable alarm. Still the child grew, despite the doleful shaking of heads.

Now let the specialist enter in the role of the returned prodigal and horn in with his diagnosis of Indianapolis, for the stage of growing pains is as acute as ever and the particular period of intermittent disturbance is near at hand.

Every four years the case of municipal colic superinduced by growing pains becomes more violent. Remedies, home-made and otherwise, will be suggested and there will be howls from the doctors as well as the patient. But the patient will come through, GROWING—with or without the pains.

It has been only a few brief years since the visitor walked down the "main" street, crossed the city's other main thoroughfare and found the atmosphere of the public square in the little county seat he had left behind. The police traffic squad consisted of one lone policeman, the tallest on the force, stationed on the busy corner apparently more for big town effect than for duty. Every one had to fight his own battle when he crossed the street.

East and West, North and South, many of the buildings that lined the streets were relics of pioneer days. Beyond New York street was little business except an occasional corner grocery or drug store. North of Fall creek commons and dumps marred the landscape. In suburbs, now lined with cozy, modern homes on paved streets, the suburbanite wended his way homeward in darkness through the mud, carried in the coal, pumped the water from the trusty well and made his periodical investigation to see whether there was kerosene enough to keep the lamps going another night.

And even in that day the growing pains were violently in evidence. But the patient survived nostrums of all

varieties and grew and grew. Air and exercise were all that were necessary.

Hemmed in on the south side and the east side by railroad tracks that held the city's growth in leash, Indianapolis determined to lift the barrier. There was a most pronounced attack of growing pains before the patient burst its bonds. Now the work of removing the barrier is under way.

It will require an expenditure of about \$6,000,000 by the city before the first section of track elevation is finished, but Indianapolis will be a regular city in the business district from Kentucky to Massachusetts avenues when the last rail is laid. Trade avenues to the south side will be opened up and there will be more growing pains. Before the track elevation scheme is completed many more millions will have to be expended.

During the present administration disaster was visited on the city when the great west side was damaged by floods. The future of the big suburb was doomed unless some strong hand came to the rescue. The western part of the city could live only in fear of a repetition of the disaster unless protection could be provided before another flood came.

Once more the growing pains became so acute the potion-mixers were almost ready to resort to amputation of that member rather than to turn the case over to the city's official doctor.

But the west side of the city was saved. Flood prevention work was begun. Again the city grew. For the work under way already almost \$1,500,000 will be used and it will cover only about one-third of the flood prevention improvements planned. And in all the directing of these vast improvements no charge of quackery or graft has arisen.

Now, when the case of colic develops in the coming primaries to manifest more or less violent symptoms until after the election, it will be well for the members of the family and their friends—all dwellers within the gates—to keep an eye single to the growing pains. While wonderful strides have been made in the last four years they need not, because of chronic colic prescriptions, be left to the mercies of an incompetent.

It would be a fine thing if all the political nostrums could be cast out of the window and the patient left to the treatment of air and exercise. But in this day and age it isn't done. So it is that a consultation will be held this Spring and unless an overdose of some stupifying drug is administered the patient, robust and still growing, will be placed in a position to choose the doctor to take the city through its course of treatment for a bigger growth. When one party offers such men as C. J. Orbison and Charles A. Greathouse and another party has a man like former Mayor Charles A. Bookwalter on its list, in any event for another four years the "What's the matter with Indianapolis?" question ought to be answered with the famous endorsement once given the late President Benjamin Harrison.

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The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY 20, 1917

No. 2

Admiral George Dewey's Legacy

PERHAPS the most neglected field of literature is that which would be the most fascinating if justice could be done to it, and that is Biography. One cannot look over the departmental arrangement of any library except to be impressed with the meagerness of this exceedingly important field of information. Perhaps the reason that biography bears so small a proportion in literature is the very great difficulty of finding out the secrets of the charm and power of makers of History. Only one Johnson had his Boswell.

America has just lost a man who wrote one large and very vital chapter in the chronicles of great achievement. And it is probable that if Admiral George Dewey had himself been asked for the secret of his success, he would have been unable to answer. It is only by knowing all the surrounding conditions of the great event of his life that even a suggestion is possible which might explain his great career.

A month or so after the battle of Manila, Charles Dewey, the Admiral's brother, received a letter from him, written from Hong Kong a month before the battle occurred, and in it was this sentence, which should find a place in American history:

"For six weeks we have scarcely eaten or slept, but my ships and men are in such perfect order and readiness that I can sink the Spanish fleet in an hour, if I can find it."

So back of the battle of Manila lay sixty years of the career of a great man with all its power and vision, all the discipline and education of the American Naval System, and finally six weeks of the most concentrated and effective preparation for one signal event. What this preparation led to was soon discovered in the battle of Manila, which lasted for just one-half hour. Not an American sailor lost his life; a mighty chapter was written in the history of this nation; a great era was commenced for millions of people; and all of this because one great man knew precisely what to do, and prepared himself to do it.

We hear a great deal these days concerning preparedness. One great nation has shown to all the world something of what it may mean. But it can not be too speedily realized that the conspicuous lacking in American character, national policy, and on down through the policies States and Cities, to the individual is just the lack of that quality, preparedness.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is something in American patriotism, American power, in American character, which can be relied upon when preparedness is lacking. We are no longer living in the days of Bunker Hill. Self confidence needs to be reinforced by efficiency. And if the great George Dewey has left any legacy to this nation greater than another it is the story of how the battle of Manila was won.

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A Constitutional Convention

The present legislature has made one step in the right direction in the favorable report from the ways and means committee of the House upon the bill providing for a constitutional convention. It seems altogether probable that this bill will pass both Houses without serious opposition, but the important consideration is the great responsibility that will follow the enactment of this bill. That responsibility is being prepared to make a constitution which the future of Indiana will justify. And that preparation consists of two very important undertakings: First of all, the public needs a thorough education as to exactly what a constitution signifies and then in the vital and important changes that are necessary from our present constitution.

The great advancement of this State in the past fifty years is surely sufficient warrant for putting aside a constitution that has long since been outgrown, and deals not at all with many of the issues which the development of this State has brought about and which its makers did not anticipate. Moreover, the enlightenment and enormous wealth and enterprise of Indiana calls for a constitution adequate to all of the possibilities of this State. It would be exceedingly beneficial if a propaganda of information and education on this subject would become widespread throughout this State during the next twelve months.

The second consideration which the probable enactment of this bill suggests is the particular qualifications of the men who will be chosen as delegates. It is difficult at this distance to realize the big problem that the makers of our national constitution had. Practically all of their lives had been a forced education in the matters with which they had to deal when they come together to create the foundation of this nation. And it is doubtful if another equal number of men as capable could have been found in all the nation. But despite the eminent character and life-long training on this subject of all of these delegates, the responsibility of the making of the constitution finally devolved really upon seven men: George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, Roger Sherman, Gouverneur Morris and Robert Morris.

When the constitutional convention assembles which will prepare for the decision of the people of Indiana, a new constitution, no matter who may constitute its membership, the chief responsibilities will devolve upon a few men whose particular genius and capability are equal to the occasion. All of this means that the selection of delegates to this convention should be of such high character and outstanding capability that they can qualify to be one of the few of the makers of a document which will serve as a foundation for the government of this State for another century.

The late William E. Gladstone once said of the American constitution "that next to the Bible it is the nearest an inspired document of anything that ever fell from the pen of man."

Let us hope that the ideals, character and wisdom that will inspire the makers of Indiana's new constitution will make it such that it can take its place in wisdom and permanence with the constitution of the nation.

Another consideration that suggests itself in this connection is the supreme duty upon the present legislature not to anticipate any of the great questions with which a new constitution should deal. For every reason the conditions which determine that Indiana is to have a constitutional convention should also leave to the discretion of that body every question that is properly within its scope.

Such questions, for instance, as woman suffrage and prohibition should automatically be put aside if this constitutional bill is enacted, for the reason that issues such as these are of statewide interest, they should have better consideration than the superficial treatment which a legislature will give to them.

Such issues should be deferred until the public of the entire State has developed a concrete and definite conception of just what the new constitution should be.

On the part of people who know the facts and think straight there can be only one opinion concerning legislation which is rushed through by fanatical procedure on the most specious, superficial and emotional arguments. And methods which rely upon holding before the legislator his certain repudiation unless he ignores his own judgment and sense of justice, are not the methods which made the American constitution and will make the new constitution of Greater Indiana.

One of the Effects of Prohibition

The statement has previously been put forward in *The Indianian* that the public lacks accurate knowledge of the liquor industry and any appreciation of the commercial effects of prohibition. Perhaps the following will serve as an illustration of this fact:

There are nine distilleries in Indiana, three at Lawrenceburg, two at Vincennes, three at Terre Haute and one at Hammond. The smallest of these institutions is larger than the average distillery of the country. And one of these happens to be by far the largest distillery in the world. The facts of this particular institution for the year 1916 in round figures are as follows:

The total value of its product was approximately \$13,000,000. Of this amount less than one-half of one per cent. (\$56,000) was sold in Indiana. This institution paid the United States government in internal revenues about \$8,000,000. It paid to the citizens of Indiana for corn, coal, cooperage, wages and other expenses about \$4,000,000. Of its output of about ten millions gallons, one hundred thousand barrels was alcohol and cognie spirits, used entirely for manufacturing purposes, and of this forty-six thousand barrels was exported for foreign use, mostly, for the manufacture of smokeless powder.

Summed up briefly, the enactment of a statewide prohibition law would, as applied to this one institution, serve to destroy an enterprise which pays annually to the people of this State more than \$4,000,000, and receives from Indiana only about one per cent. of this amount for its product.

Another very important consideration involved in this question is the fact that the liquor industry is one of the chief barriers in America to direct taxation.

One does not have to live in a country where direct taxation prevails, as England for instance, to discover what a serious burden it puts upon the citizens. Some idea of this is obtained when every now and then a war tax is applied, but any war tax ever known in America is but a suggestion of what the government would have to resort to for its revenues should direct taxation ever become necessary by reason of the abolishment of such enormous revenues as are now being received from the liquor industry.

The fact is not without significance that this one institution pays to the United States government annually about \$3.00 in taxes for every man, woman and child in this State.

Oratory Estimated at \$8 a Minute

"This session is costing the State something like \$8 for every minute—and it will continue for sixty-one days," was the rather startling information vouchsafed at the press table in the Senate chambers during one of the legislative sessions. And as the statement was made the industrious guardians of publicity aroused themselves to listen to a few hundreds of dollars' worth of oratory.

The newspaper man was pretty close to being right in his statement, according to the mathematicians, as members of the Senate and House are not on the floors of the legislative halls for every minute of the entire sixty-one days. The admission the newspaper man is right has caused many a query as to the necessity for expending so much money from the State treasury when William Jennings Bryan and other orators may be heard for almost nothing and when oratory comprises about 99 per cent. of the necessity for having a legislative session.

Senator Homer Hazen of Boonville is the oldest man in the Senate who is actively engaged in confronting the public every day. Senator Hazen is a newspaper man. He knows something concerning the necessity for further legislation.

"I never introduced a bill during the session two years ago and I made my campaign on the promise I would not introduce even one bill," he says. "I won and the people said I had done well, so I am not going to introduce one this session."

All of which causes the anxious guardian of the public treasuries to inquire as to the necessity for a legislative session every two years.

But despite the wisdom of a sage of many years of experience, the oratory and the flood of bills continue. And throughout the various lobbies of various hotels senators and representatives are shouting the necessity of pleasing their constituency.

The equal suffrage bill got into the legislative hopper this week. It is one of the big bills of the session. The Dorrell prohibition bill is in. The Goodrich administration bills are in. The constitutional convention bill (one of them) is in. But the mills of the gods grind slowly and little has happened to disturb the flood of eight-dollar-a-minute oratory.

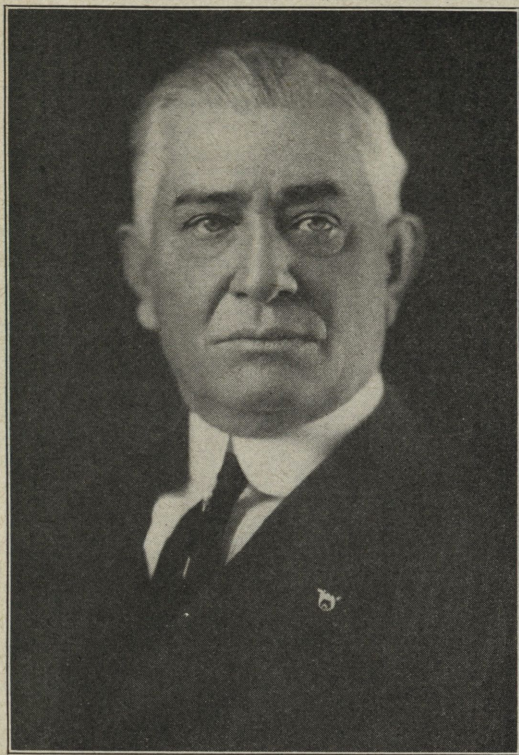
The first bill passed in the Senate was Senator Thornton's bill providing for the purchase of the old State capitol at Corydon for \$60,000. It brought out about eight or nine speeches and Thornton's ran the gamut from the "lily in its pod" to the "snow-clad summits" and a few other "brushes of the mountains with a brush of gold." The valve was loosened and before the audience could escape senator after senator reached into the starry ozone and plucked feathers from the tail of the eagle to garnish the American flag and all at \$8 a minute. The bill passed unanimously despite its handicap.

The second bill to be considered was the Kinder Gary court bill, providing for the transfer of one Lake county court to Gary. And it produced a battle during which the harmony of the Republicans was seriously threatened.

Once, twice and thrice Senator Robinson arose and endeavored to lead Lieutenant-Governor Bush along the straight path of parliamentary law and finally when Bush continued to determine his own course, Senator Robinson said in the interest of harmony he would withdraw his desire for certain procedure. Then Senators Kinder and Nejd, both of Lake county, got into the fight. Nejd was opposed to the bill and he promised Kinder two could play at the game Kinder was playing and would play at it before the session was over. The bill passed with Democrats applauding.

The Coming City Primaries of Vital Interest to Citizens

One is sometimes led to wonder if a real, genuine, organized public sentiment in behalf of the best interests and future of this community is, under the present conditions, a possibility. For only



CHARLES A. BOOKWALTER.

to those to whom discouragement is an offense does it remain so.

The city primaries are now only two months away. Surely the results of these primaries are of the most vital interest to every citizen of Indianapolis, and certainly to every business man. Taxable property to the assessed valuation of more than two hundred million dollars is subject not only as to the rate of taxation that depends upon the character of the coming city administration, but its uses and value may be likewise affected. A billion dollars in private and public assets are the resources of the civic's corporation which will shortly commit this vast interest to the hands of nine men and an executive head. And yet about the only persons who are displaying any interest whatever in the coming city primary are the professional politicians who are seeking only to serve their own personal concerns.

The announcement cards that are being thrust under one's nose everywhere are telling the public about the "Jakes" and "Dennys" who are aspiring to places on the coming city council. It is not to be supposed that there is any necessary disqualification attaching itself to the name of Jake or Denny. But nevertheless the prospective candidate who informs the public that some "Denny McCann whom everybody knows" is a candidate for the city council, is likely to leave the impression that while "Denny" may be just the best fellow that ever set foot on a bar rail, and withal a power in the Sixth ward, yet somehow the manner of his approach hardly convinces one that "Denny" possesses the intelligence, capacity, experience and personality to justify the community in turning over to him one-ninth of the responsibility of directing a billion-dollar corporation.

Will somebody please tell us why in a city of three hundred thousand people they should pick on "Denny?" And yet, unless some very well organized movement on behalf of the citizens of Indianapolis is immediately inaugurated, that is pre-

cisely what is going to happen. It has happened often before and the city has survived the affliction. And so the busy citizens offer to themselves the poor excuse that it can happen again and the city will still survive. But all the same, there is hardly any crime against the future welfare of this community more utterly without excuse than to elect as councilmen nine men whose only recommendations for the places are their past activities as ward politicians. Heaven save this community from the continuation of such a reproach!

An accurate diagnosis of a situation such as this would merely put the responsibility on just one cause which must bear the blame for the present civic indifference in Indianapolis. And this cause is a very mistaken idea of public policy which somehow got started in Indianapolis years ago and has resulted in developing for the average citizen the idea that he has no time, interest or concern in anything else other than his own personal affairs. And it has slowly brought about a sentiment of individualism, that makes any kind of organization, the purpose of which is the well-being of the many just about as nearly impossible as can be imagined. Whenever this sort of thing is undertaken it only encounters a discouraging flinty sort of indifference. And the concerns of the community having become nobody's business in particular, the municipal affairs have been left to the mercies of an element who see absolutely but one thing in public service, and that is the private game.

To say that the community is to be condemned for such a situation is stupidly academic. This is no time to blame anyone. But it is a time for this community rise up in its dignity, self-respect and real worth, and do something.

The Indianian suggested in its first issue that serious attention be given to the respective candidates for the office of Mayor. The Mayor of Indianapolis holds a position of great scope and power. He appoints practically the entire city administration, except two offices, and they are of secondary importance. The City Clerk and Police Judge only are outside his jurisdiction. The heads of all the great departments of the municipal organization, the police department, fire department, park board and all the rest are wholly his own selection. As a matter of fact, it is almost within the power of a good Mayor of sufficient force of character and personal integrity to give to Indianapolis a good city administration even if he has an inferior city council to deal with, for the reason that if he himself stands for worthy principles and high ideals, public sentiment would compel any city council to support him. Therefore, this office stands conspicuously alone in its great importance to this community. It is idle to suppose that either of the two great political parties is going to neglect the field, and it would be utterly impossible for a citizens' candidate to have the faintest show of success under the present conditions. Whoever the candidates may be, they are going to be chosen from the ranks of the Republican and Democratic parties, and it is to the party managers that the public must look for candidates who can creditably occupy this great responsibility.

Attention has been previously called to the two candidates, either of whom can command the respect and confidence of this community and administer its affairs in a way that will reflect credit to Greater Indianapolis and serve its best interests.

Either Mr. Charles A. Bookwalter, Republican, or Judge Charles J. Orbison from the Democrats, could qualify with respect either to experience, personality, strength of character and standing in this community. These men know each other, respect

each other, and if either is named, whoever may be elected, will have the cordial support throughout his administration of his opponent. And it is sincerely to be hoped that the public sentiment will



JUDGE C. J. ORBISON.

rise to the occasion and make party managers realize their responsibility for what is to be done and put forward, not their weakest candidates, but their best.

Fight Over Primary and Highway Bills

The House is fighting over the State highway bill and the proposal of some interests to fix a primary date favorable to certain counties and candidates. The primary is now held in March and permits a long campaign and heavy expenses. Lake county representatives proposed to change it into September and then compromised on August. And then Indianapolis interests began a fight for an Indianapolis exception and primary in May.

The interests got their wish in the Senate and expected to be successful in the House until others got busy in the House.

The result is a bitter fight on the primary bill.

It is a fight under cover, but it is there and the bill will not become a law without determined opposition.

Active lobbyists for the interests operating in Indianapolis thronged the House floor shortly before the bill was supposed to come up for consideration. But it did not come and the reason was certain Republicans anxious for efficiency and a clear record are not anxious for it to come up.

A crusade against the billboard in Indianapolis has become possible under the decision of the United States Supreme Court, which has held the Chicago billboard ordinance is constitutional. Under this ordinance no billboards may be erected on a residence street without the consent of more than half the property owners. No matter how the modern billboard is embellished, the resident whose vision is blocked by the board can't see through it.

Ideals

There are some words in our language which the average man uses with all the diffidence and hesitation of an ingenue. And it happens that these are about the biggest and most significant words that we know. Among them, for instance, are such words as God, Love and Ideals.

When the world was much younger than it is now language had a different significance. The English language of today contains nearly a hundred thousand words. And how inadequate it often seems to tell the story of the heart. But the Bible was written in a language containing fewer than five thousand words, of which only about one thousand were in common use. And yet those dreamers of the hills and valleys of Palestine told the story of the heart of man for all time in those thousand words.

But the Hebrew language was different, for almost every word had not only its ordinary meaning, but it was also a picture of some dream or hope or experience. And so when those artists of things eternal set about to paint with words the tragedy and redemption of the heart of man they had a thousand soul colors before them on the palette of experience.

The Hebrew poet had many visions of the Man of Gallilee, and this was one: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." Myrrh and aloes and cassia not only meant a fragment ointment, a drug, and a balm, but the words were also pictures—of Love and Bitterness and Healing. And so the story of His Love and Suffering, and the Healing which He brought to the world, were thrown on the canvas with these heart colors that had been distilled in the crucible of experience. Then the picture turns, after the manner of Hebrew poetry—to the objective. The light of the Savior love is reflected back from—where?—"out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." Palaces of marble there had been, and palaces almost all of gold. But the world had never seen so beautiful and costly a palace as would be a temple of ivory—all white—and from a thing of life. Centuries after the lawyer of Tarsus told men that their human bodies were temples—temples of the Divine Spirit, and then the picture had found its interpretation. The love and suffering and redemption of the prophet of Bethlehem was reflected out to the world from the lives of men who were like Him—and heaven was glad.

We were talking of Ideals. It requires courage even to think in Ideals—much more of courage to preach them, and courage most of all to live according to them. For we are living in a day when stern, utilitarian laws command not only our deeds, but almost our thinking also. Sometimes one pauses to wonder what manner of slavery it is that drives us all to daily toil with each new day, to release the tired slave for only a few brief hours of respite when the day is done; and then when morning comes again—again to hear the relentless call of duty. But such is the lot to which fate—or something—has condemned the multitude, for to only a few has that same mysterious something vouchsafed freedom.

But in the midst of all the toil there are moments when the portraiture of the soul is thrown back from the canvas where the colors of experience have been deeply laid. Hand clasps hand of friend—and for a moment the light of the soul brightens the eye and the heart responds to a thrill of something—that we know not how to tell. But we must hurry along, for the slave driver's command "move on" sends us back to daily toil. The light goes out, the heart song ceases, the smile fades and in the gloom of slavery we return to our task. And it has all been like:

"Ships that pass in the night—and speak each other in passing;

Only a light in the distance—only a signal shown. So on the voyage of life, we speak as we pass one another,

Only a look and a word—then darkness again and silence."

But there is something that tells the heart that all of this need not be so. Experience has its art—yes, and it has also its accounting. And its balance sheet will surely show that Society is solvent. It cannot be that all the world is bankrupt. Surely there is in this great rich world an abundance sufficient to meet the world's need—if only the assets of society were applied in discharge of its liabilities.

Surely there is more of kindness and generosity than there is of want. Surely there is more love and sympathy than there is of suffering. And what is the matter? It cannot be that God has set this big, beautiful world going on a road that is strewn all the way along to its end with the wreckage of failure and disappointment. It cannot be that the night winds bring down this pathway only the weary sighs of tired souls and the requiem songs of broken hearts. It cannot be that the green curtained door, which never opens outward, leads to a prison made ready for the multitude who have been found guilty of the world's crime of failure.

What can be the matter?—for the song of the world is not the glad song of victory, but the mournful chant of slavery to—something.

Perhaps we have need to believe; perhaps it is Faith that we have lacked. And here is another picture—this time of the Kingdom of Heaven, drawn by Him who came to show the way. And this kingdom is among men. A great throng is going in, and who are they? Those who have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the unfortunate—it is those who have dared to love. For the King, who has called us into higher service, has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." And where dwells this King? In those temples of ivory from which joy proceeds—in the hearts of men.

And we must now take up our new Faith by first bowing in the confessional and realizing that while we were slaves—we had forgotten to believe in the great Heart of humanity; the Heart that began the westward march of civilization from the cradle of humanity sixty centuries ago; the heart that made an altar of Plymouth Rock and a ritual of the Declaration of Independence; the Heart that gave freedom to a million black slaves and is waiting to give freedom to those other millions of today who are in slavery because they have not believed.

This heart of Humanity has done for the world all that it has yet received. Wonderful and majestic have been its victories. And it lives today—ready and equal for the world's problems—if only we dare to believe just this:

That to banish selfishness does not mean to invite failure;

And to believe that there is freedom and abundance for all does not mean that those who have must be dispossessed of that to which they have the right;

And finally to dare to believe that God reigns in His heaven and that the successful man does not need to live with slavery and hopelessness all about him in order that he may be successful. We need to know that the Heart of humanity is great enough and rich enough to compass all of its problems.

There are problems right at hand which need immediate doing. But we shall not find either the

courage or the incentive to take up the least of these until our Faith is established in the ultimate outcome. Meanwhile the wise and strong and gentle and generous remain inactive while inferiority and selfishness rule the world.

We need a new Religion in which every good man and woman can have a part—a religion not of creed and ritual and form and autocratic pretenses, but a religion of Intelligence and Love and Service. And after all, this Religion is but the human interpretation of the old religion. We need to believe that there is more of good in the world than there is bad and more of sympathy and supply than there is of need. And then we need to worship the God whom we know, instead of doing empty and insincere service to the God whom we have never known.

And when we have learned to believe in the Heart of Humanity, there will rise up before our hearts the picture of a new world of which our own city may be a part, which will reorganize our whole program of life. And when our work is finished we will be able to say of it as did another who had seen the divine picture of the world made new: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

The Indianian's "Game"

"Who? When? What for? What's the game?"

Among the letters of congratulation, commendation and inquiry received by The Indianian following its first issue last week the above note added a little variation to the symposium.

It's natural—or at least it's characteristic.

Among the transient workers who in the course of their years' labors visit various cities and in a small way get an inside angle to the dominating characteristic of the populace the cities are classified in slang phrases from the "Whosit" city to the "What's-the-Graft" town. They determine their classification by the replies received to any proposition or suggestion, even though a chart and a diagram may have been used in the explanation.

"What's the graft?" in Indianapolis really is not so much a manifestation of caution or suspicion—it's a habit.

The Indianian last week in its leading editorial sought to make clear its aims and ideals. The statement that its ultimate ambition is to play its part in developing a Greater Indianapolis is the final analysis of the whole venture. The "who?" when?" and "what for?" have been set forth clearly. It is owned and controlled by no one but its publisher and has no ax to grind.

There is not a loyal resident of Indianapolis, no matter how humble his station, but would willingly contribute his mite toward the building of a Greater Indianapolis.

In a confusion of plans and specifications he doesn't know where to begin. But in the big plan there are times when his advice and his suggestions may be vital.

Mr. Average Citizen has no little role to play in the promoting of the growth and welfare of the city of homes. He is entitled to knowledge of the inside workings of the corporation of which he is no unimportant part. He is a student of facts instead of doctrines. He is tired of viewing events distorted through a glass of partisan focus. He is willing to pause now and then when the economic pressure is greatest, climb to the heights and search the horizon for the lights of the future.

There are the mistakes of yesterday, the duties of today and the problems of the future to be considered. Indianapolis has made her full share of mistakes. She is confronted by numerous duties and her problems are complex and many.

It is the purpose of The Indianian to point out these mistakes, define the duties and discuss the

problems as occasion requires. And The Indianian doesn't expect to shoulder the burden alone. It does not profess to possess the great panacea, it has no big club to wield over the head of the delinquent, nor does it hold the sole solution to the problems of the future.

It expects to serve its readers in an educational effort to bring about a sympathetic co-operation in attaining municipal ideals. It invites the aid, suggestion and criticism of its readers. It seeks to dispel the spirit of selfishness and promote a closer relationship of co-operation.

It is taking up the work without any assurance of reward other than the belief that it sees a duty and seeks to perform it, leaving the verdict with the people. It does not expect to bring about a reorganization single-handed, but it does believe it has its place to fill. And it is going to fill it.

That is "the game." The Indianian knows just how hard is the "game." It is going to play it—and play it to the limit.

Turn Legal Light on Coal Operations

No investigation the State has ever made will be more welcome than Attorney-General Ele Stansbury's probe of the coal situation. And if the investigation should bring relief from the present reign of exorbitant prices the investigation will be thrice welcome. Ever since the high cost of living began its forward march there have been all sorts of investigations by commissions, courts and individuals. But prices refuse to fall.

In the coal situation there are conditions even more suspicious than in the case of inflated prices for food.

Has the supply of coal suddenly fallen off one-half?

Is labor so scarce that miners cannot be found to mine the coal?

Has half the mining machinery in the country broken down?

No one has ever said such conditions exist.

But every householder who must have warmth for his family knows that his fuel bills are practically twice what they were a year ago.

That much is beyond argument. But why? What unlawful combinations force the luckless consumer to pay tribute at the shrine of greed? What manipulations add to the burden of the already overburdened? And when these questions are answered what will be done to bring relief?

One of the factors in establishing the price of coal is the reconsigning privilege as it is employed by wholesalers and brokers who reconsign coal many times, increasing their profits while the ultimate delivery of coal is delayed.

The Attorney-General says his investigation will cover not only the operations of retail and wholesale coal dealers and brokers, but mine operators and transportation companies as well.

The warmth of spring may solve the coal question for the householder before the State's investigation is finished, but it will be interesting for the consumer to learn the process by which he was bled.

All branches of the coal business have accused some other branch of being responsible for the exorbitant prices. The mine operators earlier in the winter told the public service commission the railroads were not furnishing cars. Now the railroads assert they are supplying the mine operators with the number of cars requested. In Indiana there are no labor troubles at the mines. The coal is there and there are men to mine it. But the price still soars and the coal situation becomes more serious each day.

See Presidential Boom in Economy Cry

The Goodrich bills are destined for a rough road in the legislature and now the Democratic members are charging the Governor with hypocrisy. They say if he had been sincere in his desire to obtain economy and not become the Indiana czar, he would have proposed the abolition of offices where it was practical.

Governor Goodrich has not introduced his bill as yet to abolish the Attorney-General's office as an elective office. His bills for the abolition of the State Geologist, Statistician, Entomologist and Forestry Board are in the hopper. Likewise, the oil department abolition bill is inside the ring.

The Governor proposes to place the oil inspection in care of the State Board of Health. It would be under the jurisdiction of H. E. Barnard, pure food and drug commissioner. Under Republican administrations the Board of Health became almost a constant convention of Republicans.

Whenever an effort was made to obtain some patronage for deserving Democrats during the Democratic administration, the Republicans held up their hands in horror and cried sacrilege. And now the Democrats charge Mr. Goodrich with wanting to add another permanent Republican spoke to the "Goodrich-for-president" machine.

The president argument may find little weight, but the Democrats say there is no doubt of the Goodrich plan. And with an Indiana machine reinforced by the appointive power proposed by Mr. Goodrich to be turned over to himself, the Indiana delegation to the next national convention would not find it difficult to favor Goodrich for president, according to the Democrats.

"But we don't propose to turn all this power over to him simply to make him a candidate for president at the expense of the people," said one Democrat in expressing his opposition to the oil inspection bill. "He is crying economy now, but let him get that plan over and see where the economy ends if a time comes when a few delegates are needed."

The unpopularity of the Goodrich czar plan among the Democrats is finding some echo among Republican officials at the capitol who have begun a battle for efficiency and a return to their present offices. There is a distinct feeling in the capitol that the Goodrich plan, if accomplished, will mean a return of the Democrats to power two years hence in many offices and the officials affected are not shouting praises of Governor Goodrich. The Governor is in for four years and they are not.

Senate Is Legislative Battle Ground

The Senate is expected to be the stage of most of the exciting battles in the General Assembly, as the division of senators is equal. The illness, death or absence of a Republican or Democratic senator is fatal at this time to party legislation. And every member is being urged to make every effort to attend every session in order that nothing partisan will suffer.

The condition was shown early this week. Senator Lanz from Lawrence county had a bill to provide a reapportionment of the Second Congressional District. Lanz introduced it one night. The next minute he got his committee together and had it approved for further consideration in the Senate. He was chairman of the committee to which the bill was sent. And the next morning he introduced the committee report. The bill would make the Second District Republican and the present congressman, Oscar Bland, was present to give Lanz any assistance he might need.

The bill was hardly out on the floor until the Democratic guns were turned in its direction. Senator Culbertson hurried here, there and everywhere. The roll call began and it ended. Three Republicans were absent and one Democrat was absent. The roll call showed the Lanz bill was beaten on its first trial by a vote of 24 to 22. It will come up again, but the next time it will be ended forever if any of the Republicans are missing, according to the Democrats.

It all goes to show the necessity for the Republicans and Democrats to watch every time opportunity knocks.

In fact, it has become evident any plan of the Lieutenant-Governor to vote will obtain little consideration if money is involved. The State Supreme Court through its individuals has held the Lieutenant-Governor cannot vote upon the passage of bills. And the only attorney believing he can is a Republican, who is now said to be active as a lobbyist.

The Lee Case Disturbs Serenity of the Capitol

The case of Edwin M. Lee, appointed by Governor Ralston as Progressive member of the Public Service Commission, is ended and Lee's fate is in the hands of the Governor. There is little doubt of the Goodrich decision. He has told some of his friends he could not "stand for Lee." His retirement of Mr. Lee is the opening prelude to a battle by friends of Mr. Lee. It may take the form of court action to compel Governor Goodrich to permit a court review of his decision and it may take the form of proceedings to impeach the Governor. Democrats are welcoming any proceeding to bring certain conditions into the open, but Republican candidates are not so anxious.

Governor Goodrich will appoint a new member of the commission, and after Thomas Duncan and James L. Clark retire in May the commission will become Goodriched. When this commission was first organized one big deal was put over before the commissioners could become personally acquainted with the law. It has been remarked about the commission many times since, the same deal would not have gone over with the commissioners having more experience. And the moment the commission becomes Goodriched, every one on the inside of the utility tangle is awaiting one big deal before the commissioners become acquainted with the law or stray from the Goodrich big stick.

The commission promises to become the center of the most interesting political battle the State has ever witnessed in 1918.

Harmony is like the story of the farmer and the giraffe, "ther ain't no sich animal" about the capitol. Harmony may be courted later on, but at present a bomb touched off in the capitol would find many Republican officials adding fuel to the flames.

And with the strife which will be engendered in the Senate in the near future and added to in the House, the prospects for a bitter political battle in 1918 and again in 1920 are so good there is little danger Indiana's reputation as a producer of politics, extraordinary, will be lost.

Suffrage Bill in Danger

Vigorous protest is being offered by the Women's Legislative Council to the action of Lieutenant-Governor Bush in sending the Maston suffrage bill to the committee on rights and privileges. The Lieutenant-Governor's action overruled a precedent he established earlier in the session. He held that senators could name the committees to which they wished their bills referred. And Senator Maston asked that his bill go to the committee known as Judiciary B.

Society

(By the Chaperone.)

The troubadour of olden days has descended upon us many thousand strong, and is filling the air with his mournful minor strains—only the 20th century version of the troubadour is just as apt to be feminine as masculine, and through the evolution of time, his tuneful guitar has changed to a modern and very much over-worked ukelele.

When the great war put a stop to the importation of fads and fancies from Europe, where should we turn for our inspiration but the west? And turn we did, with our eyes fixed upon those romantic islands out in the Pacific which form our most picturesque insular possessions. Their cunning little native huts thatched with grass are reproduced for the supreme decorative effect at the Hawaiian dance which has sprung into popularity with our clubs and sororities. Garlands of flowers and beads, in imitation of those worn by the Hawaiian maiden, are as dear to the heart of the practical little American maid as they are to her black-haired sister in the pleasure-loving islands.

Another western influence is wafted on the soft zephyr from the Java Island. The "Batik are of Java" is widely heralded as a decorative feature of milady's boudoir robes and lingerie. Emphasizing the bizarre, the daring, and the weirdly Oriental, the result is a combination of wondrous color harmony and symbolic pattern. Quaint little Java hats are also in evidence. But for our music we sail back to Hawaii.

We have accepted the ukelele as our national instrument. The mournful cadence of the Hawaiian good-bye song, "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee) is the first thing which greets our unwilling ears in the morning after the young son or daughter has risen; it sings its way via an over-worked record across the tea room or theater; it is the last strain of the dance orchestra in the wee small hours. In fact, it has supplanted "Home Sweet Home" in the affections of young America.

Not lightly has the youth of our country ventured into this new musical field. Clubs are formed for the purpose of studying the ukelele, and it is the one musical instrument which does not require a guard at the practice hour. The college youth who has not mastered its intricacies is really not entitled to a diploma, and the young girl who can strum out a faltering air on its long-suffering strings possesses an open sesame to popularity.

One of the first Indianapolis girls to master the ukelele is Miss Eileen Lefler, the pretty young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Duane Lefler, who learned the secret of its magic spell during a year spent on the Pacific coast.

A club of young girls who are all proficient players includes Miss Meta and Miss Hulda Lieber, Miss Margaret Davidson, Miss Anne Lochhead, and Miss Dorothy and Miss Elizabeth Marmon. They recently gave a finished program before a big suffrage meeting. Miss Jessie Metcalf, who spent much time on the Pacific coast, is another envied performer whose talent is in great demand.

The garland of flowers which is supposed to be a token of affection from the Hawaiian maid is accepted by our young girls as adding "atmosphere" to the musical setting, and has been adopted as part of the game. A dainty young girl, in fluffy tulle frock with a garland of vari-colored posies around her neck and a ukelele in her hands, forms the ideal for young America at present.

Opinion may be divided as to our national air, and we may discuss the merits of any great public question, pro and con. But on the subject of the ukelele, take it from the younger set, the opinion is unanimous. There is no other musical instrument worth mentioning at present, and the melancholy strains of "Aloha Oe" bid fair to follow the younger generation from kindergarten up through college. To play the ukelele is the last word in culture among the young scions of our best families.

* * *

The Laurel wreath of fame rests becomingly upon the gold brown locks of an Indiana girl who has won ready recognition in New York musical circles. Miss Mary Seiler of Shelbyville, who is well known to a wide circle of Indianapolis friends, has been chosen one of six women harpists to play at the Winter Garden during the season. Miss Seiler went to New York to study piano at the Damrosch school, and through Miss Mildred Dilling, an Indianapolis girl who is a talented harpist, became interested in the harp. A New Yorker remarked that Miss Seiler had chosen her instrument to match her personal color scheme, as she plays a wonderful harp of white and gold, having a truly feminine eye to effect.

* * *

Mrs. O. B. Jameson will leave next week to join the forces of Indiana suffragists who are working with the Congressional committee for a constitutional amendment. In response to an S. O. S. call from Mrs. L. J. Cox of Terre Haute, who was the initial representative from our State, Mrs. Horace C. Stilwell of Anderson took the first train for Washington. Owing to the limited accommodations at the suffrage club house, the representatives in each State plan to attend in groups of two and three at a time, and the lobbying is done in relays. With Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Stilwell on the field, both recognized for great charm and tact, Indiana feels she has a pair hard to beat, and when Mrs. Jameson with her personal magnetism and inimitable wit joins forces, Hoosier suffragists offer three of a

kind that they feel are sure to win. Other Indiana women who have been called to attend the Congressional committee by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, national and international president of the Woman's Suffrage Association are Mrs. Alexander Hugh Scott, State chairman of the Congressional, Mrs. Charles A. Bookwalter, Mrs. F. M. Stutesman of Peru, Mrs. Craigie Gunn Mitchell of Bedford, Mrs. O. N. Guildlin of Ft. Wayne, Miss Prudence Winter of Shelbyville, Mrs. J. W. Cook of Pendleton, Mrs. J. B. Wilson of Bloomington, and Mrs. T. Arthur Stuart of Lafayette. Ten representatives will go from each State in the union.

* * *

The appearance of Daisy Jean, the noted Belgian musician, who appeared in a musicale Monday afternoon at the Claypool Hotel under the auspices of the Woman's Press Club of Indiana, brought inquiries from over the country in regard to this talented performer who is donating her services to the cause of the war sufferers in her own country. One letter was received from Mrs. L. G. Balfour of Attleboro, Mass., formerly Miss Ruth DeHass of this city, who has become quite an impresario in her adopted home, and brings many renowned musicians there. Mrs. Balfour is the daughter of Dr. T. W. DeHass of this city.

* * *

If "all the world's a stage" right willingly are men and women accepting the situation, for amateur theatricals are the order of the day in the social set. Back in the mind of every woman that ever lived, is the hidden belief that she could have become a great actress, if she had only been given the opportunity. It's as inevitable as her determination to become a trained nurse at one period of her career.

The social scheme of today gives opportunity for all this hidden talent to find the light, and really we have discovered some very clever actresses in our many dramatic programs this season.

A youthful Juliet sprang into popularity at the recent entertainment of the drama department of the Woman's Department Club in the person of Miss Angeline Bates, the pretty young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Bates. Her intelligent interpretation and her exquisite coloring made one forgive an auburn-haired Juliet. Another promising young actress is Miss Helen Floyd, who is especially clever in character sketches.

Mrs. Hillis Hackedorn is one of the most charming of our embryo actresses, and she was equally delightful when she posed as "Mona Lisa" in the reproduction of famous paintings by the art department. The Shakespearean program was such a success the members have been asked to repeat it for the general club meeting February 8.

* * *

What's the matter with Cupid? Not a single wedding of social prominence during the week, and so far none ap-

pears on the social calendar for a week to come. Is the little God of love put to rout by the H. C. of L. or is he saving his arrows for the fourteenth of February? One of the prettiest social affairs of the week was given for a February bride, when Mrs. Joseph Reynolds Raub entertained Tuesday afternoon with a large card party at the Claypool Hotel for her sister Miss Kathleen Bennett, whose marriage to Carl Louis Ittenbach will take place Saturday, February 3. A number of social affairs will be given for Miss Bennett prior to her marriage.

* * *

The most notable social affair next week will be the reception from 4 to 6 o'clock Thursday evening given by Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington in honor of Otis Skinner who will appear in Mr. Tarkington's latest play "Mister Antonio," the latter part of the week at English's Theater.

* * *

Society ever loves to play at work. But there are a few real for-sure interests that are claiming the time and labor of many of our most prominent women. There isn't a busier spot in town than the work room of the Indianapolis chapter of the American Fund for the French Wounded on Monument Place, where three sewing machines are kept busy daily, guided by skilful fingers, in the interest of the cause. Comfort-bags, bandages, and knitted bands form each day's contribution. Miss Caroline Marmon is chairman of the committee in charge, and the other members include Miss Emma Martindale, Mrs. Hugh McGibney, Mrs. Charles S. Shaler, Mrs. A. M. Cole, Mrs. Walter Millikan, Mrs. Philemon Watson, Mrs. James B. Steep and Mrs. Lucius B. Swift.

* * *

The young man who offers a 20th century girl a home is holding out small inducement to matrimony. What she wants is the entree to all the best clubs, or money enough to carry out her pet "isms." A home is all right in its place, but where is the hostess these days who avails herself of its advantages?

The Woman's Department Club has been "home-hunting" almost as long it has been in existence. The ideal of a club home of their very own has been the point to which all the members have worked. Initial membership fees have been set aside for that purpose, and during the last few weeks, a number of things have been given by the different departments for the benefit of a permanent clubhouse fund.

The Caroline Scott Harrison chapter D. A. R. is also working toward the day when it can carry the latch-key to its own home, and the proceeds of many of their entertainments go toward a permanent chapter. When all the prominent women's clubs are housed in homes of their own, the tired business man can go to the show right from the dairy lunch counter—it won't be necessary to stop by home with excuses.

Another Story Worth Remembering

Some years ago a young fellow from one of the up-State counties in New York journeyed down to Buffalo in response to the alluring call of the city. He speedily found employment and his more than ordinary capacity and adaptability eventually got him a position in the office of a promoter. There he was soon advanced to a semi-official position requiring him to sign papers and documents which the commanding personality of his chief forbade him ever to question. The result of this was that later on when the post office authorities arrested the officers of this concern for some alleged violation of the postal laws, the drag-net caught the unsophisticated young man from the country.

The news quickly spread over the country neighborhood from whence he had come and consternation reigned among the home folks. The next morning, about a half hour or so before the train for Buffalo was due, a well-to-do farmer from this vicinity drove up to the railroad station, got out and walked abstractedly up and down the platform. Presently, another farmer from the same neighborhood came along and likewise paced the platform. Meeting his neighbor, he said:

"Good morning, John; going somewhere?"

"Yes, I am going to Buffalo."

"So am I."

Nothing more was said until presently another farmer came along, alighted from his buggy and joined his neighbors with the brief statement in response to their greeting that he also was going down to Buffalo on the morning train. This kept up until a half dozen well-known citizens of the young man's neighborhood were standing around waiting for the train, and nothing having been said among them except that all of them were going down to Buffalo.

Soon another man, also from the same vicinity, came along. Seeing his neighbors, he said:

"Where are you men all going?"

"Thought we would go down to Buffalo this morning," one of them responded.

"Yes, and I suppose you are going down there to get that damned rascal out of jail."

Nothing was said for a moment until one substantial looking farmer, who up to this time had said nothing, responded:

"I don't know anything about that. Maybe he is a damned rascal. But if he is, he is **our** rascal."

The abatement of the smoke nuisance and a movement to place an embargo on Indiana coal are both mentioned the same day.

LEGISLATIVE CHATTER

Every time a Democratic member of either House gets on the floor with an opening statement, he shouts, "The State is out of debt." The Republicans laugh every time the statement is made. It was the Democratic campaign battle cry because the Democrats contend they pulled the State out of debt.

* * *

If you see a little man with a serious mien strutting about with twenty or thirty women after him, determined to wreck their vengeance upon him, it is Lieutenant-Governor Bush you are watching. The women are denouncing Mr. Bush and the Republican machine which sent their suffrage bill to a committee which is unfavorable. But nevertheless they are going to see that the bill gets fair play.

* * *

One Republican Senator, Thomas Hudgins, threatened to resign because he did not get committee appointments. His resignation would have made the Senate Democratic. He got the appointments.

* * *

Republican leadership got off with an appropriation bill of \$100,000 and they announce the final result will show a saving as compared with the expense of recent Democratic sessions.

* * *

Senator Negley became a popular idol with the introduction of his fight on the h.c.l., meaning the high cost of married or dairy lunch existence. Senator Negley is going to make his fight through a senatorial investigation.

* * *

Senator White is chairman of the plunder committee as well as the public morals committee. He's the boss of the cloak rooms and all other rooms. He bosses the handing out of jobs. And he smiles wearily as he says: "If they ever hang another job like this one on me I'm through." But White is a good-natured fellow, with broad shoulders and a big smile.

* * *

Luke Duffey of Indianapolis, good roads enthusiast, didn't get the chairmanship of the roads committee. It was handed to somebody else and Luke didn't like it a bit.

* * *

Phil M. McNagny of Columbia City is "sore" at one of the local Republican papers. It classed him as a Republican elected from a strong Democratic district. Phil is a friend of Vice-President Marshall and has never even flirted with Republicanism. "I'm goin' to sue them for libel," says Phil—and then he laughs.

* * *

Alva A. Reser, senator from Lafayette, has more vocal power than anyone in either House. Reser can be heard declaiming in every office in the capitol when he gets into full flight in one of his political orations. Reser is a hold-over from the last session and everyone knows him.

Universal Health Law Is Proposed

Universal health insurance for workers, as proposed in a bill introduced in the New York State legislature this week, is advocated by labor leaders and medical men after statistics had been gathered to show that 3,000,000 persons in the United States are ill at one time, while each of the 30,000,000 wage earners loses on an average nine days' work each year on account of sickness. The loss in wages is placed at \$500,000,000 annually.

When the figures were analyzed it was evident the problem had grown so big it demanded the concerted action of society.

A few years ago, no one would have dreamed of proposing such a bill.

How long will it be until the proposed health insurance will be extended to life, unemployment and old age insurance? When public ownership of natural resources and public utilities come to pass? When "production for consumption and not for profit" rules? When fear of economic pressure is dispelled?

The world is whirling along at its most dizzy pace in centuries. With millions of men slaughtered and millions more even now tearing each other's throats the world is witnessing its greatest tragedy. Changes no mind could have conceived before the reign of blood have followed each other in startling succession.

Then end is not in sight, but it must come. And then?

The lessons of the war and the war that may follow the war will be analyzed. The reconstruction will come. And in that reconstruction some of the methods employed that men might die will be adopted that men may live.

High Prices Rule Market

No break in the era of high prices is in sight. Markets everywhere are on the upward trend. Stocks, live stock, grain and the various commodities all showed unusual strength and activity this week. Buying in all branches is heavy. The snows of the week are regarded as having "made" the wheat crop in Indiana, but increased foreign demand and a decrease in the visible supply keep May wheat prices up toward the \$2 mark.

Loan Shark Law Is Weak

Some steps toward strengthening the weak place in the Indiana loan shark law may be taken by the legislature. While the legal rate is 2 per cent. a month, methods of enforcing the "renewal" plan enable the money lender to extract something like 60 per cent. a year instead of 24 per cent. interest, as the law provides. Grand jury investigation of the methods of the money lenders is in prospect, but even by keeping within the present law some money lenders manage to collect about half as much interest as they got in the old ten-per-cent.-a-month days.

Why Not Take Down Old "Welcome"?

When will Indianapolis be ready to take its place in the front ranks of convention cities? When will the city have a place where a gathering of any magnitude can be properly entertained? How long will Indianapolis remain a convention city without a convention hall?

Of course, there is a familiar ring to these questions. The coliseum problem is not new. It might have been solved long ago.

In a large city which has had phenomenal growth the last few years the custodian of the city hall had a time-worn banner, "WELCOME," in the basement. On convention occasions it was flung to the breeze from the municipal building until a newspaper in a burst of righteous sarcasm called public attention to the "small town stuff." It was suggested if the banner was all the city had to show the convention delegates it was nothing to flaunt in their faces. Old "Welcome" as a banner came down and never appeared again.

The only sign of welcome convention delegates need is adequate, comfortable and convenient housing for the convention and reasonable entertainment for the delegates. When Charles A. Bookwalter was mayor he sought to build a coliseum, but some contrary influences that have hampered the city's growth killed the coliseum project for the time being. But it will be one of the big questions that will arise again before another city administration is rounded out.

Urges Law for Sales By Weight

"A pint is a pound the world around" will be altogether obsolete if a bill prepared by Herman F. Adam, city sealer of weights and measures, is enacted into law. Mr. Adam, whose chief official duty is to see that the householder gets as much as he pays for, has long been an advocate of the plan to sell food stuffs by weight. His bill is endorsed by market stand holders, many grocers and numerous organizations. It provides that all vegetable products, meats, non-liquid animal products, cheese and other similar products, except fresh berries, cherries and other small fruits be sold by standard avoirdupois net weight or by numerical count. Mr. Adam believes "sixteen ounces are a pound" and that under a law enforcing sales by weight the cost of living would be reduced.

The United States government is going to circulate an issue of \$1 and \$2 greenbacks about February 1 because there are not enough silver certificates of those denominations to go around and the issue of silver certificates is limited by law, so the certificates cannot be issued in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. The greenbacks will take the place of United States notes of larger denomination which will be retired.

First Circus of the Season Draws Crowd

(By Rube Kidder.)

As the tatting and crocheting experts of history sat around the side lines of the guillotine in the days of the French Revolution and checked up on the number of aristocratic heads that fell into the basket, so did the populace, the hoi polloi and the proletariat gather about the doors of the dead swell Columbia Club last Saturday, shortly after the sun had crossed the meridian, and trustfully wait to see a parade of bankers, leading merchants and professional men, and other figures looming large in the world of finance pass into the gaping jaws of the humble patrol wagon.

There were two patrol wagons, in fact, drawn up to the curb, with their backs invitingly turned toward it, fairly shrieking invitation, but those who waited for the emperors of commerce to emerge, stricken and sad, and depart for a ride in these municipal limousines, were disappointed.

The raid was instigated by ex-Mayor Lew Shank, who filed the warrant authorizing the search of the club, on suspicions firmly voiced by Harry Yockey, police prosecutor, that a blind tiger was harbored within. Mr. Shank himself acted as a sort of van guard for the invading army, and fired his first shot at the citadel, with its priceless old stained glass, when he went into the bar, and captured a bottle of gin. A bicycle policeman telephoned headquarters, reinforcements arrived with that garish clangor that a patrol wagon seems unable to proceed without, and the raid was on.

It created a vast deal of excitement. It came just at the lunch hour, when everyone was headed for a bean sandwich at the one-arm lunches, or for a porterhouse steak at more exclusive hostelryes. Many vehicles have, in the course of time, pulled up in front of the Columbia Club, and discharged various cargoes, but they have been what might be called the milk wagons of society depositing the cream of Indianapolis on the Columbia Club front steps. The sight of two plebeian patrol wagons—there's something so deucedly vulgar about a patrol wagon, you know, old chap—drawn up at the sacred curb, and the further sight of a flock of brawny, blue-clad police emerging from the depths and then vanishing through the marble portals of the club, was more than noonday Indianapolis could stand.

There couldn't have been more interest and excited comment if the Reverend Morton C. Pearson had elected to do the Hula Hula dance, in native costume, if any, on the Monument steps. Forgotten was lunch. Forgotten was everything. All Indianapolis, bound luncheonward, halted dead in its tracks, and milled and trampled around in front of the Columbia Club, and strained its neck to get another look and wondered which empire builder would be the first to be hauled forth

ignominiously into the light of day.

However—if they missed lunch and stuck around for such a sight, they were disappointed. The police, with grim, determined looks, proceeded to that part of the club where spirituous, vinous and maltese liquors—as the man said one time—were kept.

Those at the tables who had already ordered cocktails, high balls, gin rickys, Cloverclubs, and what not—there was a lot of what-not being served right then—suddenly discovered that their thirst had departed simultaneously with the arrival of this shipload of patrolmen. Maybe here and there, hither and yon, there were a few who sought to absorb quickly the drinks that sat before them on the tables, but they were in the minority. None knew what might happen in such event. Indeed, most of the lunchers showed a disposition to go away from that place, especially from the tables whereon alcoholic evidence was perched. They stood aside, speaking softly and low, and treading, when necessary, on the balls of their feet, while the officers gathered in the spoils.

Ex-Mayor Lew was there, too, watching the whole thing, with the satisfied air of a stage manager who sees a performance go off perfectly, without a hitch, or without anyone in the orchestra getting off the key. One or two Columbians, taking a chance on old friendship, asked the former mayor if they could go ahead and drink what they had, but the mayor was non-committal. His words in reply have already gone down as a classic. They were:

"Do as you dern please, I aint running the place."

Outside the crowd waited, getting more and more augmented every minute, as one might say, and the horrible news quickly spread. The faces of the members of the club, who arrived on the scene after the patrol wagons, and who first heard the harrowing news from unsympathetic outsiders, were seen to blanch. There were agonized mutterings about "the only oasis left and now that's gone"—etc., etc.

Presently the police emerged. They had taken captive a large quantity of beer, whiskey, wine, brandy, cordials, bitters, gin and the like. Every man's favorite drink was in some way represented by that collection of prisoners, which were carried out in the arms of the police, and loaded into the wagons. The departure of a convict train for Siberia, with the weeping relatives at the station, could hardly have been more harrowing than the unceremonious departure of the Columbia Club wet goods department for police headquarters, with the former mayor going along with it, to be sure none was lost overboard on the ride. Strong men wept and women fainted—or would have, if they had thought of it.

No one was arrested. Charles W. Miller and John B. Cockrum, attorneys

for the club, and Lucius Hamilton, the president, showed the invaders that the warrant did not call for the arrest of any individual, but simply permitted a "search and seizure" of liquor in the club. There followed a conference with Chief of Police Perrott, and at the end of a perfect day, Charles R. Rouzer, the manager of the club, was slated on the charge of operating a blind tiger, and was released on bond.

After the Columbia Club raid "General" Shank led his crusaders to the University Club where a similar performance was staged. Then he suddenly lost interest in the "blind tiger" campaign, his attorney became disgusted and dropped out of the prosecution and the cases were continued in police court.

"What is the situation at the Columbia Club now?" a member of the club was asked.

With the expression of one who would say that every rose in the garden was dead of the boll weevil or something, the member replied,

"Arid—perfectly arid!"

He Was a Family Man

The East Washington street car was crowded (as usual) and the conductor, who showed his unfamiliarity with his job by handling his ticket punchers like a pair of tongs, wore an air of confusion. Evidently he hadn't had time in his brief period of employment to commit all the company's rules to memory and he proved he didn't know that in an emergency conductors have been known to accept disputed transfers when the passenger writes his name and address on the slip. But he knew how the time limit should be punched on the slip.

A woman who had battled her way onto the crowded car tendered the new conductor a transfer.

"Can't take it—it's an hour late," he snapped.

"I got on the first car that came along," the passenger contended.

"Can't help it—wont take it!"

"Well, I wont pay another fare!" and the passenger settled back in her seat.

"The transfer's no good."

"Well, give it back to me!"

"No, I wont give it back to you!"

All the eyes in the car were fixed on the pair while the rear end passengers were dropping off at their crossings a fare ahead of the company.

"Give it back to me," the passenger said, "and I'll write my name and address on the back of it."

"What do I want with your name and address? I'm a married man—got a wife and three children," the conductor blurted out as he plowed his way to the back end of the car in search for the vanished fares.

Popular Pastime Menaced By Progress

With the installation of the new "pay as you enter cars," ordered by the Indianapolis Traction and Terminal Company, and of which the first car of the proposed flock of twenty-five has recently arrived, one of the favorite out-doors sports of Indianapolis citizens—that of "beating the car company"—is seriously menaced.

That is—would that sport be in-door or out-door?—one is both in and out, as it were, however, this no time to argue that delicate point. The thing to be considered is the passing of this great municipal pastime, made only too easy of late by the fact that about 219 people travel on every car during the rush hours.

The experienced sportsman in this line will stalk his prey before boarding the car. If he sees that the car is well crowded, and the conductor is up in the bow, he will board the rear platform; if the conductor is hovering around the stern, keeping a watchful eye on the trolley rope, he will board the car at the front end. In this way, if the car is crowded enough, and he doesn't live too far out, he can reach his street, quietly slip off, and merge with the twilight landscape before the conductor has had time to get around.

Or, if the conductor reaches him, there are a number of things he can do. He can disguise himself as a man who has just paid his fare. He can continue to ignore the outstretched paw of the conductor, and keep his eyes glued to the head lines that tell what Harry Thaw is doing now, or he can look at the conductor with a pained expression that says, plainer than words, "You here to collect my fare AGAIN?" and half a dozen times out of six he can get by with that, as most conductors lack that quality necessary to making a good bridge player—that of remembering what cards are out and what are in.

Only a person entirely unversed in this sport will get out his car ticket, or his nickel, and waggle it before the conductor's eyes, pleading with him to take it. This business of beating the street car company is all that enlivens the homeward trip for a large majority of the public; they take a kind of pride in their achievements—they try to see how many times in one week they can get away with it, and there are some experts who can ride down town and back again three or four days in succession and never part with a jitney.

And to think that this great, grand and glorious sport is soon to become as obsolete and impossible as quail shooting! What fun is there in tamely climbing on board a car, going through a sort of a coop, and handing over your fare, on the principle, "no jitee no ridee." Goodness knows us folks that ride on the street cars have few enough pleasures as it is.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY 27, 1917

No. 3

The Policy and Purposes of the Indianian

IN RESPONSE to the frequently expressed interest in the mission which the INDIANIAN has undertaken, it is timely to put forward, as briefly as may be, a definite statement of the policy and purposes of this publication.

The INDIANIAN is not a newspaper. It is no part of its mission to purvey news. That field is everywhere covered by the daily newspapers, and in Indianapolis the news service is far more than ordinarily well executed by newspapers of much better than the average excellence.

The INDIANIAN is a magazine, owned only by its publisher and guided in its policy and in the treatment of the subjects with which it deals only by the judgment and convictions of its Editor.

The subjects with which the INDIANIAN will deal generally may be roughly considered under three heads: Current events of local and State interest; vital subjects of concern to every citizen, and subjects of literary and educational value.

The articles dealing with current events will be readably written and will undertake to give the readers of the INDIANIAN, in attractive form, all the facts and the real significance of events of general interest.

Articles dealing with vital subjects of concern to every citizen will be dealt with, first of all, by an impartial statement of the essential facts, and then the real significance of these facts will be so analyzed as to give the readers of the INDIANIAN an intelligent conception of what the subject really means to the citizens of Indiana. In illustration of this, three articles will shortly appear in the INDIANIAN each of which may contain not a few surprises for its readers. These articles will be:

The Hitherto Unwritten History of the Joseph E. Bell Administration;

The Liquor Industry in Indiana; and

Behind the Wings on the Indiana Political Stage.

Articles on subjects of literary and educational value will presume to have both intrinsic worth and more than ordinary literary merit.

In addition to these, the INDIANIAN will contain brief stories and articles in a lighter vein, the one object of which will be amusement.

Indiana is traditionally, and at the present day, a State of literary ideals and its people think correctly and on a high plane—when they think at all. The more than cordial reception which the INDIANIAN has had confirms the estimate which was set upon its future. And the fact that its paid circulation went to nearly a thousand on the first two issues is not without significance.

The INDIANIAN has undertaken to build up a large circulation in its home State, and has set the mark at fifty thousand for 1917. And when the magazine is serving fifty thousand families in this State with such material as has been suggested in this statement, its importance and usefulness will need no championship.

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The Methods of "Reform"

It always happens when an important propaganda of "Reform" is on, that the conditions include three elements: a self-appointed band of crusaders who are obsessed with the idea that they possess some sort of exclusive monopoly on the truth and all righteousness; a newspaper policy which seasons all news articles to please a morbid public appetite; and the public which listens to the crusaders and reads the newspapers, but forgets to inquire just what the truth of the issue might happen to be. These three elements amalgamate into a condition which during its continuance is lurid with the flames of denunciation—historically regarded when the fires have died down it is always ridiculous—and all along the line it possesses the interest of an enormously exaggerated insanity. Only history ever puts such things in their proper relation. We know now what every one thinks of the Children's Crusade, of the Inquisition, of St. Bartholomew's day, of religious persecution, and even of "16 to 1." But a very great part of the public did not know what those things meant while they were really issues.

Fanaticism is as interesting as it is dangerous and when the danger is passed it is as ridiculous as it had been either interesting or dangerous. Its processes are entirely pathological and always the same. As a social affliction it is a disease to which only untrained minds are liable—minds that lack the fibre and poise of discipline. It is like being bitten by something. Once the microbe gets lodged in the mind that offers fertile soil, it propagates until the whole mental organism of the subject is in a feverish maelstrom of excitement. The delusion of the subject magnifies until he actually believes that the salvation of the race depends upon the adoption of his one idea. And it does not matter in the least how ridiculous may be the idea, nor how utterly it may be at variance with the facts. Nothing matters to the subject except the obsession of his own hallucination.

In 1896 this sort of affliction became a national epidemic. A certain Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who had ridden into the port of fame upon the barque of a single phrase, "Cross of gold and crown of thorns"—(pretty idea, isn't it) solemnly announced to the American public that the salvation of the American Nation depended upon "The free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of 16 to 1." Now the fact that this idea was founded on a ridiculous assumption, and had it been adopted would have upset our economic system completely and would also have resulted in a general commercial liquidation, did not in the least affect the enthusiasm of this strange evangelist. Nor did it stay the spread of the epidemic which finally reached nearly one-half the population of this country. No one likes to believe that they were ever crazy. But what will be the verdict of history a hundred years hence upon the fact that some millions of American citizens were once obsessed with the delusion that to declare silver bullion worth about 50 cents an ounce, to be actually worth one dollar an ounce, would somehow redeem this nation from destruction? And all this in the face of two facts: no one except the crusaders knew any reason why the nation needed redemption, and only four or five States, embracing about 1 per cent. of the population of the country, had any silver bullion to sell at any price.

In moral crusades some of the American newspapers have adopted a policy which might bear some very useful illumination. This policy also includes three elements, the first of

which is a servile regard for the opinion of the so-called "moral" element of society. Only a few know just what despotic power such organizations as the Church Federation, the Anti-Saloon League, and their constituents have in determining the policy of the greatest of all Indiana dailies. No one would suppose that this great organ is afraid of anything—but the protest of a big Sunday-school class, or the resolution of some women's federation, or the disapproving frown of an ecclesiastical federation strikes all the terror to its soul of Hamlet's ghost.

The second of these newspaper elements is the very unjust habit of caricaturing those interests to which the so-called "moral" element happens to object. The Dollar Mark Hanna cartoon made one artist famous, but it might also have had something to do with the assassination of President McKinley. No one ever expects to see a "plutocrat" or a "brewery magnate" spoken of in terms of respect. And all of this despite the fact that if there were no "plutocrats," "brewery magnates," etc., there would be no great daily newspapers. It is a travesty upon the American sense of justice that certain very important elements of the commercial economy should be paraded before the public eye in all the regalia of the devil incarnate. The public would take a different view of this sort of newspaper policy if they knew that these same gentlemen are always welcome visitors at the inner sanctums of the great dailies, and that their counsel is often sought by the very newspapers who pillory them before the public in a manner far more theatrical than seriously meant. But the public does not know that the performance has been staged for revenue only.

The third of these newspaper elements is the habit of both constructing and seasoning news articles so as to conform to the policy of the newspaper and by the same token to please the public. The master art of the newspaper profession is to construct a newspaper story so as to include the truth, harmonize with policy and please the public. And it very often happens that to harmonize a story with newspaper policy and please the public means to pervert or disguise the truth completely. A prominent newspaper manager who recently was asked by a very wealthy gentleman connected with the liquor industry and with whom the newspaper manager was in consultation, why it was that his newspaper published its prohibition news in a form so grossly unfair to the liquor interests. The newspaper manager's reply in substance was: "You fellows have been so long in the lime light that any kind of a story on you makes good reading."

But the real and ultimate responsibility for these sensational and destructive crusades rests with the public. A wise old Scotchman was responsible for the saying, "Believe nothing you hear and only about half of what you see." And it was our own Josh Billings who said, "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that ain't so." When a moral crusade is on, the public—or a very large part of it—believes all that it hears, and sees a great deal which has no reality at all. It is the serious duty of every citizen to know the facts of an issue upon which the State is about to take radical action. Such an issue is now before the public of this State, and the advocates of the propaganda are urging their cause in all the mad fury and with the same disregard for the facts that is always characteristic of a crusade of this sort. It is an obsession that has become an epidemic and that is all that it is. The crusaders have absolutely nothing to lose—their interest is their enthusiasm for their cause and not justice or the commercial welfare of the State. And it is perfectly certain that statutory prohibition would be overwhelmingly repudiated if the intelligent citizens of this

State knew the facts of three real conditions which the issue involves:

The proportion of the bad saloon to the liquor business.

The real relation of crime to the sale and use of liquor.

And the position of Indiana as a manufacturing State in the liquor industry, and the results on the prosperity of the State and the rate of taxation that would follow its wanton destruction.

The Indianian and Its Field

It is popularly supposed that it is advertising that makes possible the life of magazines and newspapers. In a large measure that is true. The revenue on which most of such publications subsist is derived through advertising channels alone. The financial success of a publication is gauged by the amount of advertising it carries and by the rate it gets for the advertising. And the advertising matter aside from its immediate pecuniary value to the publication has an educational and news value as well if it is of such character that it carries a wholesome message to the reader.

The absence of a single line of advertising in the first issues of The Indianian, of course, has been noted by its readers. Advertising did not appear not because The Indianian spurns advertising, but because this paper was not launched to promote a brief campaign to exploit some field of advertising and then drop out of sight.

When the time comes The Indianian not only will take its place in the legitimate advertising field, but it will get its share of copy.

It is the purpose of The Indianian first to establish itself in the sphere of usefulness it has chosen and to follow the principles it has outlined. It expects to keep its readers well informed as to the significance of situations and conditions of importance to citizens of Indianapolis. It will discuss current events and maintain feature departments covering matters of interest to the city and State.

The Indianian is building its foundation on its merits. Its earliest efforts have met with gratifying success and it will continue to make its appeal on its merits with the assurance a wide field is open to a publication which has for its sole aim the bettering of living conditions and the promoting of the civic welfare of a Greater Indianapolis.

The Workmen's Compensation Amendments

Any step to strengthen the laws improving the condition of workingmen is a step toward building up the strength of the nation.

Bills for the revision of the workmen's compensation law now before the Legislature have, of course, met the opposition of some employers while labor leaders contend the changes proposed are only just and that the law passed two years ago was accepted because the workman was willing to co-operate with the employer during the experimental stage of the plan in Indiana.

Now it is asked that the injured laborer's fourteen days of waiting before the payment of compensation be cut to seven days; that the amount be increased to 65 per cent. of the laborer's weekly wage, and that in cases of permanent disability the laborer receive compensation for life instead of 500 weeks under the present law.

If a factory or a mine needed additional equipment to improve its production the employer would buy it. If an additional expense for a slight increase in liability insurance costs would improve living conditions for his employes he ought not to hesitate at that.

No Compromise on Goodrich "Economy" Bills

The Goodrich conservation measure has apparently been preserved in the State Legislature for future use at a time the State Senate and House may be safely republican.

In deadly conflict and without any tendency to compromise, the opponents and supporters of the Goodrich administration measure to abolish the departments of geology, entomology, fish and game, veterinarian and forestry have aligned themselves under their leaders. On the one side is the Goodrich supporters and on the opposing several State officials and sportsmen.

"Lay on McDuff!"

Give ear to the Goodrich supporters: "The bill will provide efficiency and place this important State work under the supervision of experts and scientists and prevent the waste of State funds. It will mean a centralization of the scientific work of the State."

Give ear to the opponents of Goodrich: "The bill will result in the expenditure of \$50,000, whereas approximately \$40,000 is spent at present; the bill will confuse and jumble the work of departments until a geologist will be discussing fish culture and a fisherman fighting the hoof and mouth disease and the bill will relieve the State of many progressive entomology laws."

The committee has given ear and after amendments are made to the bill a minority and majority report will be presented with the eventual result the bill will pass the House and be defeated in the Senate, where several Republicans have joined with Democrats in their opposition to the measure.

Democratic opposition in the Senate grew stronger after a public meeting at which the bill was subjected to a bombardment which relieved it of its original cloak of economy and brought out a new covering of "efficiency." And to this Democratic opposition has been added at least three Republican senators who say they will oppose the bill regardless of what the Governor may say.

The public hearing began early and ended shortly before the early hours of the morning with neither side exhausted. The supporters of the bill talked and then the opponents waxed warm in their criticism of the bill as a giant political machine. And then the supporters came back with a plea for a breadth of vision in which they became as sarcastic as those who opposed.

The battle continued until one member of the committee shouted for adjournment. His eyes closed as he shouted and spectators and others interested in the bill shouted with him and adjournment came.

The bill will receive a majority committee report of approval in both Houses according to present indications, but the committee report may end the game.

The State Highway Commission Bill

When the legislature has disposed of the constitutional bill, the next great fight in the State senate will be staged when the Goodrich administration state highway commission bill is presented. On the ground this bill will remove another bit of administrative power from local communities and boards to Indianapolis much opposition to this bill has been aroused, but with the support of the federal government for a state highway commission, it is regarded certain some plan of commission will result from this legislature.

The supporters of the Goodrich program are shouting "road trust," the familiar Bryanesque

"big interests" and other sinister and deprecating phrases at the opponents of the bill. And out of the muddle another highway commission bill has appeared to relieve the state highway commission of much of the power proposed in the Goodrich measure. And the Goodrich bill sponsors are shouting "fraud," until the average lay citizen is compelled to sit back and let somebody hang himself.

The original Goodrich measure with amendments provided by democratic senators to relieve the governor of some of his worries relative to appointments and complete control of the State highways, probably will be passed by the State senate and it is understood the same amended bill has the favor of a majority of the representatives.

The result is sure to be that Indiana will add another commission to her list of commissions. Soon we may have a commission form of government under our new constitution.

Removal of Commissioner Edwin M. Lee

When Governor Samuel M. Ralston appointed Edwin M. Lee as a member of the Public Service Commission reports went out that James P. Goodrich had told his friends his first official act would be to "fire," or more daintily, to remove Lee. The inauguration ceremonies were over, the Governor had taken his oath of office and stepped down from the platform. Within a few minutes after the office doors closed behind him his secretary began to hunt Lee, and when found Lee was ushered into the presence of "his excellency."

"It was a very cold-blooded proceeding" is the vivid description given by Lee to the manner in which he was received by the Governor. Lee is a fighting progressive who has said some things about the Goodrich machine and who is destined to say more in the future, and the Governor said any other person might have been permitted to remain, but not Lee.

There was a quiet talk in the Governor's office during which Lee was informed, very coldly and judicially, he must retire from the commission. There were various reasons, but Lee says the Governor told him he had promised the position to another man before the charges were filed, which probably was the most important reason.

Ponder over the significance of that promise of a position to another person before the charges were filed.

And then ponder over this cracker to the farce: "They gave Lee a trial, didn't they?" and Goodrich was the judge.

The Lee episode has begun like a little snowball, and from all indications it is rolling downhill. Lee announces he is going to institute proceedings to take the case into court and out of this the opponents of the Governor expect another development which will cause considerable worry to the friends of the Governor and may bother his excellency just a little. For the opponents of Goodrich say impeachment proceedings will develop and the unraveling of a gigantic plot will be the ultimate result.

The ball is rolling and Lee is known never to have quit until he has obtained his conquest. Persons familiar with his work as a trustee on the institutional board at Jeffersonville recall the fight he made to prevent the signing of a contract which gave the State only about 23 to 27 cents a day for the work of prisoners. The result of that fight was that the State obtained from 65 cents to \$1.00 a day for this same work even though Lee had to threaten to resign if the old contract was pushed over his head. Lee never quit and the ball has been started by the Governor himself.

Lead on, kindly light!

The Constitutional Convention Campaign

When the tumult and the shouting dies and lobbyists and legislators depart, another era of Indiana history will be scheduled for a return engagement of a history-making drama staged in 1851 is promised for the State. The drama will be staged next January and it will be called the constitutional convention. There is little doubt at present the bill providing for a constitutional convention will be passed and signed by the Governor.

When the convention assembles there will be either 115 or 118 delegates, in accordance with the number provided for in the final passage of the bills. Both numbers have been asked and considered. The delegates will be elected from senatorial or representative districts and from the State at large, one hundred being from the districts and the remainder from the State at large. They will be elected at an election as free from party politics as is possible.

The provision to be made by this legislature is expected to keep the State on the firing line of legislation for another year with little cessation. For the moment the election is decided upon delegates will begin to make their presence known and the campaigning for State offices is not expected to be any more strenuous than is the campaign for the honor to sit in the constitutional convention. It is an opportunity which comes only once in a lifetime and may never come again, so ambitions to be a delegate are reasonable and without guile.

Traffic Regulation on City Streets

When a public service corporation obtains a franchise to operate over the streets of a city it assumes an attitude of complete ownership of the streets. But the streets still belong to the people and the municipality has the right to regulate traffic, to safeguard the lives of its citizens.

It has been proposed in a measure for the codification and revision of all city ordinances to insert a provision to limit the speed of interurban and street cars inside the city limits to fourteen miles an hour.

Traction men who have appeared before the city council to protest against the provision say it is unjust; that passengers complain it takes too long to enter the city, and that therefore when the traction company loses business it is a loss to the city. They say no speed limit should be placed on electric cars.

Complaints of the excessive speed of interurban cars on the streets of the city have been made frequently before the city council and in some instances it was reported cars had been operated at a rate of sixty miles an hour on College avenue. No one will dispute that such speed is a menace to life.

The street and interurban lines differ from the steam railroad lines in that the steam road owns its private right-of-way, and maintains safety gates and watchmen at crossings. The steam roads with the city have begun a system of track elevation which will ultimately eliminate the grade crossings. Although the traction men say their passengers have extravagant ideas about the necessity of the interurban companies building a subway or an elevated system into the heart of the city, the companies will be reminded from time to time that the streets of the city still belong to the people and the people will rise to claim a voice in the control of public property.

Indianapolis and Its Park System

No city can afford to be niggardly in looking after the health and recreation of its populace. No money is ever expended to a better advantage than when a municipality provides playgrounds and beauty spots in a park system for its citizens.

The present Legislature will be asked to pass a bill that will enable Indianapolis to enlarge and improve its park system. The bill, drawn by bipartisan counsel, in effect provides that a park district be made of Indianapolis to enable the city to issue bonds for the buying of park lands.

The city administration advocates the law as a measure looking toward the future.

Constantly increasing values of land make it expedient for the city to buy land desired for park purposes and reap the benefit of the unearned increment in value. At the same time Mayor Bell believes the generations of the future who will enjoy the benefits of the foresighted plan should also share the burden of paying for the land. He contends that the acquiring of land by paying for the land out of current funds works a hardship on the present taxpayer and that the city is not in a position to buy large acreages unless it issues bonds.

The passing of the proposed law would enable the city to issue park bonds as occasion requires.

Of course, there will be opposition to the measure, largely of a political nature, but there was opposition to the acquiring of "Tom Taggart's swamp land" when Mayor Taggart obtained the land which is now Riverside park. No one today would dare question Mr. Taggart's judgment in providing that wonderful park for the city. That beauty spot now is the city's greatest monument to the genius of its former mayor, Thomas Taggart.

The Dawning of a New Day

The Chamber of Commerce is preparing to take its rightful place and perform its most valuable work in the building of a Greater Indianapolis.

Under the reorganization planned by that body its possibilities for developing a broader municipal spirit and promoting the growth and welfare of the city will be unlimited.

The functions of the Chamber of Commerce are so wide and varied that only by efficient organization can the body expect to attain the results it desires.

The Chamber of Commerce is not merely a social club, not just an institution it is customary for every city to have, not a building to be pointed out as the home of the organization. The Chamber of Commerce is the city's herald, its advertising manager, its business getter, the guardian of the city's good name and the promoter of its welfare. With an unwieldy organization close co-operation in the various activities is difficult and the efficiency of the body is impaired.

The chamber, at its election of a new board of directors on February 6 to take the place of the board which recently resigned, will begin a reorganization that will mark a new era not only for the Chamber of Commerce but for the city of Indianapolis. The membership of the board of directors will be reduced one-half, chairmen instead of vice-presidents will be at the head of various divisions and there will be changes in the form of the executive committee. And the new organization will make its first big progressive step in enlarging and strengthening the municipal development division.

The Chamber of Commerce has gone about the work with a spirit that is convincing evidence that "a new day is dawning."

The Candidacy of Charles W. Jewett

Very few young men were ever more signally honored by a very large part of the public than was Mr. Charles W. Jewett in his selection by a group of the prominent and representative Indianapolis business and professional men, as candidate before the primaries for the office of Mayor. Mr. Jewett's candidacy is based upon two important considerations: The first of these is his remarkable success in the handling of the last two municipal campaigns. Mr. Jewett created an organization which not only accomplished political results quite beyond the expectations of its most enthusiastic friends, but he conducted these two campaigns in a manner that put himself and his associates beyond the reach of successful criticism.

The second consideration which has inspired his candidacy is that Mr. Jewett and his organization



CHARLES W. JEWETT.

are believed to be the only sure means of defeating the candidacy of Mr. S. Lew Shank, which, nearly every one who has a right to an opinion, regards, if it should be successful, as not only a municipal calamity, but a ridiculous reflection upon this great city. Mr. Shank undoubtedly will have the support of a very large and politically dangerous element, and the gentlemen who have put Mr. Jewett forward believe that the only means which will defeat Mr. S. Lew Shank is Mr. Jewett and his organization.

There was organized Tuesday night at a meeting where more than five hundred prominent Indianapolis citizens were present, the "Jewett-for-Mayor" Club, of which the officers are as follows: Henry F. Campbell, president; Arthur R. Taylor, treasurer; Robert G. McClure, secretary; Arthur Jordan, Henry R. Danner, Henry C. Atkins, Walter C. Marmon, John F. Wild, Charles N. Thompson, Charles E. Sedwick, Charles Martindale and Dr. William N. Wishard, vice-presidents; John McCordle, A. M. Glossbrenner, Arthur R. Baxter, James H. Shelton, Fred C. Gardner, Ralph Bamberger, Samuel D. Miller, Alex. Taggart and Charles O. Roemler, members of the executive committee.

The speeches made by such prominent men as Mr. S. D. Miller, Mr. Charles Martindale, Mr. Henry C. Atkins, Mr. Henry Campbell and others are a

fine tribute to the confidence and respect which a large part of the business public of this community have in Mr. Jewett.

And the fact would not be ignored that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." If the faithful and efficient service of the man who has chosen politics for his career deserves substantial recognition, then Mr. Jewett has certainly earned the honest approval and support bestowed upon him at this meeting, which appeared to be the spontaneous expression of a very widespread public sentiment toward a young man whose political rise has been almost dramatic.

City Seeks to Prevent River Pollution

No one will dispute the fact that Indianapolis is confronted by a serious problem in disposing of the city's sewage. It is a problem that confronts every inland city, but it becomes more grave when a city the size of Indianapolis dumps its sewage in a river the size of White river.

That Indianapolis will have to take steps to remedy the evil and to take action soon is shown by the fact that a damage suit filed by property owners in Johnson county is pending and that similar suits may be expected from property owners who contend their property is being damaged by the pollution of White river.

It has been part of the work of the present administration to begin the preliminary preparation for an adequate sewage disposal plant and Mayor Bell has announced that the Legislature will be asked to pass a bill providing for an issue of bonds to pay for the building of the plant.

If the element of politics is not allowed to dominate the situation it may not be long until Indianapolis is in a position to take up the work that should have been started long ago.

An effort has been made to avoid any political tangle for the bill to be presented to the Legislature has been drafted by Frederick E. Matson, Republican, and Woodburn Masson, Republican.

It is not the intention to obtain permission to issue the bonds and then rush the work through without giving the people an opportunity to pass upon the question of making the expenditure. It is the plan to provide for the bond issue first and then leave the matter to a referendum. If the people reject the bond issue the law providing for the bonds would be cancelled.

Mayor Bell in discussing the sewage disposal question expresses the hope that political differences and opposition to his administration will be forgotten in the consideration of a measure for which there is a crying need.

In the face of conditions it is almost inconceivable that steps will not be taken to abate the pollution of White river, and the worst that should be expected would be a provision in the law enforcing delay by keeping the law from becoming effective until the next city administration takes office, thus passing whatever glory that may be claimed to Mayor Bell's successor.

There is no question that the plant should be built. There may be a question as to how it should be built. But there is only one way to build it and that is—BUILD IT.

Death of Senator Green

Senator William T. Green of Albion and a Republican member of the Upper House of the State Legislature died last Tuesday night at a local hospital. A special election will be held February 6 at which his successor will be named. Until that time the Senate will stand twenty-five Democrats and twenty-four Republicans.

About ben Adhem and the Master of the Home

By SENYAHNALLA

Intellectual evolution in things spiritual, as it has thus far been disclosed, seems to include three distinct processes—unquestioning faith, intellectual anarchy and reconstruction. These processes are not only historic in that in a sense they represent the intellectual advancement of the race, but they are all three present in some relative measure, everywhere all the time. And to him who has advanced into the third of these processes, the other two also remain as a permanent part of his intellectual organization.

Worship is an instinct inseparable from the soul of man. Whatever may be the attitude of the individual toward church or creed—whatever may be his intellectual rank—there is in every human soul an instinct that reaches out into the unknowable and calls to the unknown God. In its definite form of expression this religious instinct belongs to intellectual childhood and youth. Then it is that the undisciplined mind clothes the primitive religious idea in all the bright colors and definite forms of reality, and finds indiscribable joy and rest of soul in the ritual and worship of the church. Modern art is still unafraid to draw angels, as definite if not as beautiful as those of Corregio. But the early Italian painters went further still and drew Jehovah himself—a bearded Titan sweeping across the heavens on his chariot of clouds.

But there comes a time when the individual or the epoch halts before those hitherto unquestioned dogmas—and, precisely like the child, finally halts before the tradition of Santa Claus, and compels the unwilling mother to confess to a beautiful deception which now must go and Santa Claus with it—so the maturing intellect halts before the mother church and demands to know the truth of all the beautiful imagery and doctrines which has so wonderfully exalted its period of childhood. Intellectual adolescence is as inevitable as is the physical process. And what a pity it is that the mighty institution—the spiritual mother of us all—can not with all the love and honesty of the natural mother, take the child just coming into maturity to her arms, and, in the beautiful words of our own beloved Riley, sing to the wounded heart:

"There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your doll, I know;.....
They have broken your slate,.....
They have broken your heart;.....
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,
There, little girl, don't cry."

But all too often the spiritual mother in this crisis of the soul turns out to be a step-mother, and offers as her only consolation the austere command that the child shall go on believing what has come to be absolutely unbelievable. Neither is the beauty and necessity of the now discarded religion explained, nor is any substitute offered for the "things of long ago" which experience, science and intellectual maturity have compelled the mind to discard. For the disillusionments of experience are as cruel as they are inevitable. However we may cry, the doll, the slate and the heart have all been broken, and the soul must face life anew unconsoled by all the beautiful make-believes of life's playtime. No one has ever told how hard it is for the intellectual child to give up all his spiritual playthings, and to realize that just as the rag doll brings joy to the instinct which in its maturity holds all the wondrous beauties of motherhood, so have these spiritual playthings appealed to that instinct which in its maturity will prove itself the real mother of the race. For the greatest prophecy of all is yet unfulfilled—and its fulfillment awaits the day when a redeemed and uplifted church will

declare: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

Intellectual maturity has three qualities that surely accompany its development: a sort of mental anarchy which compels the disavowal of the things no longer believable; an intellectual honesty which compels that first regard be accorded the outstanding facts of life; and the courage of character which compels the soul to go forward in the discharge of newly discovered obligations. And happy is the man who does not tarry too long in his period of intellectual rebellion—who realizes that, when all the ideals of his youth have been shattered—when the very anchorage of his soul has been lost—that what he got out of it all has been intellectual freedom.

And then when the maturing soul looks out upon the world with enlightened vision it is to see what can be most quickly told in allegory.

Life takes the novitiate by the hand and leads him where the story of experience is told by the unseen forces that have wrought life's ruin and redemption.

Life—"All the world's a stage," and those who live are but the players. Would you see the, to you, hitherto unknown forces that have made experience what it is?

Novitiate—I am ready.

Life—Behold the first of these—her name is Selfishness. She has put upon the world the spell of forgetfulness. The strong have forgotten the weak; the wise have forgotten those who need to learn; and the good have forgotten the helpless little children, the neglected and broken-hearted women, and the tired and defeated men; and she has told the world that only those have the right to do good who have joined themselves to her band of prayer and worship, who, alas, have also forgotten—to do anything else.

Novitiate—And who is this terrible-looking scourge?

Life—Her name is Defeat. She has taken all the hope and joy and sunshine from millions of little children's lives. She has cursed helpless women with fear and anxiety and want. She has made slaves of men. And to all who come within her power, she has given only suffering and hopelessness and ruin.

Novitiate—But is there no power in the world great enough to overcome what these two have done?

Life—Yes, my son, and her name is Heart-of-the-World. She has far more of love in her great storehouse of good than there is power in the world's curse of Selfishness. She has far more of courage and wisdom than there is ruin and despair in the world's scourge of Defeat. She alone knows that there is in this world more of generosity and goodness than there is of need and suffering. And she knows that among her servants there is more than enough of manly strength and Faith, and Love, to win the battle of life. She knows that the world is not bankrupt—and that her servants are more than conquerors.

Novitiate—And who are her servants; are they the professors of the world's great faiths?

Life—Alas, no, my son, they are the unknown

army. They are the men and women who dare to love. And listen, our queen—the mother of us all—is calling her servants together now. Would you see this wonderful home-coming?

Novitiate—Oh, yes!

Life—Behold! The guests—her sons and daughters—are coming; all the neglected, hungry, forgotten little children in all the world; all the tired, enslaved, defeated men; all the discouraged, broken-hearted women; all of the weak, the sick, the forgotten, the disowned, these are the guests—her children.

Novitiate—But the servants, who are they?

Life—The strong, the good, the generous—those who are not afraid to love. The Heart-of-the-World has told her servants that she needs all the good and all the love in all the world to relieve the world's need and suffering, and for the building of the new Kingdom. Here they come—her servants—and what an uncounted host. For every strong man and every good woman is welcome to serve at this home-coming. They are only asked to bring just their contributions of good.

Her call is: "Let the harlot come and forget her humiliation while she lays down her tribute of love. Let the publican come and forget that the pharisees passed him by while his big generous heart lays down its willing tribute of kindness and generosity.

Let the gambler, and the criminal, and the worldling, and the heretic—let them all come—the rich and the poor, the wise and the untaught, the Jew and the Greek, from the byways and hedges and forgotten places of the world. Let them all come to this gathering home. For the hitherto forgotten little children will all be there—the helpless and the neglected women will be there—the burdened, tired and defeated men will be there; all our brothers and sisters and all the little ones will be there, for the bounties of the world's love are going to be poured, and men and women who never dared to love before have been called home and to their privilege.

Novitiate—Who is this that comes?

Life—The chief servant—and see the guests all rise to do him honor. It is About ben Adhem. Do you know his story? Of course! Well, let's tell it again—this it is:

"About ben Adhem, may his tribe increase,
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
A vision in white, like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in his room he said:
What writest thou? The Angel raised his head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Replied, the names of those who love the Lord.
And is mine one? said About.
Nay, not so, replied the Angel.
About spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen.
The Angel wrote and vanished, and next night
Appeared again with a great awakening light,
And showed the names of those whom love of God
had blest,
And lo! ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

And now, my son, the door swings open again—the Master of the Kingdom has come. The guest rose to greet ben Adhem, but now guests and servants kneel in silence, for the Master of the Kingdom is the Prophet of Bethlehem.

Democrats Disclose Pork in Goodrich Bills

When is economy not economy?

Induce any man in the State to make the foregoing inquiry and every Democrat in Indiana will chorus:

"When it becomes efficiency."

These same Democrats will add: "For further information see Governor Goodrich and his economy plan."

Democrats are holding up their hands in horror at the proposal of the Governor to bring about four years of undefiling economy by striking out an office here, changing one there and merging others elsewhere. The Democrats say "it can't be did," but the Goodrich folk stand pat.

The conservation bill has caused it all. The bill proposes to merge the offices of geologist, entomologist, secretary of the board of health, fish and game commissioner and the State Board of Forestry, but Democrats look at the recommendation for a State appropriation of \$40,000 and laugh.

They point out the annual cost, produced from recently compiled figures, is but \$30,000 and then they have the "temerity" to ask why the Governor or anyone else wishes an additional \$10,000 to operate a State combine of offices which have been clustered for the sole purpose of economy.

But the Democrats have received a reply to their query. Republicans, speaking for the Goodrich administration, side-step the economy issue entirely, but reply, most magnanimously, the conservation plan is for the sole purpose of efficiency, not economy.

The explanation is taken with large quantities of salt by the Democrats who say they see behind the footlights and have discovered the real milk in the cocoanut-political power. And the Democrats say they can prove their assertion.

Here is how they have it "doped" out: Permit the Governor to place the five State departments under one head, remove the present Democratic incumbents and then, little by little, appoint clerks and assistants and, presto! More Republican votes have been assured!

The Democrats persist in asking why the proposed measure includes an extra \$10,000 and the Republicans explain that "if one wishes efficiency instead of numbers, one must pay prices for brains rather than muscle." The explanation has not been received by Democrats with any marked degree of enthusiasm.

And again. Another so-called economy measure is being aired by the Republicans despite the fact an exact bill has already been placed on the Senate altar. They wish the State oil inspector's office placed under the supervision of the pure food department. Again the Democrats say "it can't be did," and again they say they can prove their assertion.

The Democrats say such an arrangement has been proposed without giv-

ing any consideration of the office of the office of the State Board of Health. They explain that the office of pure food commissioner is directly in charge of the State Board of Health, yet the administration measure deliberately ignores this condition.

Incidentally, the Democrats explain, the present incumbent of the office of pure food commissioner already draws down two salaries by not only holding that job, but by caring for another official State duty. And the fact remains, the Democrats say, that should the proposed administration measure go through, the pure food commissioner would be the proud possessor of three distinct salaries from gracious Miss Indiana.

The Democrats point to the fact that Jefferson's manual, the law which governs legislative procedure when States' laws fail to cover the point, provides that no bill shall receive consideration by a legislative body more than once. If this is a fact, they argue, the measure is dead before it starts, as the Senate already has killed this very same bill.

This is the bill which is looked on by Democrats as one of the "worst pork barrel measures" handed down by the present administration. The bill, despite the death of its twin brother at the hands of the Senate, is now in the House and the Republicans say that Jefferson's Manual or any other manual has nothing to do with their business and that they will be able to put the bill through.

The Democrats differ, especially the Democrats in the Senate who, temporarily at least, hold the whip hand. The death of Senator Green of Albion has left the Republican side of the Senate with a total of twenty-four as compared with a total of twenty-five by the Democrats.

Many persons point to the fact that a total of twenty-six is necessary before any bill can pass in the Senate, adding that business in the Senate is practically at a standstill as far as passing party measures is concerned.

Democrats say that for that reason, it is up to Governor Goodrich to rush through an election in Steuben, Noble and Lagrange counties, but insist that even should this be done the deadlock in the Senate would continue as the Lieutenant-Governor, they say, cannot vote in such cases.

Senator Green represented the Republican vote of the three counties and, Republicans say, there is no doubt but that his successor will be of the same political following and faith. Then will follow another legal battle in the Senate, for it is known that Lieutenant-Governor Edward Bush has informed members of the Senate that he proposes to vote in all cases of ties.

With these conditions confronting them, the Democrats are out with a warning that they propose to kill any and all proposed legislation which seeks to change the oil inspection

office. They openly declare the change, if made, would be only for two years and that at the expiration of that time, the Republicans would have added enough power by votes to create quite an attractive exhibit of pork.

They say that the office could and would be opened within two years and that the administration would then proceed to appoint as many inspectors as it saw fit and that the act would merely be another tentacle of the "Republican octopus."

In the meantime, the Democratic Senators are sitting steady in their seats, determined to defeat any and every "economy and efficiency" measure introduced by the administration. The death of the first oil inspection bill causes many to believe that the Democrats will keep their word.

Two Measures Urged for Comfort and Peace

(By Rube Kidder.)

With all this law making going on over at the State House, it strikes the casual observer that there are mighty few laws being passed that really have any bearing on the personal comfort, peace, life liberty or the pursuit of happiness of the average cit, and for this reason Rube Kidder proposes to hunt up his own particular Senator, or Representative, be he of whatsoever political creed, and after pointing with pride and viewing with alarm, pray that the following bills be presented and passed, to-wit:

A bill making it a criminal offense, punishable by six years on the rock pile, for persons who go to musical comedies, and who, after letting all their neighbors know that they "seen the same show up in Chicawgo two months ago" proceed to aid and abet the orchestra and chorus by humming the airs.

A bill providing a like penalty for the patrons of movies who take it for granted that they are the only people in the place who can read, and who read aloud all the printed screeds that are thrown upon the screen telling who is doing what, and why. Such as "Violet discovers the missing stove lid in the pocket of her husband's pajamas."

About that moving picture stuff—Rube Kidder was in a movie not so very long ago, and directly back sat two men, and one of the men read in a loud, firm voice all the printed explanations, and more—he explained just why everyone was doing everything, detailing each minutest incident. Rube turned around and glared at this person—glared quite horribly at him, and muttered: "Well, I kin read as well as you."

And it turned out the companion of the elocutionist, who had so disturbed Rube's enjoyment of the film drama, was a blind man!

What was a blind man doing at a movie?

Ask somebody else beside Rube!

Cars of the Leisure Class

The general idea prevails that automobiles are—to a certain extent—for the wealthy leisure class. It may be so of the wealthy class, but when it comes to requiring leisure, there is nothing in the same class with street cars—Indianapolis street cars.

There is a large army of Plain Citizens in Indianapolis who do not pretend to belong to the leisure class; they have no languid limousine, no rakish roadster, no brougham all walled in with glass like a green house; they haven't even a Ford, nor one of those strange little vehicles that scuttle along the street like animated cock-roaches; all they have is a street car ticket or two, yet they belong to the leisure class. They have to, because they ride in the street cars.

A touch of knocking the street car service makes the whole world kin, as one will discover who flaps a receptive ear at any evening gathering on any street corner. Like the weather, it is a topic of infinite variety, one that never grows stale. Take the group that awaits—with more or less patience—the arrival of the Pennsylvania street car.

"Where's the car?" asks somebody.

"It must be up at the other end of the line," says somebody else.

"There oughta be one along within the next half hour," pipes up a third party, "One went down once this afternoon."

"You don't tell me there's more than one car on this line?" queries the first citizen, evidently new to Indianapolis.

"I've heard there were three, but I don't believe it," volunteers the second.

"The street car company thinks everybody living out Pennsylvania has a machine," says the third, evidently a well informed person.

"I have been investigating the subject," says a fourth party, with tortoise shell glasses, horning into the conversation, "I have a scientific turn of mind, and I wished to satisfy myself as to this strange phenomenon. My theory, after weeks of patient study of the habits and haunts of the Pennsylvania street cars, is that they have it all over other local fauns when it comes to being gregarious, which means going around in bunches. The cars—which I believe are three in number—flock together at either end of the line, huddling close together for warmth. They are timid, and easily get chilled; they do not like to venture out alone."

And, indeed, as if in proof of this theory, here come three Pennsylvania street cars, all in a parade, a slow procession, toward town, the headlight of the second nosing the trolley rope of the first, and the head light of the third nosing the trolley rope of the second, like elephants holding to one another's tails in the circus parade.

Leaving the scientist to pursue his researches, the other three shift their market baskets, their bundles of laundry, their umbrellas, and other impedimenta, and fade away into the night.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



When it comes to a question of age, you can't guess a woman young enough. Every woman is like the girl in the story, who claimed a "few years off for good behavior." But when it comes to her belongings, that's another matter. The older, the better, and if you can't have real antiques, you must have things as antique as possible. Perhaps it is the charm governing the law of opposites that makes a woman radiant with youth, yearn to surround herself with things dingy with the dust of ages. And then, too, there is always the fascination of mystery surrounding these relics which in all probability have lived through all sorts of romance and adventure.

Indianapolis women are beginning to have the true collectors' fever, and very lovely are some of the prizes which have found their way into our homes. Perhaps no more fascinating treasure ever fell into the possession of an Indianapolis girl than a curious Japanese mirror of brass and copper, heavily engraved. In spite of the fact that the mirror is very large and quite heavy and awkward to handle, it is a hand mirror such as was a part of every girl's trousseau in old Japan, and the engraving on this particular piece proves it to have been in the possession of royalty. The double chrysanthemum, denoting royalty; the turtle, long life; the bamboo and the pine, life everlasting, and the stork, for happiness, are all pictured on this curio which dates back hundreds of years. There is no glass, the highly-polished surface of one side serving as the mirror.

A Chinese burner, one thousand years old, wafts its fragrance from a quaint frog, surmounted by a dancing figure of a man. In his hand is held a coin inscribed with the date of the dynasty in which it started on its long journey which ended in an Indianapolis drawing room.

A Japanese Buddha of bronze with marvelously carved base rules as a prized household god in one library, and a brass vase one hundred years old from Thibet is in solid design of hand work. Its very crudeness endears it to the heart of its owner.

On one popular tea table the chief attraction is a tiny Cloisonne teapot of marvelous workmanship, dating back about two hundred years. Over its dull blue and green surface a golden dragon writhes its way, the bit of pottery being as handsome as any jewel. It is mounted in brass and is lined with enamel of turquoise blue.

A few fortunate collectors in Indianapolis are in possession of specimens of the famous Baxter prints, their tiny figures showing the won-

der of their art under the microscope. A couple of prints showing the figures of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in their youth, bear witness to the period in which they were made.

A famous old Japanese tea set is the property of Mrs. J. K. Lilly, the decoration on each piece illustrating one scene of a tragedy which reaches its finale on the quaint teapot. The set is about two hundred years old.

Mrs. W. H. Harding is another Indianapolis woman who owns a beautiful collection of priceless old china.

Relics quaint or pretty, useful or merely ornamental are sought by the woman of today whose only query is "How old is it?" And the older, the better.

* * *

Social interest at present hovers around the foot-lights. The appearance of Otis Skinner in Booth Tarkington's latest play, "Mister Antonio," was the occasion of a big reception for the noted actor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Booth Tarkington Thursday evening, and an equally delightful luncheon at the University Club Friday, given by the Indianapolis branch of the Drama League. The Drama League will also give a large reception for the Portmanteau Players, who will appear at the Murat Theater February 2 and 3, and there will be several other social affairs in their honor. This unique company of players who bring the theater to your very door are receiving so much social attention wherever they appear their tour is one long succession of teas, luncheons and receptions. Society, even in its lightest mood, is quick to recognize art and bow before its shrine.

* * *

Since politics has become fashionable, one of the popular weekly gatherings is the legislative caucus inaugurated by the Woman's Franchise League, which is held each Friday afternoon in the recreation room of L. S. Ayres Company. Miss Julia Landers has undertaken the task of enlightening the feminine politicians as to the weekly work of the general assembly, and she is giving her audiences a sort of political resume in tabloid form which appeals to her hearers, femininity having an inborn aversion to tiresome detail.

Another blow was struck for the new woman, when at a recent suffrage meeting they abolished the customary tea and wafers. When women can agree to part with all the frills that mark their usual gatherings, they are in deadly earnest, and if the tea table is abolished, then the millenium has struck. Woman's suffrage is a foregone conclusion.

The golden West seems to be the "Honeymoon Trail" of the hour. Time was when a marriage wasn't really legal unless the bridal couple took the next train for Niagara Falls. Even after the Falls ceased to be the fashionable mecca of Newlyweds, the East and South were rival attractions. But now Cupid heads the Honeymoon Special due west, and the most popular wedding trip is that which leads to the Pacific coast. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Charles Schaf, Jr., whose marriage took place the early part of the month, are spending some time in California. From Coronado Beach they will go to Pasadena and spend several weeks in Los Angeles before returning home in the late spring. Mrs. Schaf was Miss Lucille Green before her marriage.

* * *

With social affairs seemingly at a standstill in the height of the season, one wonders what it will be during Lent. To all appearances, society will have nothing to give up, for there is nothing doing in the social world anyway. The golf girl of the summer has taken to the ponds this winter, and the devotees of skating are having about all the fun. The pond at Broad Ripple is frozen over and open to the skaters on certain days of the week. Woodstock is a favorite place, and the new country club welcomes the winter girl clad in warm knitted sweater coat of brilliant hue, with cap and scarf to match. Miss Helen Osborne is one of the most gifted on the ice, and other young women who have taken up skating in earnest are Mrs. Robert H. Tyndall, Mrs. Harry R. Fitton, Mrs. A. Kiefer Mayer, Mrs. Edwin Hunt and Mrs. Lee Burns.

* * *

Miss Martha Henley left this week for Springfield, Ill., where she will spend some time with Miss Louisa Spericker. Miss Spericker was a guest of Miss Henley's this winter when the latter made her debut at the beautiful home of her sister, Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher.

* * *

At the luncheon given Friday at the University club for Otis Skinner, an interesting bit of information was given in regard to the plan pursued by Mr. Skinner and the author of the play in which he appears, Booth Tarkington. The author and the actor worked out the play, bit by bit, by means of a miniature stage and toy "dummies." All during last season, the two met once a week, or as often as possible, and studied over their plans, working out their ideas with the tiny dummy figures until the play stood out as a complete whole in the minds of both.

Senator Proves Every Dog Has His Day

Soft lights, the dreamy strains of soft music, the catspaw tread of dusky waiters who fitted hither and yon, serving those who desired to be served—

A man sat at a table, eating and reading. He laughed lightly, dropped his paper and then smiled again. Across the room at another table sat another group of friends and among them he recognized one man more than all others. He was a friend, a lobbyist if you please, a good lobbyist, he says, because he is a registered lobbyist. In the distance, flickerings of the Indiana Legislature charged the atmosphere, breathed into the minds, the heart and the soul of everyone.

The reader smiled, arose from his table and moved over to his friend.

"Did you see the paper?" he inquired, and he laughed as he indulged in some talk concerning a supposed expose of the lobbyist.

"And that was a corking good story you told me today," he said.

"Hear! hear!" cried another voice and without noticing the speaker, the smiling reader began. "I met Jack and he said he himself was a good lobbyist," he said, indicating his friend (be his name Jack or Charley or Bill, let us say it is Jack). "Jack said he was a good lobbyist because he was registered and did you ever see a registered dog that was not a good one?"

"I laughed with him and asked him if he had any of the birds out yet and he said he had one to supper," says the smiling reader. "He says, and guess what he ordered. He ordered stuffed celery and I know he never had anything but cabbage at home." Jack did not join in the chorus of laughter that followed, his face became red and he followed the smiling reader into the lobby.

"You—," let us become a censor for the sake of purity of the English language, "You fool, didn't you know when you told that story I had Senator Somebody there at the table listening and he was the fellow who called for the stuffed celery?" Laughter, heavy laughter and Jack forgets and indulges, too.

A few days elapse and Senator Somebody begins his attack upon the smiling reader. He waxes eloquent and long, but the smiling reader smiles again and says if the attack was personal, the cause was worthy of the attack.

There is the old story about registered dogs being good dogs and another story about everyone having his day.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



I and a friend of mine, we didn't have much to do the other day, and he said: "What'll we do—take in a movie?"

I said no—that we'd seen all the good ones, and anyway most of them petered out along toward the last three or four hundred feet, and if we wanted entertainment why not go over to the State House and give the Legislature the east and west, and when he learned that where we were then at was only half a block from the State House, and that is cost nothing to get in, he said all right, we would go, and we went.

I said: "Did you ever see them make laws before?" and he said no he hadn't, but from the way a lot of laws struck him they had been made by amateurs who were just practicing before they broke into the regular law-makers' union.

I told him that here was where all the expert work was done, and if he'd listen hard he could hear them putting the finishing touches on a new law to prevent any more jokes being sprang about Ford cars, and he said he was for that and then somebody bumped him pretty hard as we were going through the doors into the State House which there was no excuse for, him having had plenty of experience getting through swinging doors.

Well, we got in, and he saw the model of a little house stuck out in the middle of the downstairs hall of the State House, and asked what it was, and I said I didn't know, but thought it was where George Ade lived when he wrote "Silver Threads Among the Gold," but to not waste any time on the curios on the first floor, as there was more—and more curious—on the second floor.

So we went up in the elevator, run by Governor Goodrich—I know it was him because I asked somebody who it was, and they said it was the Governor, and that was all the exercise he got, and my friend said he could certainly brag to the folk back home about how he was rode in an elevator by the Governor.

Well, everybody piled out on the second floor, so we pole out, too, and followed the mob. There was a mob all over the second floor, out in the halls, as well as inside the big rooms—the Senate Chamber and the House—where the regular law making was going on.

There were a lot of lobbyists milling around out in the hall. I know they were lobbying because somebody said they were, and it was a good deal of a surprise to me. I thought that lobbying must be done in hotel lobbies, and consisted in keeping an eye on the hotel register and grabbing

the politicians as they came in. They were lobbying for this, and that—one feller was trying to lobby a cigarette off the other, but the other said he didn't have any, and anyway there was a stand where he could get the brand he wanted down in the basement, and another was lobbying for a loan of four bits and not getting anywhere with it, and finally went away, very sore and haughty, and said:

"Well, just for that I won't vote for your measure when it comes up, which I doubt if it ever will, as it's a punk one anyway."

There were a lot of citizens, looking very much like statesmen, wearing these long Prince Alfred coats, and they were leaning against the marble banisters of the upstairs hall, looking down at the passing throng down in the hall below in a proud, sad sort of way, and knocking their cigar ashes off on them, over the railing, thoughtless-like. And they seemed to be discussing deep and important dope, about laws for this and that, and now and then one of them would spy a newspaper sketcher or a photographer setting up his kit some place and they would amble majestically over, to get in range—all unconscious, of course—and pose in a graceful and studious fashion which it was very pleasant to be able to witness.

There was a lot of women there, too—among them a bunch of swell young dames, all in the latest model clothes—you know the kind—a long running base, mostly of silk—and a general rakish air about 'em—and I thought they must hail from up North Meridian street somewheres, but it seems not—they was stenographers, and to hear 'em coo—"Good morning, Senator!"—well, it made me want to be a law-maker myself.

But they wasn't all the women. No. Not by a dern sight. This is a very womanly Legislature, as we saw when we got into the House—or maybe it was the Senate—and took a good look. They was all over the place, actually—and trying hard to understand. It seems the suffrage question is coming up and they want to vote. They got pretty tired of the Legislature, I think, but they want to vote so they can come to more of them and participate, as the newspapers say. I dunno why. Just the woman of it, I guess. If you'd tell 'em they HAD to come, and hang around all day, listening to some gent with a celluloid collar make a speech about the necessity of patching up the drainage system at Bean Blossom, Brown county—wouldn't there be a howl?—you bet there would. But let 'em think they can't take part in these exercises and that settles it. That's women.

They seemed mighty in earnest about it, too. They all listened, and took notes, and smiled very sweet into the faces of Senators and Representatives alike, and pushed the same lovely smiles at the door-keepers, et. al., and they all had on good clothes. They not only seemed interested in this dope about suffrage, but about the wet and dry question.

My friend, who makes very little pretense of keeping up with the important propositions of the world, said:

"You don't mean t' tell me they're trying to get the town dry? Oh, heavens"—only heavens was not the name of the locality he mentioned. I told him yes, they were trying to not only make the State dry, but Indianapolis as well, and he said:

"Just because some hick don't want nothing but soft cider, is that any sign that I—" and we seen somebody glaring at us, and he shut up.

Then the bird who was running it hammered on the table with a little mallet, and somebody got up and made a speech, and it was a very sad and effective speech about what would happen when there were no breweries—he painted quite a desolate little picture, if anybody should ask, though I could not tell whether he was boosting liquor or knocking it, and after he got through, I turned to a guy standing next to me, and I said:

"That's as pathetic a speech as I ever heard, whatever it was about—I shouldn't think there'd be a dry eye in the place."

And he said: "Well, I wish there wasn't a dry eye in the place—they're making a goshawful lot of trouble for us fellers in the saloon business."

Well, we drifted over to the Senate—or maybe it was the House—anyway, it was whichever one we hadn't been in before—and there was the same show going on. Some feller sitting up on a black walnut throne, same rows of desks, with Senators—or Representatives, as the case might be—lounging around them in graceful attitude. Some of the desks had flowers on them—large vases filled with flowers sent by admirers, or mebbe to remind the Senators, or Representatives, not to forget the government flower seeds for folks back home, and the same rush of language to the head.

A lot of the fellers that had no flowers on their desks made up for it by them they put in their speeches. Half the time I couldn't tell was they talking about a bill for building a new road through Boone county, or describing a sunset, or whether they were trying to get a bill through to put the Sunday movies out of business,

or telling about last year's chrysanthemum show.

"How do you like it?" I said to my friend, after we had set there quite a spell.

He said it was a good deal like a French play he went to once where the actors all talked and acted in French—that it must be a swell show when you understand the language.

Well, that's about the way it struck me.

Final Scene Staged in Blind Tiger Drama

Talk about a tempest in a tea pot! It is nothing to a tempest in a high ball glass!

The final scene in the exciting drama staged by Lew Shank, and with the Columbia Club and the University Club as the persecuted heroines, as it were, was given Monday evening, when a jury discharged the managers of both exclusive organizations, and one lone bartender, on a charge of operating blind tigers.

The jury decided, after listening to the arguments pro and con, in the city court—a great deal of con, and not so much pro—that, whatever strange specimens of the zoological genus might be harbored behind the sedate walls of the University Club, and the fashionable—if less sedate—walls of the Columbia Club, a blind tiger was not included in the menagerie.

The men tried were Charles Rouzer, manager of the Columbia Club; Arthur Littman, manager of University Club, and Den Shindo, bartender at the University Club. They were gathered to the bosom of the law on January 12, in a spectacular raid, during which Mr. Shank stood in the wings and directed the action as well as manipulating the electric light switches and conducting the orchestra.

Characterizing such an action as closing all clubs and similar organizations as a "hardship," Alvah Rucker, county prosecutor, explained that he took the stand he did merely because duty called, and his prosecution lacked more or less of real enthusiasm. The attorneys for the clubs maintained that the clubs were organized for other purposes—political or social, as the case might be—and that the drinks were merely a side issue, calculated to promote the success of the aforesaid politics or sociability, as the case might be. It was all fair enough.

So the oases at the University Club and the Columbia Club will continue to wave their feathery palm fronds to the desert breeze, and the thirsty traveler from the caravan will again be able to assuage his thirst with something containing more of a kick than buttermilk or vichy.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES Editor and Publisher

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No. 4

Hysterical "Reform"

"NO AGE will take hysterical reform. It will be a bad day for society when sentimentalists are encouraged to suggest all the measures that shall be taken for the betterment of the race, and the mind that is impatient, or intolerant, or hoodwinked, or shut into a petty view, shall have no part in carrying them forward to a true hospitality."

—WOODROW WILSON in "On Being Human."

The Freedom and Prosperity of the Imperial State of Indiana is today in the balance. The very atmosphere is laden with the hysterical demands of impatient, intolerant, petty, fanatical, unthinking sentimentalists.

Representing but a very small part of the population of this State, these crusaders claim an absolute monopoly on the moral sense of the entire community, and brand as an enemy of society and an advocate of immorality, the man who has the courage to stand by his convictions, be governed by the facts, and be guided by the dictates of common sense.

In face of the fact that much less than one-half of one per cent. of the population of Indiana is addicted to the excessive use of liquors or has any need for the protection of prohibition, fewer than two hundred thousand persons are trying to force their own personal beliefs down the throats of three million citizens, to destroy by confiscation thirty millions in invested capital, take out of the commercial revenues of the State more than thirty-five million dollars and from the tax income of the State more than two million dollars.

And why? Only that a very small group of highly paid Anti-Saloon League operators may accomplish an end for reasons best known to themselves, and that a band of propagandists whose minds are obsessed and inflamed by a single hallucination may put their own little brand upon the entire State.

Are the substantial citizens, property owners and tax payers of Indiana to have no voice in an issue which involves the prosperity and freedom of the whole State? Can we not find in this State of wonderful history and beautiful traditions enough men to stop this crusade of intolerance, destruction and disregard for right and justice? Are our people to be stampeded and coerced into repudiating their own self-respect by the threats and intimidation of public demonstrations?

"God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without shrinking;
Strong men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

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Who Wants Prohibition and Why?

Unfortunately the so-called "wet" or "dry" issue is one upon which the public seldom acts calmly and with due regard for the facts involved.

On the contrary a Prohibition campaign is always by nine parts in ten a semi-religious, emotional and pretended moral crusade in which the always responsive moral sense of the community is worked up to the most exaggerated pitch of excitement by a lot of propagandists who neither know much truth to tell nor display any great amount of zeal in keeping to the little truth that they do know. And their whole performance amounts to nothing other than a hysterical obsession. No particular blame attaches to this, but why should the sensible element of the community take such a condition seriously? And, above all else, why should a prudent, legislative body—one hundred and fifty sensible, level-headed, picked men—whose solemn duty it is to protect the welfare and material interests of a great commonwealth—allow themselves to be stampeded by such a fanatical performance.

Let one just pause sufficiently long to have regard to one inquiry! Have the leaders of this crusade anything more substantial to offer than a lurid tirade of oratorical denunciation? An old, hard-shell Baptist preacher who fifty years ago used to go up and down this State was once addressing a class of young preachers. He was trying to tell them how to preach, and it is said that he closed his sermon with this thoughtful bit of advice: "When you haven't anything to say—holler."

Moreover, have the leaders of this crusade of confiscation from Mr. William Jennings Bryan on down to the nondescript local brigade, ever proven themselves safe advisers to the community or the nation? One would pause a long while for some convincing reply to this.

But again, who wants Prohibition and why? The answer is easy; the people who want prohibition are, for the most part a lot of well-meaning, but wholly incompetent folks who are themselves not in the least affected by the manufacture or the sale of liquor. They are a genus whose outstanding characteristic is the passion for interfering with other people's liberties. If they could, they would regulate the conduct of all the world by their own personal standards. From Carrie Nation and sockless Jerry Simpson on down to Mr. Shumaker—whoever he is—they are a pest which must be tolerated, likely, but it is not yet necessary for sensible people to turn the reins of government over to them.

A very large part of active-minded, busy men indulge in the moderate use of liquors. It has been so since the beginning of time. And as a result of this universal fact, a vast industry has grown up in this country which, among other things, contribute more than three hundred million dollars per year to the revenues of the government. The use of alcohol has been abused, of course, but the extent of its abuse as compared to the magnitude of the industry or the population of the country is infinitesimal.

Obviously but an exceedingly small proportion of men ever use liquors of any sort to excess. And as an illustration of the fanatical absurdity of such a wild crusade as Prohibition has come to let attention be directed for a moment to another condition that does happen to be universal. From about the age of fifty the average man begins to lose efficiency and take on the slowly invading conditions of old age—obesity, stiffening joints, hardening arteries and all the rest. Now modern science has shown that old age is a disease, due to bad

habits, lack of exercise, improper breathing and particularly to the excessive use of starchy foods and heavy meats. To the scientific mind it is almost a tearful tragedy to see a fat man eating a potato. And science has demonstrated that if proper habits were faithfully observed, the average man might reasonably expect to live to be a hundred, and hold his efficiency unimpaired to four score years and ten.

Now then personal habits that affect the vitality and longevity of the race are certainly of universal importance. But what would the public think if a hysterical crusade were commenced to regulate such personal habits as exercise, fresh air, deep breathing, proper diet, and the elimination of worry, by legislation? Such a course is too ridiculously impossible to be considered, and yet the conditions which suggest it are universal and vastly more important than the conditions which suggest Prohibition. But just what would happen if some solon should introduce a bill requiring every citizen of Indiana to take a bath each morning is not difficult to imagine.

The excessive use of liquor is a long ways from universal. Very much less than 50 per cent. of the population use liquors at all. And of those who do use liquors, not 1 per cent. use them to excess. These figures are far more generously put than the facts warrant. The available statistics of drunkenness will not show that anything like one-half of 1 per cent. of the population of any State in the Union are drunkards—or in any way whatever in need of the guardianship of prohibitive legislation.

But because of an enormously exaggerated idea of the evils of the liquor industry, put forward altogether by people who know nothing about it, it is now proposed to annihilate by wanton confiscation, an industry of which these are just two of the facts—and there are many others:

There are nine distilleries and twenty-eight breweries in the Hoosier State. These manufacturing institutions pay to citizens of Indiana about twenty million dollars a year for labor, grain, coal, cooperage and other manufacturing materials. The liquor industry pays for taxes of all sorts to the State of Indiana—a large part of which goes to the school fund—more than two million dollars per year. Including the expenditures of the wholesale and retail liquor business, the total expenditures of the industry in Indiana, not including taxes, exceed thirty-five million dollars.

The fifty members of the Indiana State Senate are believed to be men of superior ability and sound judgment. Certain it is that they are men of too much stability to be either influenced by petitions signed by excellent people under more or less duress and without the slightest knowledge of the real significance of the document they have signed or to be stampeded by a carefully contrived invasion of ministers and laymen and women organized under the directing genius of trained and highly paid anti-saloon league agents. Such performances are too theatrical to have any deserving significance.

The Indiana Senators do not need to be told that their one single duty is to be governed by the facts involved in this proposed legislation. And the Senate of Indiana is too capable a body to enact a law which has absolutely no foundation other than exaggerated sentiment; but a law which would take out of the commercial revenues of this State more than thirty-five million dollars, and out of the tax income of the State more than two million dollars.

Reduction of income is precisely the same thing in effect as increasing expenses. And the legislature of the State of Indiana would have to be shown something far more substantial than the hysterical vagaries of this prohibition crusade before they would increase the public expenses of this State by two million dollars.

Other Industries Affected By Prohibition

One of the things that, curious to say, the anti-saloon league agents and their aiders and abettors have overlooked in their public campaign is the effect that State-wide prohibition would have on other industries in this State.

The farmers, for instance, would be affected to the amount of some \$12,000,000 paid to them last year by these industries for grain.

The coal mines would be affected to the extent of several million dollars paid to them last year for coal used in this business.

The cooperage industry would likewise be affected to a very serious extent.

More than 25 per cent. of the entire output of the hominy mills in Indiana is sold to the breweries. State-wide prohibition would also make a very appreciative difference in this great industry.

The banking business, bonding business and other businesses would be seriously affected; in fact, there is no other single industry that interlocks more universally with the other industries of the State, and in few industries does manufacturing bear so very large a proportion to the business as a whole. It does not in the least matter to the more or less irresponsible advocates of prohibition if success in their fanatical crusade would cause a State-wide depression that would affect everyone else. But it does matter to the people of substance in this State.

Death of the Oil Inspection Bill

An "expose" of the oil inspection bill has caused untold comment and considerable mirth among the Democratic Senators who made the fight upon the bill. The bill was alleged to be for the sole purpose of abolishing sixty "useless" jobs held by Democrats and to replace these with three inspectors, working under the State pure food and drug commissioner. But the suspicion arose when lobbyists of the oil companies rushed to the Governor to approve the bill and ask that more burdens be placed upon their shoulders.

The constitutional lawyers—that includes every one of them—say there is not the slightest doubt the bill would have relieved the oil companies of paying a cent into the State treasury. And the Goodrich oil bill, instead of being an economy measure, would have resulted in the State paying out \$10,000 a year. In the past the oil companies, through inspection fees, have paid all expenses, salaries and maintenance of this department and also paid in addition more than \$100,000 into the State treasury each year. The Goodrich bill would have relieved the companies of paying anything, according to the same attorneys.

The "expose" may result in considerable explanation in future political campaigns. Up to this time Democratic Senators have been bearing the burdens because the Goodrich publicity work has caused the impression the bill was an economy measure. Now the Democratic Senators are returning the laugh to those who criticised their work in killing the bill.

At the same time, there is considerable damage done to other Goodrich measures. The "conservation" bill has sustained a part of the oil inspection shock so only a portion of its original support remains. And the bill needed all its support for at least two or three Republican Senators and practically every Democrat would have fought the bill. It is considered possible the bill never will be reported out of committee.

Responsibility of the Business Community for the Defeat of State-wide Prohibition

One of the unfortunate consequences of the sometimes apparent surrender of the liquor industry to social ostracism is that the gentlemen engaged in the manufacture of liquors apparently accept the reproach which the so-called "moral" elements of Society seek to put upon them, with the result that important business men are prone to hesitate to take the stand against confiscatory legislation which their business judgment and consciences would dictate.

At the present time there is a deplorable disinclination on the part of the business citizens of Greater Indianapolis to declare themselves in regard to a proposed law, the enactment of which would affect, and that seriously, the commercial welfare of the entire community.

About three months ago the same situation existed in the State of Missouri and the banks of St. Louis were asked to take some public action in regard to "State-wide prohibition without equitable terms of full compensation to the citizens whose fortunes and livelihood are involved."

As every one knows, St. Louis is the commercial capital of the Mississippi Valley and its banks hold deposits many times greater than those of the Indianapolis banks. The men who are the responsible heads of these large financial institutions were thoroughly sensible, not only to the rank injustice of the proposed law, but also to the effect which its enactment would have on the business interests of the State of Missouri. And they are men of sufficient stability of mind and character not to be either suppressed or stampeded by sentimental tirade of unreasoning denunciation. These banks did not hesitate to declare themselves in the most public way. The letter which follows sets out what they did:

THE ST. LOUIS CLEARING HOUSE ASSOCIATION

Friday, October 20, 1916.

At a Conference of Saint Louis banks and trust companies, held October 20, 1916, at the office of the Saint Louis Clearing House Association, the following resolution was adopted by the signers hereto:

At the instance of less than 6 per cent. of the qualified voters of this State, it is again proposed to amend the Constitution of Missouri, for the purpose of prohibiting the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors within this State.

The proposed measure far exceeds, in drastic severity, similar measures proposed or adopted elsewhere, in that, by its terms it is intended to become effective July 1, 1917, hardly six months after taking a vote thereon. Further, it is thought to make it an offense punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, to *introduce* or *attempt to introduce*, for any purpose, alcoholic liquors into the State.

In 1910 a similar amendment was decisively rejected by an adverse majority of upward of 200,000 votes.

It is a fact that the industries of this State directly affected by the proposed legislation represent invested capital of more than \$100,000,000.00; employ thousands of our fellow citizens, who receive annually wages and salaries aggregating more than \$5,000,000.00; pay to the State, the county, the city, the school district, taxes and licenses in excess of \$3,000,000.00 every year.

We, the Associated Banks and Trust Companies of the city and county of Saint Louis, therefore, reaffirming the position unanimously taken by us in 1910, express again our unaltered opposition to this method of meeting the question.

We desire to disclaim any purpose to discuss the merits, in the abstract, of the liquor question. But we can not refrain from reiterating our firm belief in the wisdom, fairness and justice of a policy of local option in the several political sub-divisions of the State as opposed to one of State-wide prohibition without equitable terms of full compensation to the citizens whose fortunes and livelihood are involved, and the enforcement of which policy in the cities of this State would be attended by untold difficulties and disorder.

MECHANICS-AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK.
By Walker Hill, Pt.
THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN ST. LOUIS.
By John G. Lonsdale, Pres.
LAFAYETTE-SOUTH SIDE BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
By A. F. C. Meyer, Vice-Pres.
GERMAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION.
J. J. Johnston, Vice-Pres.
ST. LOUIS UNION BANK.
W. T. Ravenscroft, Vice-Pres.
THE MERCHANTS-LACLEDE NAT'L BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
By W. H. Lee, President.
THIRD NATIONAL BANK.
F. O. Watts, President.
BREMEN BANK.
A. H. Reller, Vice-Pres. and Cashier.
LOWELL BANK.
Henry Mueller, Cashier.
THE BADEN BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
By M. W. Muntzel, Cashier.
WATER TOWER BANK.
Frank McGunnigle, President.
THE STATE NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
Edward B. Pryor, President.
INTERNATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
Geo. A. Held, Cashier.
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.
H. G. Lackey, Vice-President.
MERCANTILE NATIONAL BANK.
By Festus J. Wade, President.
MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY.
By Festus J. Wade, President.
GERMAN-AMERICAN BANK.
By Otto L. Teichmann, President.
FRANKLIN BANK.
Per George T. Riddle, President.
BROADWAY SAVINGS TRUST CO.
Theo. Bothmann, Sec'y and Treas.
CHOUTEAU TRUST CO.
S. L. St. Jean, Secretary-Treasurer.
MANCHESTER BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
Theo. H. Sievert, Cashier.
BOATMENS BANK.
By Edwards Whitaker, President.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WELLSTON.
Guy J. Jensenn, President.
WELLSTON TRUST CO., Wellston, Mo.
H. A. McKee, Treas.
THE TRUST CO. OF ST. LOUIS COUNTY.
J. E. Hereford, President.
CASS AVE. BANK.
Louis E. Dehlendorf, Cashier.
NORTHWESTERN BANK.
M. C. Schulte, Assistant Cashier.
NORTH ST. LOUIS SAVINGS TRUST CO.
Chas. W. Owen, Sec'y-Treas.
GRAND AVENUE BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
F. R. Desloge, Assistant Cashier.
JEFFERSON BANK.
Victor T. Moberly, President.
CITY TRUST CO.
W. P. Durkan, Vice-Pres.
AMERICAN TRUST CO.
J. C. Van Riper, President.
SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY BANK.
H. E. Ecker, Cashier.
UNION STATION BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
By C. C. Collier, Cashier.
LACLEDE TRUST CO.
H. W. Kroeger, Sec'y and Treas.

WEST ST. LOUIS TRUST CO.
Benj. E. W. Ruler, President.
SOUTH SIDE TRUST CO.
B. A. C. Fuerger, President.
JEFFERSON-GRAVOIS TRUST CO.
Per T. F. Sexton, Treasurer.
CHIPPEWA BANK OF ST. LOUIS.
J. S. Carr, Cashier.
SOUTHERN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK.
W. A. Kammerer, Cash.
LEMAY FERRY BANK.
J. D. Creelius, Cashier.
MERAMEC TRUST CO.
Fred Krone, Sec'y.
FARMERS AND MERCHANTS TRUST CO.
By H. R. Rehme, Sec'y and Treas.
TOWER GROVE BANK, ST. LOUIS.
Alex. Miltenberger, Cashier.

These banks and trust companies had among them several hundred thousand depositors, including, doubtless, the usual proportion of prohibition advocates who might not at first concur in the action which their banks had taken. But to those who had the ability to think straight or had any high regards for property rights, there could have been but one opinion.

Beyond any question the banks and trust companies of Indianapolis particularly, and if the time is had, the important financial institutions of the State, should be heard from in regard to the proposed Prohibition act. After all the supreme test of character is the possession of courage of one's convictions. And if the sensible and substantial citizens of this State would find the courage to act upon the convictions which are undoubtedly present everywhere, this hysterical, unjust and at heart thoroughly insincere crusade, would come to an end over night.

The Constitutional Convention

Indiana is facing the heavy expense of a constitutional convention. The bill is assured the signature of Governor Goodrich, it is said.

Senator Gemmill's committee, officially known as Judiciary A committee, reported the bill favorably despite the opposition of those who sought to amend the present constitution submitted and approved in 1851. The bill got into Senator Gemmill's committee after a speech by Senator English, who is chairman of the committee on constitutional revision.

The English speech was dramatic. Without flinching and without denying his affection for the constitution of old, Senator English said he would rather the bill would go to Senator Gemmill's committee because of the reports the constitutional revision committee was "packed" against the bill. Launching his attack on those who reported such suspicions and proclaiming his belief in all Senators, Senator English said he desired to remove all possibility of taint and would rather the final action should be like Caesar's wife, "above suspicion."

He fought to the last to save the State expense by having his minority report for a referendum adopted, but it was voted down—thirty-five to twelve.

The bill provides for the election of 115 delegates next September and a convention to be held in Indianapolis in January. There is no limit on the time the convention may be in session and the delegates may remain in session indefinitely, adjourning at their pleasure. The campaign for election of delegates promises to be as spirited as a campaign for State office.

What Shall We Believe?

By SENYAHNALLA

If some great mind, with a sweep that was universal and powers of analysis that were equal to the undertaking, should present an analytical statement of the Christian Church and its relation to the twentieth century, such a statement would be world arresting. But such an examination is unlikely at present. A mind equal to the task has not yet spoken, and, moreover, it is further probable that only as consideration of human problems that are imminent in their demands extends observation into the field occupied by the Church, is any inquiry into the real relation of the Church to Society justified.

But there are human problems that are imminent. Poverty is one. The past half century recorded a development of wealth among the world's great nations which exceeds that of the ten centuries preceding. This should have worked a corresponding improvement in the conditions of the average individual. But just the opposite result is what has happened. The proportion of poverty is greater today than ever before in all history. And what is even more significant, the lot of the average man is more beset with difficulties right now than ever before in the records of the race.

And the universal social problem might be put in terms something like these: With more wealth per capita in the world today than ever before in its history, there is also a large proportion of poverty, want, suffering, despair and death. More than five thousand persons died last year in New York City of starvation—most of them women and children. With more industrial and commercial activity in the world than ever had been dreamed of a hundred years ago—with the world's pay roll greater for the single year of 1916 than it was for the whole of the eighteenth century—the lot of the average man in this day of unprecedented prosperity and opulence is more clouded with uncertainty than ever before in all time. Is it any wonder that there is Anarchy and Socialism and Unionism and almost every other possible movement of protest and reconstruction?

But all of these movements of protest and rearrangement are falling short of their purposes for the reason—everywhere apparent—that the House of Humanity is divided against itself. And for this condition there are two responsible elements. One is—not the Church exactly—but the construction that has been put upon its functions by the men and women who make it up. The other is the indifference of the comfortable few to the condition of the less fortunate multitude.

If the Rev. William A. Sunday, or any other of the celebrated evangelists of times recent or remote, are to be accepted as qualified spokesmen for the Church, then its mission is to preach a gospel of personal salvation. And right here is where the man who thinks encounters two serious difficulties. In the first place it is difficult to see just wherein the gain is in being "saved." There are plenty of people about who declare they are "saved," and maybe they are, but most folks, who know them well, would like to see them fed for a long while yet on the milk of human kindness before granting them the spiritual superiority which they claim for themselves.

The second difficulty which the man of some intellectual freedom encounters is the *condition* upon which this personal salvation is obtained. Mr. Sunday, et al., say there is just ONE condition: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." We stand un-

covered as we put down these words, for who is there that can fail to believe and love the gentle Prophet of Bethlehem, whose great heart was all love—and who spent His brief and amazing career "going about doing good." But that is not the explanation. One is not merely asked to believe in Jesus, but the believer must also believe that He was conceived in immaculate innocence, miraculously born, taken from the tomb by divine power, and translated to a mystic heaven where for two thousand years He has been waiting for His Church to be made ready. This and very much more of the same sort is what one is told and one must believe in order to gain an indifferent salvation.

And is it any wonder that when a doctrine of impossible acceptance is put forward as the Condition to a Salvation that seems to amount to so little, that one is compelled to throw up his mental palms and retreat from the undertaking in dismay?

Then, too, there is the strained and unnatural atmosphere of the Church. One likes to look into his neighbor's face in candid honesty. No honest heart likes a masquerade. But getting into the atmosphere of the Church is somehow often like the feelings of the country boy of fifty years ago, dressed up once a month or so in his stiff and uncomfortable "Sunday best." How good it felt to get back into a hickory shirt and one-gallus overalls; but no better than it feels to get out of the boiled-shirt atmosphere of a long, stiff hour that felt like some perversion of a funeral service, into the more comfortable habiliments of one's everyday thinking.

And finally this idea that personal salvation is the one great purpose of an institution as vast and wonderful as the Church of Christ, is when one considers just what it means—utterably selfish. How much better off is the world when some old skin-flint gets ticketed through to the pearly gates? The assurance he gets out of it may make him more selfish and intolerant than ever. And, besides, what right has the Church to waste any time on him when some little, helpless child is starving? But such seems to be the situation.

In default of any immediate alternative let one just *Suppose!* Suppose that for the next ten years or so, this doctrine of personal salvation be put aside and in its stead the wonderful opportunity of personal service be put forward. Suppose in that time that not a word is said about theological doctrines—that no one is ever asked to believe anything except that he ought to love his fellowman and that there is a vast unworked gold mine of good in his own heart. Suppose that Church rolls be discarded and that every man and woman with sympathy and generosity in his heart—no matter what might be his reputation or social position—be invited to join in a world movement of doing good.

Suppose this brother and sisterhood of Abou ben Adhem should put forward a few doctrines like these:

- "1. We love our less fortunate brothers and sisters and the helpless little children.
- "2. We hate only selfishness.
- "3. Every man, woman and child with sympathy in his heart has the right to do good—no matter how great a "sinner" he may be.
- "4. We believe there is enough of love and kindness and sympathy and generosity in the world to take care of all the want and suffering and defeat and ruin and death with which Selfishness has cursed humanity.

"5. We do not know much about God, but we do not believe that Divine Love ever started this world in insolvency and on a road that leads only to suffering and despair and defeat for the multitude.

"6. So long as there is a neglected child, a suffering, helpless woman, or a burdened and defeated man in all the world, we have a duty to perform.

"7. And when our work is done we shall be content if our only reward is the reign of love in our hearts."

Just suppose these doctrines were put forward and then lived up to by the men and women who feel in their hearts the call of the world's need! How much we would learn from it all!

For one thing we would learn why it was that Jesus turned sorrowfully away from the Church folk of His day and went and lived out His life among the publicans and sinners. Then as now the publicans and sinners were the sweetest, most lovable, and, what is more, most useful people there were. Then, as now, they were about the only folk really worth while.

And we would learn, too, that the world's fabulous development of the past century in material wealth is but an allegory which prophesies a much more fabulous development of the world's gold mine of undiscovered and unused goodness—when every good man and every good woman—whoever or whatever he or she may be—lays upon the altar of service that of the good in his soul which he does not need for himself.

It is ours to find in the world's desert of neglect and want a new Bethel—and such a wonderful House of God it will be—all of His friends will be there. There we may raise up a new altar of worship, because it has first been an altar of service, where we have laid the long-forgotten tributes of our sympathy. And there will be music, too—the care-free songs of little children who are resting safely now in Love's strong arms—the grateful songs of tired women who have found in the world's sympathy and concern a safeguard from the terrors of anxiety; and in this choir of rejoicing will be the glad voices of the men who have found rest from unrequited toil, and those stronger men who have found at last their work in the Master's Cause.

But hush! This Bethel is the Master's House and He has opened the book to read:

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;

Naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

The Master raises His eyes from the book, and back from the multitude rolls the response:

"Lord when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee? Or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?

"When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Or naked and clothed Thee? When saw we Thee sick, or in prison and came unto Thee?"

Then will the Master hold out to His friends the hands of blessing, and, as He stands before them, say:

"Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The Municipal Campaign

With the passing of the danger of the amending or the repealing of the primary election law there are indications of an awakened interest in the municipal campaign. For a time it looked as if the Democratic field would be limited and that the Republican fight might be a two-man contest. But announcements by Dick Miller, Democrat, and former Mayor Charles A. Bookwalter, Republican, that they would be in the race for the mayoralty nomination has had a stimulating effect and Indianapolis may at last come to realize that it is about to choose the men who will have charge of the city's business for four years.

The entrance of Mr. Miller in the race adds another high-class man to the Democratic list with Charles J. Orbison and Charles A. Greathouse. Mr. Miller's candidacy will have the support of the younger members of the Indiana Democratic club who have urged him to make the race. His supporters already have begun the organization of clubs to support his candidacy, and while the Democratic contest is not likely to become as spirited as the Republican race, because the three candidates mentioned measure up to the office, the Miller supporters promise to make it a lively campaign. Mr. Miller, who is a member of the firm of Miller & Co., bond dealers, is a business man of high reputation, an Indiana law school graduate and a former president of the Indiana Democratic club.

Mr. Bookwalter's formal announcement of his candidacy opens a stirring campaign for the Republican nomination. He charges that the Republican "machine" has threatened to "roll" him and he will make his fight as an anti-machine candidate. Charles W. Jewett, who entered the race some time ago, has had his headquarters open and his campaign going full blast for some time and Mr. Bookwalter opened his headquarters only this week, but he announces that he will give all his time to his campaign until the primaries are held on March 6. He says the Republican "machine" has attempted to dictate the city nominations this year and the county tickets for 1918 and 1920 and he will have some broadsides to fire in his campaign. He declares for home rule for Indianapolis if he is elected and asserts he will build a coliseum for the city if he again becomes mayor.

The State Highways Commission Bill

The stage in the drama of Indiana at the present time has been shifted from the House of Representatives to the State Senate and from now on it promises to be a continuous "run" of forty days with only a brief return engagement in the House when the fight is staged for a State highway commission.

From the jury box at the present time, there is every indication the State highway fight is going to be an excellent one with both sides crying "Lay on, Macduff." Strong sentiment has developed over the State against the highway commission and especially against any commission which will relieve counties of the power of controlling their roads. The public utility act was the inception for an interior movement for home government and this movement is now being supplemented by the outcry of those opposed to highway commission legislation.

Senators and Representatives have been assured the original Goodrich administration measure will not become the statute passed by this legislature but that primary steps will be taken in this legislature so the State will turn to the Goodrich bill some years hence. With this end in view, amendments

to the Goodrich measure introduced by Senator Dobyns and Representative Luke Duffey have been prepared by Senator J. R. Fleming and the word has gone out to everyone interested that the amended measure will receive the support of the administration.

The great objection over the State to the highway commission plan as originally contemplated seems to be in the fear such a strong central body might become a center for the depositing of influential substances about the time great road contracts were submitted. Those opposed to the highway commission are contending that in other States the road commission has been the subject of suspicion despite any good which it might accomplish.

Other opposition to the plan has arisen among those persons interested in the old three-mile road law. The road idealists have never expressed pleasure with this law, but farmers and county superintendents over the State like it and frankly state their reason in that it has gotten results. Almost daily, petitions are pouring into the Representatives and Senators urging their support for this law and their opposition to any movement to repeal it and every petition is supported by the basis, "This law has resulted in the building of more miles of good roads in our county than any other piece of legislation."

The public hearing developed the sentiment. Contrary to the bit of color added by the ardent fictionists of some of the daily papers, the hearing resulted in petitions for the continuance of the three-mile road law from three persons for every petition from one person against this law. The three-mile law got the support in that meeting despite the contention of the newspaper men that it did not. And the support did not come entirely from contractors and road lobbyists but from farmers and practical road workers.

When the bill finally is thrown into the whirlpool for final passage a merry fight will be staged in the House of Representatives, and as merry a fight in the State Senate; but out of the tumult it is practically assured will come the Goodrich measure amended by the Fleming amendments.

The Magnitude of the Liquor Industry

Some idea of just what the liquor industry means to the commercial life of this State may be had from the facts of the business, of which these are a few:

The total capital invested in Indiana in the liquor industry exceeds \$28,000,000.

The total expenditures of the business for the year 1916 exceeded \$65,000,000.

Of this amount \$28,000,000 was paid to the United States government for internal revenues.

The amount paid to Indiana farmers for grain exceeded \$12,000,000.

There are more than ten thousand people employed in this business.

These are just some of the commercial facts of the business; there are many more.

A most casual survey of business conditions in Indiana throughout the past three years will remind anyone that business in this State in that time has only been just across to the safe side of prosperity. At no time in the past three years have business conditions been what could be called stable. And in all this time conditions have been such that anything seriously affecting the prosperity of the State would turn the accounts of the State at once from profit to loss.

What would happen to the State-at-large if the enormous revenues shown in this statement were withdrawn from the business of Indiana is too

obvious to require demonstration. Banks, mercantile establishments, the agricultural community, manufacturing industries; and, in fact every one would be affected. And all for what? That temptation be removed from very much less than one-half of 1 per cent. of the population of the State—the rest of the people of Indiana need no such protection—and that a comparatively very small group of fanatical propagandists, whose object is only an hysterical and unreasoning frenzy, be given the reins of government in this State, by the sensible people who have been bluffed into inaction.

Is it not time that the business community of this State awaken to their real responsibility in this matter?

H. C. of L. and Co-operation

Any movement promoting the "from-the-farm-to-the-table," "from-producer-to-consumer," "whack-the-high-cost-of-living" idea meets with a ready response from every household. For quite a while there has been more or less educational work along these "gettogether" lines, but the actual, practical demonstrations have not reached the magnitude where the average consumer can notice it.

Under a plan proposed by traction men interurban cars carrying farm products would be permitted to haul produce to some central point where the products could be sold by auction or otherwise.

Mayor Bell believes the city market place might be used for the purpose.

The movement has been further stimulated by a bill presented to the legislature providing for a free central market place in Indianapolis.

The free market house plan has its advocates and its critics. Its advocates contend it will have much to do with cutting down the high cost of living. Its critics call it "bunk."

It doesn't take any great national movement to make a start in one community. It wouldn't require a whole traction line to carry produce to that community. In any small area where there are a few "flivvers" and other cars the community might have a market day of its own, appoint its official market master for the day, or evening, let him cover a route where friendship among farmers had been developed and return with his load of fresh farm products to be distributed at wholesale prices among the members of the community marketing club.

Is there such a club in existence anywhere in the city? It is doubtful.

There's too much bother about it. So the average ultimate consumer goes ahead paying for the services of all the middlemen between himself and the producer and charges it all up to the high cost of living.

Wanted: A Little Courage

The outstanding need emphasized by this insane prohibition campaign is, first of all, that the business men of this State do not have their wishbones where their backbones ought to be. Ask nine business men out of ten, on the street, or in their offices, what they think about the attempt to force State-wide prohibition on Indiana and their reply will be that they are thoroughly against it and disgusted with the whole matter, but in the meantime they are not doing anything to prevent it.

Those who would attempt to visit this disastrous affliction on the State are far from idle; and is it asking too much to suggest that the business men of Indianapolis and the State-at-large give the Indiana Senate a demonstration of not what is wanted by a lot of people who have absolutely nothing at stake, but a demonstration of the convictions of the sensible and substantial element of this State concerning that upon which the prosperity of Indiana depends?

Crabbing the Romance in Life

(By Rube Kidder.)

I see in the papers where the New Telephone Company is going to put in these self-starting telephones—automatics they call 'em—and it just goes to show how this is a mechanical age that is rapidly crabbing all the romance in life and leaving us but the cold, hard husks of realism, as Shakespeare would have said if he had of thought of it, which he didn't.

Now, no one is stronger for these modern conveniences than I am, but aint there such a thing is going too far? Take the telephone—the regular telephone, run by girl power. You take the receiver off the hook, and a swell-voiced dame coos in your ear, "Number?" And while you're waiting you can amuse yourself trying to dope out from her voice whether she is a blonde or a brunette, and whether she lives at home or at the Y. W. C. A. and all that sort of thing.

The automatic telephone will do away with all that—and it will prove a horrible hardship for the telephone girls, too, for they will have to get new jobs, and the telephone business is about the only one I know of where a coo gets you very far. The Dove of Peace can coo, and nothing else, and where is the Dove of Peace?

Somehow or other you never feel lonesome when there is a telephone around the place. It's a friendly little piece of junk, the telephone. It's nice to know that at the other end of it there is a sort of animated news bureau ready to tell you information of various kinds.

When we hear the fire engines swoop past, it helps a lot to call up Central and ask—"Say, Central, where's the fire?" And it is pleasant to learn that it is somebody's woodshed out in Irvington, or a down town office building that is being consumed by the ravaging flames. We can't do that when we have the automatic telephone. You could holler into an automatic telephone for an hour and a half, and it wouldn't tell you where the fire was, not if it was the bank where you had your \$27 deposited.

Gee—a lot of people will have to get their clocks fixed, or get their watches out of hock, too. For quite some time, now, the clocks and watches have been having a vacation, good for nothing much, but now they will have to get on the job again. What would it profiteth thee to ask an automatic telephone, "Time, please?" The automatic telephone would remain as dumb as if it was the object of a leak probe. You couldn't get a word out of it.

Neither would the automatic telephone kindly tell you who won the baseball game—it would force you to buy a sporting extra. If you wanted to know somebody's number, and felt too languid to look it up in the book yourself, the automatic telephone would have no word of help—you'd have to look it up.

I tried one of these automatic telephones once over at the Electric Show, and every time I went after a number, I felt like Alias Jimmy Valentine opening the safe in the big third act—found myself listening for the click of the tumblers, etc. There's something so kind of—well, so derved mysterious and impersonal about an automatic telephone. Doggone it, it aint human!

Doesn't it make you feel kind of sad to think how you've bawled out Central, and wagged the receiver up and down on the hook when she didn't answer within three seconds, and how you've said to her, "Well—I'm glad you waited until you got to the end of the chapter before you answered—" sarcastic-like.

Progress is great stuff, and all that—but, oh, man! how you will sigh for the sound of a sweet, chirpy voice over the other end of the wire! And if you don't get the right number—who you going to blame it onto?

Proud Motor Industry Record

Indianapolis next week will pay tribute to one of her big industries. The annual automobile show in the Steinhart building will do much to demonstrate that the automobile industry is one of the giants in the business world.

No industrial growth is so amazing as that in the motor car field. In sixteen years the industry has grown from practically nothing to a business that is spoken of in billions now. Statistics show that automobiles carried more passengers last year than all the steam and interurban roads combined. It is estimated that computing the fare at 1½ cents a mile the automobiles rendered a service of \$598,500,000 or \$98,000,000 more than the street railways. In the commercial car field it is estimated the cars in use gave a total of 3,750,000,000 ton miles of service. And Indianapolis has a production record as the second automobile manufacturing city in the country—certainly a proud record.

Oratory in the Senate

The flights of oratory have been few and far between in the Legislature, Senators Thornton, Culbertson, Simmons, McCray, Robinson, Wolfson, Cravens and MacGonagle, notwithstanding. The prohibition bill was the first real opportunity for a display of wares to an admiring gallery in the House and due notice was taken of the opportunity by the Representatives. You just cannot keep down an orator; he is an institution cultured in childhood by affectionate parents.

In the Senate, Thornton has earned the first rank with his breezes from the mountains, his flowing, rippling waters from the hills and springs and streams; his mothers and little babies and his never-to-be-forgotten American Flag. The story in the Senate now is, "Count that day lost whose low

descending sun marks not one speech from Mike, begun or done." McCray opened up the throttle on his bill to abolish capital punishment and Simmons and others got in on the ground floor. Robinson got his opportunity in the oil inspection bill and Culbertson joined in at the same time.

And Wolfson—Wolfson with his pleasing personality and his native humor—somebody has said you just cannot prevent Wolfson talking.

Couldn't Find the Grocery

The Nubian army has a new leader, John D. Shea, custodian of the capitol, for Shea has been designated by the State employment committee as the boss of the good ship, "Legislature Chambers." And Shea has gathered under his protection a little army of patient wielders of the mop and excuses.

Shea knows his troubles and bears them without complaining. It is Johnny this and Johnny that until he becomes frantic at times, but now and then through the rift in the clouds, there comes a new day, a day of mysterious pleasantry. The experience has come and is being recounted in this manner:

"See that little round-headed fellow with the blackest skin of the whole army?" says Shea. "They found him the other day, wandering over the basement, muttering to himself and complaining.

"What's the matter?" somebody asked.

"I've sent up here as a janitor and I've not going to sweep out no groceries. That big fellow, Shea, says to sweep out the grocery down here."

There were moments of silence and Shea was accused of perpetrating a new one on a susceptible private until Shea was consulted. Shea laughed.

"I sent him to sweep out the engrossing room," explained Shea.

Comfort for Straphangers

When the twenty-five new pay-as-you-enter street cars are placed in commission in Indianapolis in the next few weeks the strap hangers will find one nice little improvement over the big cars now in service. It is the sanitary strap. The cars will be wide, commodious coaches with lots of room between the longitudinal seats, greater numbers of strap hangers can be jammed into this space because the conductor will not have to worm his way through the crowd.

And the sanitary straps upon which the weary passenger may repose his tired body! He ought to be thankful for the privilege of being a strap hanger. The straps are covered with nice white celluloid loops, they're easy to grasp and they are large enough for two hands when the crowd gets so thick there are not enough straps to go around!

The Senior Bishop of the Episcopal Church on Prohibition

St. Louis, Mo., January 26.

"Prohibition as I understand it deems it a sin to make liquor or to sell liquor. It does not seem to me that a sin lies there. Nor does it lie in drinking liquor, but it lies in drinking to excess," declared Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle of the Episcopal Diocese of St. Louis delivering a message to the people on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, today.

Bishop Tuttle does not believe there should be prohibition or even local option laws, but some regulation should be provided which would prevent a man from drinking to excess. He believes the saloons are not to be held responsible so much as the people who overindulge themselves.

An oil painting of the Bishop, valued at \$1,000, will be unveiled at Christ Church Cathedral Sunday afternoon. It is a birthday gift presented by the Episcopal churches of the diocese.

Some Statistics of the Church in Ohio

Columbus, Ohio, January 30.

That there are more than 6,000 churches in the 1,200 rural townships in Ohio, or a church to every 286 persons; that more than 4,000 of these churches have a membership of less than 100 and that about two-thirds of the churches in rural Ohio are without a resident minister, is disclosed in a report made public today by Rev. C. O. Gill, secretary of the commission on church and country life of the federal council of churches before the country life conference at Ohio State University today.

Gill said more than 5,000 of the rural churches in Ohio are without the undivided services of a minister; more than 2,200 churches have only one-fourth of a minister's service or less and more than 3,300 have only one-third of a minister's service or less.

One county in Southern Ohio, Rev. Gill said, had ninety-eight churches in 1883. Since then it has lost thirty-six of them, eight being losses of the last year. Church membership has steadily declined at a much greater rate than the slight decline in population. The sixty churches remaining have a total budget of only \$8,000. There are almost no resident ministers in the county, and some of the ministers try to serve as high as ten churches.

"The religious prevalency in this county," said Gill, "is a travesty on the teaching of Jesus Christ, being merely emotionalism and excitement without direct result upon the moral and every-day life of the people. There have been 1,500 revivals here in the last thirty years, and yet disease, ignorance, illegitimacy, vote selling and poverty are very prevalent, and on the increase. The churches seem powerless to turn the tide."



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Around the clock with the modern society woman takes in about as strenuous a period of twenty-four hours as could be imagined, and anyone of less endurance than the dainty little social butterfly would be completely overwhelmed. A big, husky man would be dizzy with the frenzied rush from club to matinee, afternoon tea to dinner, then to reception, theater and late supper. But the woman of 1917 never falters. Not a committee meeting is neglected—not a charity ignored. She appears at all the suffrage affairs, or she works tirelessly against it. She sews for the needy poor, the war sufferers, and even sometimes for the members of her own household. She must spend hours on music, and she doesn't really "belong" unless she is a member of a smart dramatic club. And in addition, she attends countless social affairs.

But in all this dizzy whirl, she has time for her "ruthers," as the little girl in the story book says. And one of her chief "ruthers" is gardening. Every pretty Mistress Mary has her garden bed, if it is only a window box or porch fernery. And under the circumstances it is no wonder Mary was "quite contrary" for gardening is no joke, as many Indianapolis women have found out. It requires an infinite patience and attention to little details.

Like all pastimes adopted by woman, it has been invested with all the pretty little touches which delight her soul. Even digging in the soil must be done as daintily and artistically as possible, and to this end she has invented all sorts of lovely accessories.

Although it is too early to start work in the garden, it is not too early to be working on the lovely garden things which nearly every fair gardener makes for herself in these days of efficiency. Spare moments are utilized to the best advantage in the sewing room where pretty smocks are under way; or up in the little study where reeds and bunches of raffia, paints and mysterious pieces of wood represent baskets and bird sticks for the spring garden.

Indianapolis gardeners take great delight in making their own accessories. The are making hats of peanut straw, with great floppy brims, and stitching flat cretonne flowers to brim and crown, or using gay beads or straps of velvet. Ridiculous little gingham sunbonnets are astonishingly becoming; and wide-brimmed leghorns with colored streamers to match the garden smock are very picturesque.

As to the smocks, where is the woman of today who does not possess this big, roomy, attractive "cover-all"? And most of them are made at home,

and smocked by the busy gardener herself. There are also tool aprons of dark denim with huge pockets, rubber aprons, painted, of course, cretonne aprons, and aprons that gather in around the ankles, protecting the bottom of the skirt from dew and soil.

The professional woman gardener has long been a familiar figure in England—over here it is for the most part merely a pastime, although women are beginning to adopt it as a profession. Miss Margaret Eaglesfield of this city was graduated in June from the course in landscape gardening at Girton College, Mass.

One of the most beautiful of the Indianapolis gardens tended by woman is that of Mrs. Charles Lynn on Washington boulevard, which is one of the picture spots of the city. Miss Sue Stewart recently adopted a more practical form of gardening in the cultivation of mushrooms with marked success.

When the first warm days of spring sound the call of the soil to the enthusiasts, they will all be ready—the home gardener, the managers of school and municipal gardens, the lecturers on gardens and even the woman who boasts but a window box on the roomy sill of an apartment window. Preparedness is their slogan.

More and more are Indianapolis hostesses displaying their own ingenuity in decorative effects. At the bounce eucher party given recently by Mrs. William Hays, her beautiful home on Sutherland avenue was a bower of flowers overflowing from huge garden hats, painted in conventional design—the work of the hostess. The hats were suspended by means of broad satin ribbons in the manner of wall pockets and afforded a novel and effective decoration for the rooms throughout. Sixty guests were entertained.

Indianapolis women are constantly appearing in the spot-light of active interests in New York City. Miss Frances Benson, formerly of this city, is executive secretary of the New York Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage, and has won recognition for her ability in no small way. The association claims "service" as its underlying principle, and at the huge preparedness parade, when 135,000 men appeared in line, the "antis," under the direction of Miss Benson, established relief stations along the line of march, serving sandwiches, chocolate, coffee, milk or water free of charge. The serving of 50,000 sandwiches, which Miss Benson had charge of, is an item many hostesses would not care to cope with. In addition to serving refreshments, society women in nurses'

uniforms offered first-aid in case of accident or illness, and made themselves generally useful. It is said the undertaking was at first declared impossible, until Miss Benson took it in charge.

"Commencement Day" no longer represents the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of school days, for the modern youngster has graduation days sprinkled at intervals during his entire school career. Almost as thrilling in importance as the High School graduation is the graduation from the 8A grade, when the school kiddies close the page on the intermediate grades and enter upon a High School career with all the pomp and ceremony of the older students. The recent commencement exercises of the 8A children from the William Bell school on North Pennsylvania street included a series of parties that would have done credit to a debutante. The class numbered forty-seven, most of whom were girls. A pretty feature of the exercises was the dress adopted by the girls. It consisted of white plaited skirt with dainty white smock, smocked in yellow with a touch of black, carrying out the class colors, yellow and white. The frocks were made by the girls who had been taking a course of needlework in the Domestic Science class. One of the clever invitations sent out was that written in verse by Barbara King, inviting the members of the class to a matinee party, the writer being one of the youngest members of the class.

Interest in the coming Auto Show is keen among women throughout the State this year, as women are driving their own cars more and more as new conveniences are introduced. Women drivers on Washington street are almost as frequent as the motors. Much of the advanced interest from a woman's point of view has been helped along by comfort-giving appliances that have made their appearance in recent years. Self-starting engines, the new lighting system, the easier method of gear-shifting, and last, but not least, the improvement in construction and finish, which always appeals to women, have won a permanent home for the motor car in the heart of the fair sex. Many Indianapolis women drive their own cars, both gasoline and electric, and some drive both with impartiality. Among the enthusiastic motorists who drive their own cars are Mrs. Douglas Jillson, Mrs. Carl Fisher, Mrs. Russell Fortune, Miss Theodosia Hadley, Miss Katherine Hibben and Miss Clarissa Wells. The electric so far is the chosen car driven by Miss Anne Jillson, Mrs. Theodore Stein, Jr., Miss Cecelia Wulsin, Miss Josephine

Parrott, Miss Lucyanna and Miss Mary Joss, and a number of others. The Automobile Show bids fair to draw as many women visitors as men this year.

The shops offer nothing more alluring, and certainly nothing with so individual a fascination as many of the pretty accessories made by Indianapolis women for their homes. The watchword "Efficiency" has ushered in a new era of work along all lines and busy fingers accomplish wonderful tasks now that they are given the opportunity. One of the lovely homes out on Washington boulevard is lighted by lamps whose shades were fashioned by the owner, Mrs. Walter J. Goodall. About forty lamps throughout the rooms owe their dainty silken shades to the skill of their owner, even the artistic shades for the side lights being her own work. Mrs. Goodall also decorated the furniture in her breakfast room, using a design corresponding to the cretonne hangings of the room.

Mrs. Harry Kahn has a number of reed lamps, which are the work of her own hands, and are far more artistic than any to be found in the shops. A number of our society girls have taken up dress designing as a vocation, and are meeting with marked success.

Indianapolis society accorded the usual welcome to the Portmanteau Players who have received much social attention on tour over the country. The tea given Friday afternoon at the John Herron Art Institute by the Drama League was a brilliant affair, and was made doubly enjoyable by the interesting talk given by Stuart Walker, giving an insight into the plan of work of his players.

A number of engagement announcements enlivened the social calendar in the last week. The engagement of Miss Mabel Becker to Walter Reinacker was announced recently at a party given by Miss Becker for the members of the Sigma Delta Sigma Sorority. Miss Becker is the daughter of Mrs. Lydia Becker. The wedding will take place in March.

Miss Cecelia Wulsin, whose marriage to Cornelius Alig will take place February 8, was the center of much social attention during the week. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Stalnaker, entertained at dinner Monday evening; Miss Mary Beaty Herod entertained with a thimble party Tuesday afternoon; Miss Katherine Hibben gave a tea Wednesday afternoon, and Ralph G. Lockwood entertained at dinner Friday evening for this popular bride-elect and the members of her bridal party.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Nineteen dames on the suffrage chest—

Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of Florida water!

Now, get me right on this thing—I have no inward convictions about suffrage, one way or the other, for either they will get it, or they won't, and why worry?

But I have perused, with much interest, not to say avidity, the details of the long-distance bout between the nineteen avowed "Antis" and the organized suffragettes. They don't like to be called suffragettes, I understand, thinking it is a kind of a frivolous appellation, having a kind of a suggestion of "soubrette" about it—which heving knows they haven't, but, be that as it may—where was I, anyway?

Oh yes—that lady-like scrap the "Antis" and the "Pros" had been having. It seems that nineteen of the "Antis" took their typewriter in hand and indulged in that famous indoor sport of writing a letter to the editor, and said they didn't want to vote, and that the natural inference was that none of the other ladies in this, our Commonwealth of Indiana, wanted to vote, either—the same way that a person who doesn't hanker after raw tomatoes, doesn't see how on earth anybody else can possibly want to eat the things.

Well—that started the suffragettes off with a loud, reverberating bang, and there has been much verbal shrapnel, and oratorical gas bombs exchanged between the forces, with considerable sniping on the side. So far, as near as I can get it, it is about fifty-fifty.

The whole thing reminds me a lot of a bunch of little girls having a neighborhood scrap. One little girl, she gets sore at another because the other doesn't want to play the same game she does, and they go to it.

"Well, anyway, my Ma don't much want me to play with you anyways."

"What do I care? My Pa says your Pa owes the grocer money for last week."

"Well, I guess I heard one of the girls say that she heard her Pa say that if your Pa would just—"

"And you aint any good in school, either! You aint no good in grammar at all!"

"And I heard my big brother say you were a scrawny little mutt, and that—"

"Well, if my nose was as pug as yours—"

Wow!

It certainly does take the female of the species, as friend Rudyard calls 'em, to start things.

I say again, and I say it loud, that I don't care one way or the other. When I am with a lady who wants to vote, I tell her I am for the cause. When I am with one who does not want to vote, vice versa or ipse facto, as the case may be. There isn't any use arguing. No one gets anywhere arguing, except mebbe corporation lawyers, and theirs is more what you'd call piece work.

The original nineteen dames that fired the first shot, they wont give in an inch, and they say that they know what they're talking about, and if their communication didn't get more signers, it was because the other Antis didn't know about it, and the suffragettes, they say that of all ree-diculous things, to go to work and let on that nineteen women can say what's what for all the women in the State. The i-de-a!

It is also understood that several of the Antis who signed the paper have been getting mysterious gifts in the way of boxes of candy, and flowers, or such, with a little sentimental card stuck in the box, saying, "We're for you." And it is understood and insinuated that the senders of these mysterious presents have a little suffragette in their home. But of this Rube Kidder cannot be certain. He just heard it spoke of, in a vague sort of a way.

Rube also heard, in a sort of sub rosa fashion, that the suffragettes were planning to challenge the Antis to a laundry-and-cooking tournament—the nineteen Antis to be matched against nineteen suffragettes, and the weapons to be the laundry tub and the gas range. This also may be only rumor, but if they could get the right kind of a press agent and stage the thing right, the contest would pack any house—even that imaginary Indiana coliseum of ours.

But—whether they want to vote, or don't want to vote, the Antis and the suffragettes are anything but devoted—to each other.

Haw, haw!

Guess that's poor!

He's Not So Strong for Russia Now

A high brow friend of mine said to me Monday afternoon:

"Say—I've got tickets for the Diaghlieff—"

I said to him: "You'd better do something for that. This is the worst sort of pneumonia weather, and if you let it go—"

"Who said anything about pneumonia?" he wanted to know, "I said

that if you wanted to go to the Diaghlieff—"

"I tell you they always start sneezing that way," I said. "I had an uncle who began to sneeze just the way you are and he died of bucking broncho pneumonia inside of two days."

"If you'd just gimme a chance to finish," my high brow friend said, "What I started out to say, if you'd let me say it, was that I've got tickets tonight for that Ballet Russe."

"I don't like 'em," I said. "The last time I et one the whipped cream shot all over my neck tie."

"This aint anything to eat," he explained with more or less patience, "it's dancing. Dancing by Russian dancers. It's a swell thing."

Well, to make it short, I leased a dress suit, and we went, and the usherettes give us programs, and after I'd took a slant at mine, I says: "Did the press agent what wrote this have a typewriter that was suffering from fits, or mebbe the blind staggers?" For there was such names as Luopkova, and Nijinsky, and Tschalkowsky, and a lot of other nouns and verbs that looked as if the person writing had got to his typewriter in the dark and let her go, hitting the letters regardless.

My high brow friend said that that was just the name of the Russians who participated in the entertainment, and I thought then, and still think, that Russians are wasting a lot of rubles buying shells for cannon, when all they'd have to do would be to load 'em up with a few of the names and addresses of the proletariat, and fire away.

But I will say that that entertainment was as fine a thing—in its way—as anything I ever seen, even if I didn't get the idea of what they were driving at a great portion of the time, particularly during the presentation of what my friend called pantomimes, which didn't seem to me to have no particular plot to them, as it were, but then it may be I don't understand Russian gestures as well as I might. And the scenery sure did look like an explosion in a paint factory, and when you looked at the costumes you wondered what sort of a brain the guy had that thought 'em up—where you'd naturally expect them to consist of goods of some kind, there wasn't any, and vice versa, and they had jewelry hung around in the most unexpected places. My friend told me that some of these costumes were copied from the famous Russian samovar styles, which are worn only in the court of the Czar, and that in some there was a hint of the wild barbaric Caviare tribes of the Asiatic northwest. I

dunno whether it was right or not.

Well, as I say, it was some entertainment, and it was all very exciting—especially one where a Turk with long whiskers mops up with the harem because he comes home unexpected and finds out they are pulling an affinity party in his supposed absence.

I took a particular shine to one of the dancers, who could hop higher than any of the rest of them, and was in the spot light a lot, and finally I turns to my friend and says: "See that dancer—the one in the middle of the stage? I gotta good mind to blow myself to one of them potted hyacinths, and take it around to the stage door, and present it to her with my compliments and mebbe a bid to have a little snack with me at the Baltimore after the show."

"Well," says my friend, "You might, and again you mightn't. You see—that's Nijinsky."

"Well, what of it?" I says, "I don't have to call her that, I can call her 'Kid'."

"Well, you might and you mightn't," he says again, "only, you see, Nijinsky's a him, not a her."

"What?" I says.

"I'm giving it to you straight," he says.

"Oh," I says.

By heck, I don't care whether the Russians win the war or not!

What Did Keach Want?

Humorist by heredity, sage by reflection, commission merchant by necessity and politician by pastime—meet our old friend, James L. Keach, better known as "Jim." Pull up the chairs, get one knee over its running mate and caress the small of your back by carefully pushing it into the hollow of the chair for Jim's got a story. You refer to Senator—call him Blue—he is a Senator now, but at one time he was a Representative.

"He was up here one time as a Representative and I liked him and invited him up to the Maennerchor one night for supper," says Jim.

"We had a fine time up there that night and everyone enjoyed the supper."

"Well, we got out and decided to walk down to Washington street. We started to walk, Blue and I, talking as we walked. We walked on and on and do you know every square, directly or indirectly, Blue would look up at me and say: 'What do you want?'"

"Do you know, the last time he said it at Washington street and I had to reply: 'Say, I was tryin' to entertain you; I don't want anything.'"

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY 10, 1917

No. 5

Mr. Charles W. Jewett

THE paramount issue of the hour is the coming city primaries. They are now only three weeks away. Naturally all interest centers in the three candidates for the office of Mayor. And certain it is that this interest cannot be either too active or too intelligent. By reason of the peculiar municipal organization of Indianapolis, the Mayor is, to all practical purposes, the managing director of a corporation involving more than a billion dollars in private and public investments, and an annual expense budget of more than four million dollars—with a population of nearly three hundred thousand, every individual of which is interested in the management of the affairs of this great corporation.

This responsibility will shortly be turned over to one of the present candidates for this office, who will personally direct the vast machinery of this city organization. And as to who this man will be is a consideration of the keenest interest to every citizen. It is a consideration of such vital and paramount importance that in its determination party lines can and should be disregarded.

There is one democratic candidate—Mr. Dick Miller—a successful young business man of the highest character. But he has had no political experience and by reason of the peculiar conditions in this campaign has only a very slender chance of success.

The race is really between Lew Shank and Mr. Charles W. Jewett.

Mr. Jewett needs neither introduction nor commendation to the people of Indianapolis. He has demonstrated himself to be one of the very few men in this or any other community, who is capable of big things, accomplished upon the foundation of a character that is above question. Mr. Jewett will measure up to the possibilities of the office, and the citizens of Indianapolis can well regard it as a privilege to confer the office upon him.

But the danger element in this campaign is the candidacy of Lew Shank. He is going to be a candidate whether nominated by the Republicans or not, and of course he will not be nominated by the Republicans. But as an independent candidate he will have a monopoly on the "rough neck" element. He will have no small following from that restless, well meaning, but unthinking element which always works confusion in an exciting campaign; and finally he will have generous encouragement and substantial support from the ranks of the democrats.

This last condition has absolutely to be reckoned with. Lew Shank would have small encouragement indeed to run as an independent candidate if he could not count on assistance from the ranks of the enemy.

The situation is most unusual. This city has the rare opportunity to elect to office a young man of wonderful personality, who will take his place along with such men as Mayor Thompson of Chicago and Mayor Mitchel of New York. He will indeed be "The Man of the Hour" in Indianapolis.

And the dangers of the situation, together with what Mr. Jewett's election will mean to this city, makes it of paramount importance that every citizen of Indianapolis—without regard to party lines—count it an obligation of good citizenship to work and vote for Mr. Jewett.

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The Great War

The late William T. Stead once said of Cecil Rhodes, that he thought in continents. Thinking in large terms was the habit of this greatest of all modern Englishmen. While the ordinary individual thinks in the immediate terms of the hour there are subjects which can not be dealt with except in terms as large as those of the ten commandments. And one of these subjects is the European War.

The attention of all the world has been called to this most terrible of all the tragedies of time, by the breaking of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany. This act on the part of President Wilson leaves at the German capital the representative of only one great nation—and that a power of the second class—Spain. Never before in all history has a great nation been so singularly isolated. And the hour seems near at hand when Germany will have arrayed against her all the rest of the civilized world. Such a complete severance of a single great nation from all of civilization seems a thing so incomprehensible as to be impossible—but it is not only possible, but almost a fact. And no narrow view of the situation affords any explanation. But the two greatest of all revelations of Germany may do so.

From the German view point, the two outstanding facts of the great war are first that Germany has astonished the world with the completeness and perfection of her national organization. The German empire has demonstrated itself to be the most stupendous and perfectly developed human machine that the world has ever known. No detail has been overlooked, and every ounce of human and material assets has been incorporated into a mechanism that will remain the wonder of all time. While the rest of mankind has been busy with the individual struggle for existence or supremacy, the German government has been busy in incorporating every individual into a flying wedge that could be shot against all the rest of civilization and shock the world by the impact.

The other outstanding fact of the great war has been a disregard of every gentle and human sentiment so appalling as to make one almost wonder if this war had somehow transformed those splendid, manly soldiers of the fatherland into so many tigers. Think of this paragraph copied from a diary of a German prisoner of war, Paul Glade, of the ninth pioneer battalion, ninth corps:

"In this way we destroyed eight houses with their inmates. In one of them, two men with their wives and a girl of eighteen were bayoneted. The little one almost unnerved me, so innocent was her expression. But it was impossible to check the crowd, so excited were they, for at such moments you are no longer men, but wild beasts."

One's very soul is chilled with horror at the thought of such a scene. And the natural gentleness and consideration of the German character is all too well known to give such a horrible atrocity any national explanation. Early in the war, the German Emperor declared that one of the results of German victory would be to hold up in justification, before all the world, German Kultur. Now this term "Kultur" has a much more profound and significant interpretation than our word culture, to which it has no relation whatever. As well as could be expressed in a few words, Kultur means

the intellectual conceptions and convictions of the German people. It means the systematized results of German thinking for the past two centuries. And what this signifies depends, of course, upon the quality and direction of all this thought.

Germany has been the cradle, nursery and gymnasium of philosophy. And the place that philosophy has occupied in the scheme of education has been an adaptation of the German idea. It happens, as every one knows, that outside of Germany, philosophy and whatever its influence may be, have been the exclusive prerogatives of scholars. Its influence has never reached the American public. It is said of the Poet Heine's wife that to the end of her days, she never knew what a poet was. And with equal truth it might be said that if the average American were asked what is Philosophy, his reply could be no better put than in the famous words of an English dilettante: "Six fat volumes."

But philosophy has extended its influence to the heart of the humblest German citizen, has given direction to his life and has made possible the marvelous organization of the German Empire of today. And German philosophy from Spinoza, that strange and lonely Jew of the seventeenth century, all the way down to Nietzsche, has based its claim upon the proposition that reason is the undisputed despot of the soul, mercilessly directing its two chief lieutenants of action, the sentiments and the will. One needs but little scholarship to realize what any system of philosophy might lead to which was based on an assumption so utterly destitute of sympathy.

This is an illustration: Not far from the city of Winchester, in England, is a strange, uncanny spot called "Stonehenge." It is a great, bare surface of rock, with huge, rough granite columns standing all about its borders like sentinels of another age, and such they are. For Stonehenge was the altar of the Druids. At their annual feast they would build an enormous fire on this stone floor and then the mothers would come and throw their little babies into the flames to appease the wrath of the Gods they worshipped.

And then one turns from this horror of prehistoric times, and this other horror of only yesterday, to the messages of the prophet of Bethlehem and realizes perhaps, why He did not say: "Thou Shalt Reason," and why He did say: "Thou shalt love." In all the history of the race not one single crime has ever been laid to the charge of unselfish love. But what untold horrors has unrestrained reason brought upon the innocent and the defenseless.

Just one man who called himself a philosopher has dared to reverse the German idea and put Reason in subjection to some other and greater power. That unrecognized and almost unknown Frenchman, Auguste Comte based his wonderful system of positivism upon the declaration that feeling should govern reason.

Only the history of a day far remote from this will be able to differentiate the individual Germans, whom we know and admire and respect, from the system to which their teachers have made them slaves. But when the horrors of this most horrible of all wars have been mitigated by long and kindly years of forgetfulness; when the barren fatuity of any purely intellectual system has become one of the recognized facts of progress; when sympathy has thrown her kindly light all the way down the toilsome pathway of the race; when men have learned to make love and not ambition—either intellectual or material—their master; then will the interpreters of this tragedy which baptized in tears and blood the twentieth century of the Christian era, be able to say of the despoilers of Liege and the Marne: "Brothers, forgive them, for they knew not what they did."

The Next Mayor

The withdrawal of Mr. Charles A. Bookwalter has greatly simplified the mayoralty situation in Indianapolis. There is but one Democratic candidate, Mr. Dick Miller, and even his most loyal and enthusiastic friends regard his election as exceedingly improbable. The powerful position of the Republican organization in this city, together with the public effect of the constant attacks that have been made on the Bell administration by the Indianapolis News—however unjust those attacks may be—combine to create a situation that is not encouraging to the Democratic candidate. In fact, the candidacy of Mr. Miller is resting its hope chiefly upon one possibility and that is the effect of the candidacy of Lew Shank.

Lew Shank has announced himself as a Republican candidate. But he has also announced that if Mr. Jewett is nominated he will nevertheless run as an independent candidate. Therefore, Lew Shank can not be properly regarded as a Republican candidate at all. He is not making this race in the interests of the Republican party, but solely in the interests of Lew Shank and the nondescript, irresponsible, and, in many respects, dangerous elements that are back of his candidacy. He is relying entirely on the labor vote, the colored vote, the illiterate and irresponsible vote, and the support and encouragement that he is every day receiving from the Democrats.

The last of these are wholly excusable. The Democrats can not be blamed for wanting to divide the Republican vote in Indianapolis, if they can. Neither can they be blamed for wanting to see a municipal vaudeville performance acted in Indianapolis, at the expense of the Republicans, with Lew Shank as the clown—a part for which he is admirably adapted. But the Shank campaign is figuring wide of the facts when it reckons on union labor support, and the colored vote.

Organized labor in Indianapolis possesses too much dignity, character and self-respect to become responsible for such a failure as a Shank administration would be. Just what Indianapolis could expect if this calamity should come upon it has already been demonstrated.

And the colored population of Indianapolis possesses too much intelligence to be similarly taken in.

But it is beyond all comprehension to understand how any sensible Republican—who has the reputation and welfare of this city at heart—can even think of voting for Lew Shank. The utter incompetence of the man is beyond question. And no man would be taken seriously who would presume to urge that Lew Shank is in any way qualified to uphold the dignity or measure up to the responsibilities of the office of mayor of Indianapolis. As a matter of fact, his candidacy can only be regarded as a huge joke, which if it became serious would be no longer a joke; but a calamity.

Moreover, by announcing in advance that if he can not get the nomination from the Republican party, he will then run independently, Lew Shank makes himself no longer a Republican, but a trouble-maker, for whom the party to which he professes to belong, can not afford to take any responsibility.

The Republican party has an excellent opportunity for success in this campaign. And its candidate, Mr. Charles W. Jewett, is a man whom any Republican can conscientiously support—with pride. He is a gentleman. His personal life is unblemished. He is a university graduate, and also a graduate of the Harvard law school. And he is a man who does things. As chairman of the Marion county Republican central committee, Mr. Jewett accomplished, in 1914, and again in 1916, that which

his most enthusiastic friends would, in the beginning, have believed to be impossible. He is a successful man, and a man of character. As mayor of greater Indianapolis he will demonstrate himself to be the man of the hour. And the Republicans of Indianapolis can not too quickly realize the real facts of this situation, and the necessity of making Mr. Jewett's vote so nearly unanimous as to make the candidacy of Lew Shank the best thing it can ever be—just a joke.

The Enactment of the Prohibition Bill

At any rate, the second act of the drama is over. Everyone knows now that the Wright prohibition measure passed the House by a vote of 70 to 28 and the Senate by a vote of 38 to 11, and the bill is now a law. But how it all happened might have some interest to the ordinary layman in politics, who is not permitted to stand in the wings and watch the performance on the Indiana political stages from behind the scenes. And to understand just what has happened it is needful to go back a little.

Nearly a year ago, before the last State primaries, the Republican party of Indiana began to arrange its battle lines fully sensible to the great difficulties of its situation. First of all, the party itself was divided; the Republican party had made the fatal blunder of paying servile obedience to "the old guard" and repudiating the most powerful men in its organization, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Albert J. Beveridge. The result was the Progressive party. And these dissatisfied secessionists from the Republican ranks were far from reconciled to the suggestion of a return to the parent party. And then the Democrats were in power. These two situations made it painfully obvious that any hope of success depended not only upon a reunion with the progressives, but also upon enlisting every possible ally and assistance to which any hopeful appeal could be made.

Now one such assistance, which looked exceedingly alluring, was the liquor interests. There are twenty-eight breweries in Indiana—nearly every one under German management and control. The German-Americans were, many of them, displeased with President Wilson's decided pro-ally sympathies. And it seemed that the psychological moment had come to detach from the Democratic party in Indiana, this exceedingly useful partner.

By a series of very clever maneuvers and the solemn pledge that there would be no State-wide prohibition law enacted by Republican support, the thing was done, and a very large and powerful section of the liquor interests in Indiana swung loose from their old friends the Democrats and allied themselves with a new and unknown partner.

How much better it is to always stand by "the devil you know"—but they didn't—and now that ungenerous individual is shaking them up in his roaster with many a comforting, "I told you so."

Anyhow the allegiance was made and in complacent assurance, the liquor interests dropped the subject of their material concerns in Indiana—until the legislature convened. No sooner had this important body assembled than it became alarmingly evident that something had happened that had not been on the bill at all. And the gentlemen who had exceedingly important interests at stake began to wonder just how far those pre-election pledges could be regarded as binding on these newly elected Senators and Representatives, who now had matters entirely in their own hands and were chiefly conspicuous—most of them—for their rather inflated sense of their own importance.

But the legislature convened, and profoundly

stirred by the consciousness that something had happened, the liquor interests—not at the eleventh hour—but at 11:59:30 attempted to organize in defense of their capital investments in Indiana of some twenty-eight millions of dollars. It was not the prohibition of the sale of liquor in Indiana that concerned these gentlemen most—for only about 15 per cent. of the liquor manufactured in Indiana is consumed in this State—but it was the ruthless confiscation of their properties that stirred them to the most desperate defensive measures; desperate, yes, but hopelessly ineffective.

These gentlemen were men of entirely too much importance to get into Indianapolis unobserved by the always watchful Indianapolis News. And that organ immediately coined two designating phrases, "The Big Lobby" and "The Dry Forces." How much more respectable sound has the latter of these! Well, the News began to declaim in righteous concern against "The Dry Lobby." No matter if it never existed, the phrase was effective.

As a matter of fact, so far as can be learned, not a single important man connected with the liquor interests has ever been in the State House during the present session. And "The Big Lobby" has had no existence except in the political program of this great daily.

But "The Dry Forces" were quite another affair. Their existence was everywhere evident. An important room in the State house was placed at their disposal. The daily press contained oft repeated references as to how certain proposed legislation was regarded by "The Dry Forces." It became exceedingly evident that some sort of an organization existed far more powerful than the legislature itself. And then the liquor interests awoke to just what had happened. "While they slept an enemy had sowed tares in the field."

It became everywhere evident that long before this legislature convened "The Dry Forces" had been working from the rear. And their methods were simple and familiar. These methods were to create an apparent public sentiment that would stampede the legislature into acting in disregard of every other consideration than the drive that was to be made upon them.

And such a drive as it was! Thousands of people singing, "Onward, Christian Soldier," thronged the somber corridors of the State house. Petitions bearing some 300,000 signatures were piled high on the legislators' desks. The effect made a Billy Sunday gathering look as tame, by comparison, as a Presbyterian prayer meeting. Governor Goodrich called it "overwhelming." And whatever it might be called, one thing sure did happen: an epidemic of cold feet swept through the Republican ranks that gathered up every one in its wake from his excellency, the Governor, clear on down to the smallest of those legislators.

The Republican leaders stood by in dumb and helpless disgust at what was happening, but what could they do? Mr. Thomas Taggart was appealed to to replace the fading Republican column with Democratic votes. But Mr. T. T. has not made his fame helping Republicans out of desperate situations. He just told those who appealed to him to make the Republicans live up to their promises. But the thing couldn't be done! It was like a prairie fire, or a cattle stampede, or a log drive, or a cyclone—it just swept everything in its course. And the mad scramble for the prohibition band wagon was the spectacular performance of the second act, which might have been given the title, "The Power Behind the Throne."

But the third act, which will surely be far less exciting than the second, remains yet to be performed. In a well-constructed drama the climax always comes in the second act and in the last act the elements which have been developed in the first

two are assembled in their proper relation in order that right and justice may be done.

So far as any evidence indicates "The Great Stampede" represented about 10 per cent. of the population of this State. What the majority of the citizens of Indiana would think about this State-wide Prohibition measure, if they understood fully just what it means, remains yet to be discovered, and may now never be known.

The equities, justice, property rights, and, for that matter, constitutional rights, involved in this legislation, remain also to be discovered. And the tribunal of discovery here can only be the courts. And there a "stampede program" might be difficult.

Then there is the half-pathetic and half-comical position of the Republican State organization. Will the choir please rise and sing, "Don't Smite the Hand That Feedeth You."

And finally there is the serious question of whether class legislation, driven into enactment by a stampede performance, representing but a small fractional part of the citizenship of this State, is the kind of legislation that Indiana wants.

Another paragraph might be written setting out the conclusions to which these facts would lead, but that is difficult. Facts are facts for every one. But conclusions are of three sorts.

There is the conclusion of the man who either is incapable of any opinion, or who can only have an opinion which expresses his prejudices, and is stolidly unwilling to consider any facts adverse to those prejudices.

Then there is the conclusion of the man who at heart has an opinion, but lacks the courage to act on it. He is always found on the band wagon.

Finally, there is the opinion of the man who has intelligent convictions and has also the courage of his convictions. And he is seldom found in the band wagon—or following "the line of least resistance."

With this brief suggestion the reader can arrange the conclusions to which these facts would lead to please himself. Any way he has the facts.

Local Bills in Spotlight

From the spotlight of State-wide importance the legislature has dwindled away now into a matter of local importance only. With the exception of a State highway bill now pending in House and Senate, there is little of interest in the proposed legislation which will startle the State. The talk of economy measures has ended with the discovery the oil inspection bill is in all probability an oil company relief measure; the conservation bill is a bill to grab some more salary from the State treasury and the Governor has ended his campaign for abolishing other offices.

The highway bill will be passed in the house, but the manner in which it will appear in the statutes is questionable at present, for every moment that passes, new amendments are prepared and submitted and each senator and most of the representatives are ready to take a hand in the framing of this law.

The "gravel three-mile road law," posted for death in the original Goodrich plan, will survive. The plan to end this law has aroused a storm of opposition over the State and the Goodrich machine can not cope with it. Backfires have consumed themselves and still the sentiment for the bill continues.

The bills of local importance will result in many acts of oratory and amusement for the staid visitors to the Senate and House chambers, but no one will suffer with the excitement aroused by these measures.

The Indianian and Indianapolis

With this week The Indianian took the first steps toward inaugurating its future campaign for circulation. What has been so far done has been experimental and for the purpose of ascertaining the attitude of the public toward the publication, the results have contained some surprises.

For one thing the representatives of The Indianian found a disposition among a few people called upon to refuse support to the publication because these people did not agree with its policy—for example, with respect to the recent prohibition issue.

The right of any person to refuse to subscribe for The Indianian because he does not like the magazine, or is not interested in it, or even does not believe in it, is open to no question whatever. But to refuse recognition to this publication because it takes a view of a public question in which the reader does not agree is hardly creditable to any open-minded citizen. Is not any man the better off for knowing something of both sides, or all sides, of an issue that is of great public concern? The answer is obvious.

The Indianian is conducted as an absolutely independent publication—dependent of ownership, independent of patronage, and, what is most important of all, absolutely independent of public opinion. And the reason for all this independence is neither arrogance nor any cocksureness of its own opinions. It is the principle that should underlie any sort of independence and that is self-respect. Neither an individual nor an institution that can hold its own self-respect need to be much concerned about the respect of others.

But this spirit of independence is more than a sentiment, or personal conviction. The city of Indianapolis needs a publication that has the courage as well as the ability to tell all the truth about any subject that merits its attention. If The Indianian is equal to this responsibility then it has a great mission of usefulness in this community which the people of Indianapolis will gradually come to appreciate.

Referring again to the recent prohibition issue: But one of the many sides of this issue are ever presented from either the pulpit or the press, and that is the demoralizing influence of the bad saloon. But the liquor industry means a great deal more than just the bad saloon, and prohibition means much more than stopping the sale of liquor which is supposed to be its real purpose. There are property rights involved running into huge figures. And this industry has been so incorporated by taxation and otherwise into our economic system that any abrupt disturbance of it works not only private injury but serious public disarrangement as well.

For instance the average citizen is hardly prepared to realize that the United States government profits by the liquor industry at least ten fold by comparison to the manufacturers themselves. A distillery is practically operated by government agents. The output of all the distilleries in America last year (except goods manufactured for export) was about \$400,000,000. Of this amount about \$300,000,000 was paid to the United States government for internal revenue.

Now is any citizen the worse off for knowing just what it means to this State for a State-wide prohibition measure to be enacted? This particular issue is used as illustration not for objectionable repetition but because of its recent importance.

But this is not all: Every one feels, and a few know, that there is something wrong with Indianapolis. Public sentiment has had a blight of some sort. Mr. Steinhart recently called forceful

attention to it. Mr. John N. Willys later had something to say about it. The recent Mr. Dawe recognized the presence of something that was not right. And the consciousness of some sort of a civic ailment that has not yet been diagnosed is obvious to just about every one. The Indianian is not pretending at present to diagnose the malady, but one or two symptoms are well worth observing.

Everyone knows that Indianapolis is cursed with a spirit of selfishness. So general has this become that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that this community is not only just about destitute of ideals but almost of ideas. The general level of thinking in Indianapolis is on a much lower plane than it should be. All of this is one symptom.

Another symptom can be best gotten at by comparing this community with really big men. Would not the situation be rather grotesque if a really big man like Thomas A. Edison, or John Wanamaker, or Henry Ford, or J. Ogden Armour were suddenly incorporated into this community? Would not the misfit be almost spectacular? What on earth would we do with such a man? But a more serious question is why haven't we got at least one man of that class?

Does the public generally know that recognition is very grudgingly given to real ability in this community? And that meanwhile any man who accomplishes anything really worth while here has got to do so against the most unreasonable and unnecessary obstructions? Well, all this is true. And it is true because the wrong sentiment has become dominant here. And yet there are just as many men here in proportion to the population of big minds and beautiful hearts as there are anywhere else. But these men are not living up to their own personal standards. And they believe—many of them—that in Indianapolis they dare not do so—that here every man must be on the defensive.

Well now to the point: The real mission of The Indianian is to encourage these men of big minds and beautiful hearts to assert the courage of their convictions—and then its mission to organize public sentiment on the basis of the highest and most generous intelligence and the most worthy and progressive ideals. Its mission is education and construction. It is to the citizens who sympathize with such a purpose that The Indianian makes its first appeal. And the appeal has not been without response. If this magazine should publish a list of its first one hundred subscribers, any citizen of Indiana would count it to his credit to be numbered with such a company.

Public sentiment is going to change in Indianapolis. It is unthinkable that the present stagnation of civic ideals can continue. There are scores of strong fine capable men in this community who know that there is no such thing as being selfish and narrow-minded and at the same time being honest and fair-minded. And they know also that selfishness absolutely paralyzes any spirit of progress. Well, these men are going to find the justification and the courage to assert themselves, one by one, and perhaps The Indianian will be of some service in helping them find that justification and courage.

And, moreover, The Indianian is going to continue to put so much real value into its columns that the man—and there won't be many—who refuses to subscribe will miss a good deal more than he will save.

But in closing let this be said: The real citizens of this community, the men who express in their own ideals the spirit of greater Indianapolis, that unorganized fraternity of fine courage, big minds and beautiful hearts—the real building of greater Indianapolis—can do anything they wish to do if they will just learn to feel together and think together and act together.

Women and the Constitutional Convention

The moment the constitutional convention bill was signed by Governor James P. Goodrich, the first guns of the warfare of trouble were sounded. The first guns were those of the women who have been influential in forcing some of the recent legislation through the legislature. They are now insisting that any effort to prevent them from voting for delegates to the constitutional convention will meet their opposition and wrath.

The suffrage bill which is to be considered in both houses, has a provision permitting the women to vote for delegates to the convention. Senator Negley and others are very serious in their view that permitting the women to participate in this convention may invalidate the actions of the convention and they are preparing to push their demands that the women be not permitted to vote in this instance, even though nine-tenths suffrage becomes a condition.

But the women alone are not causing trouble. The constitutional convention bill is to be tested in court. Some of the Senators, in passing the bill, declared they did not believe it is constitutional for a legislature to call a convention without first submitting the question to the vote of the people. And those who revere the work of the fathers of our present constitution are preparing to have the courts test this provision of the bill.

The Legislative Caucus

"Once the suffrage fight is over, we might as well clear decks and adjourn unless our democratic friends have something they wish enacted," is the statement of one Republican Senator. It expresses what, in crude but highly colored terms, is a "mouthful of description" of conditions in the Republican side of the State legislature.

Among the representatives there is a showing of harmony because of the great majority possessed by the party in the House of Representatives. Among the Senators, open warfare is in session and to all appearances, no one is ready to take to the trenches. Bombs, highly explosive and decorated with roses, the American flag and other necessities of oration, are being cast daily.

"If they ever get me into a caucus again, they will know it," said one Republican Senator in expressing the depths of his feelings. "I am through and I am going to vote for platform measures. They have done sufficient work to wreck the party for years. I am through. I know enough to vote for the benefit of the party in the future."

Distilleries An Asset in War Time

That the nine distilleries in Indiana, which the State-wide prohibition law would put out of business, may play a big part in furnishing supplies to the United States in the event of war is shown by a statement made by the Indiana Distillers' Association in offering its output to President Wilson. The following telegram has been sent to President Wilson by Nat E. Squibbs, head of the distillers' organization:

"To Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.:

"As pledged last July to the preparedness board, we have this day placed the capacity of our distilleries at the disposal of the government. We have advised Dr. Barnard, president of the State board, at Indianapolis. This will give you an immediate per diem of 125,000 gallons of refined alcohol for munitions and medical supplies as per costs system arranged with your board."

What Shall We Believe?

By SENYAHNALLA

If some great mind, with a sweep that was universal and powers of analysis that were equal to the undertaking, should present an analytical statement of the Christian Church and its relation to the twentieth century, such a statement would be world arresting. But such an examination is unlikely at present. A mind equal to the task has not yet spoken, and, moreover, it is further probable that only as consideration of human problems that are imminent in their demands extends observation into the field occupied by the Church, is any inquiry into the real relation of the Church to Society justified.

But there are human problems that are imminent. Poverty is one. The past half century recorded a development of wealth among the world's great nations which exceeds that of the ten centuries preceding. This should have worked a corresponding improvement in the conditions of the average individual. But just the opposite result is what has happened. The proportion of poverty is greater today than ever before in all history. And what is even more significant, the lot of the average man is more beset with difficulties right now than ever before in the records of the race.

And the universal social problem might be put in terms something like these: With more wealth per capita in the world today than ever before in its history, there is also a large proportion of poverty, want, suffering, despair and death. More than five thousand persons died last year in New York City of starvation—most of them women and children. With more industrial and commercial activity in the world than ever had been dreamed of a hundred years ago—with the world's pay roll greater for the single year of 1916 than it was for the whole of the eighteenth century—the lot of the average man in this day of unprecedented prosperity and opulence is more clouded with uncertainty than ever before in all time. Is it any wonder that there is Anarchy and Socialism and Unionism and almost every other possible movement of protest and reconstruction?

But all of these movements of protest and rearrangement are falling short of their purposes for the reason—everywhere apparent—that the House of Humanity is divided against itself. And for this condition there are two responsible elements. One is—not the Church exactly—but the construction that has been put upon its functions by the men and women who make it up. The other is the indifference of the comfortable few to the condition of the less fortunate multitude.

If the Rev. William A. Sunday, or any other of the celebrated evangelists of times recent or remote, are to be accepted as qualified spokesmen for the Church, then its mission is to preach a gospel of personal salvation. And right here is where the man who thinks encounters two serious difficulties. In the first place it is difficult to see just wherein the gain is in being "saved." There are plenty of people about who declare they are "saved," and maybe they are, but most folks, who know them well, would like to see them fed for a long while yet on the milk of human kindness before granting them the spiritual superiority which they claim for themselves.

The second difficulty which the man of some intellectual freedom encounters is the *condition* upon which this personal salvation is obtained. Mr. Sunday, et al., say there is just ONE condition: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." We stand un-

covered as we put down these words, for who is there that can fail to believe and love the gentle Prophet of Bethlehem, whose great heart was all love—and who spent His brief and amazing career "going about doing good." But that is not the explanation. One is not merely asked to believe in Jesus, but the believer must also believe that He was conceived in immaculate innocence, miraculously born, taken from the tomb by divine power, and translated to a mystic heaven where for two thousand years He has been waiting for His Church to be made ready. This and very much more of the same sort is what one is told and one must believe in order to gain an indifferent salvation.

And is it any wonder that when a doctrine of impossible acceptance is put forward as the Condition to a Salvation that seems to amount to so little, that one is compelled to throw up his mental palms and retreat from the undertaking in dismay?

Then, too, there is the strained and unnatural atmosphere of the Church. One likes to look into his neighbor's face in candid honesty. No honest heart likes a masquerade. But getting into the atmosphere of the Church is somehow often like the feelings of the country boy of fifty years ago, dressed up once a month or so in his stiff and uncomfortable "Sunday best." How good it felt to get back into a hickory shirt and one-gallus overalls; but no better than it feels to get out of the boiled-shirt atmosphere of a long, stiff hour that felt like some perversion of a funeral service, into the more comfortable habiliments of one's everyday thinking.

And finally this idea that personal salvation is the one great purpose of an institution as vast and wonderful as the Church of Christ, is when one considers just what it means—unutterably selfish. How much better off is the world when some old skin-flint gets ticketed through to the pearly gates? The assurance he gets out of it may make him more selfish and intolerant than ever. And, besides, what right has the Church to waste any time on him when some little, helpless child is starving? But such seems to be the situation.

In default of any immediate alternative let one just *Suppose!* Suppose that for the next ten years or so, this doctrine of personal salvation be put aside and in its stead the wonderful opportunity of personal service be put forward. Suppose in that time that not a word is said about theological doctrines—that no one is ever asked to believe anything except that he ought to love his fellowman and that there is a vast unworked gold mine of good in his own heart. Suppose that Church rolls be discarded and that every man and woman with sympathy and generosity in his heart—no matter what might be his reputation or social position—be invited to join in a world movement of doing good.

Suppose this brother and sisterhood of Abou ben Adhem should put forward a few doctrines like these:

- "1. We love our less fortunate brothers and sisters and the helpless little children.
- "2. We hate only selfishness.
- "3. Every man, woman and child with sympathy in his heart has the right to do good—no matter how great a "sinner" he may be.
- "4. We believe there is enough of love and kindness and sympathy and generosity in the world to take care of all the want and suffering and defeat and ruin and death with which Selfishness has cursed humanity.

"5. We do not know much about God, but we do not believe that Divine Love ever started this world in insolvency and on a road that leads only to suffering and despair and defeat for the multitude.

"6. So long as there is a neglected child, a suffering, helpless woman, or a burdened and defeated man in all the world, we have a duty to perform.

"7. And when our work is done we shall be content if our only reward is the reign of love in our hearts."

Just suppose these doctrines were put forward and then lived up to by the men and women who feel in their hearts the call of the world's need! How much we would learn from it all!

For one thing we would learn why it was that Jesus turned sorrowfully away from the Church folk of His day and went and lived out His life among the publicans and sinners. Then as now the publicans and sinners were the sweetest, most lovable, and, what is more, most useful people there were. Then, as now, they were about the only folk really worth while.

And we would learn, too, that the world's fabulous development of the past century in material wealth is but an allegory which prophesies a much more fabulous development of the world's gold mine of undiscovered and unused goodness—when every good man and every good woman—whatever he or she may be—lays upon the altar of service that of the good in his soul which he does not need for himself.

It is ours to find in the world's desert of neglect and want a new Bethel—and such a wonderful House of God it will be—all of His friends will be there. There we may raise up a new altar of worship, because it has first been an altar of service, where we have laid the long-forgotten tributes of our sympathy. And there will be music, too—the care-free songs of little children who are resting safely now in Love's strong arms—the grateful songs of tired women who have found in the world's sympathy and concern a safeguard from the terrors of anxiety; and in this choir of rejoicing will be the glad voices of the men who have found rest from unrequited toil, and those stronger men who have found at last their work in the Master's Cause.

But hush! This Bethel is the Master's House and He has opened the book to read:

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in;

Naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

The Master raises His eyes from the book, and back from the multitude rolls the response:

"Lord when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee? Or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?

"When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? Or naked and clothed Thee? When saw we Thee sick, or in prison and came unto Thee?"

Then will the Master hold out to His friends the hands of blessing, and, as He stands before them, say:

"Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Organize to Build Up Industrial State

Southern Illinois has perfected an organization to locate factories in that territory. The argument is made that Southern Illinois is near the center of population and markets of the United States. The organization is now advertising for factories in this territory. Indiana has the center of population and markets of the United States, the greatest of all transportation systems. The secretary of a commercial organization of a city a few miles west of Chicago explained to the writer why it is difficult for that city to secure factories. Freight rates to and from all points on a line with Chicago or east of that city are seven per cent. (7%) higher than in Indiana towns. He said: "Your people do not recognize fully their great advantages. You should be able through proper co-operation to make Indiana easily the chief manufacturing State of the Union."

Pay-rolls make business. Factories make pay-rolls. They bring money from all parts of the country or world and disburse it in local channels. The factory is a community asset. Most manufacturing plants are started on limited capital, usually from some invention. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Even with a going concern, extra capital is usually helpful in extending markets. The location of a plant may make it or break it.

The "live-wire" merchants in nearly all Indiana towns and smaller cities recognize the benefits to trade from good factories. They know, too, that it costs money to move a factory. Losses are incurred in removal of machinery, readjustments of sales force, etc. While large and direct bonuses are not so generally employed as formerly, the manufacturer expects that these will be covered. The money used is ordinarily back in the channels of trade within a short time.

A method which is being employed in various places is this: Stock is subscribed in a local development company. This participates in profits of operation, whether the method used be sale of lots in an industrial addition or stock in the factories located. From such a sale of lots, a fund is sometimes created. This is invested in stock, usually preferred, with a contract that the locating manufacturer shall buy back this stock as fast as he is able. The fund is thus available for other locations. With such close examinations of plants as there should be, there is no reason why any public-spirited citizen co-operating should lose a dollar.

An organization is being formed in one of the Southern States to act in conjunction with the State Chamber of Commerce. That State Chamber of Commerce has been discussing themes of more interest industrially than the "care of mental defectives," etc. Factories will be secured from outside the State and located in towns represented

in the organization. This auxiliary organization will act as go-between in securing factories. It will do great good and should make considerable money while doing so, as anybody who knows what certain factory locators have been able to make for themselves will understand.

Many manufacturers located at points far removed from the center of population and markets of the United States are yearly spending thousands of dollars which they could save if their plants were located in Indiana.

It has been repeatedly charged by live business men in towns and cities of Indiana outside of Indianapolis that the citizens of the capital city have never shown sufficient appreciation for favors bestowed upon the city by the State. Our wonderful traction system has been of great benefit. But it is largely responsible for the fact that our merchants seem to take it for granted that they own the trade of all this territory. It has been charged that Indianapolis firms too generally are self-sufficient and too contented, not sufficiently aggressive for increase of business and that we spend too much time in politics. A lot of wholesale business in towns near Indianapolis is now going to rival cities because of this apathy and manifestations of a "tight-wad" disposition. Mere hand shakes and some jolly are not enough. A more active interest in the welfare of retailers in these "feeder" towns should be shown. Many of these retailers in these outside towns are suffering from the fierce inroads of retail mail order houses. In direct proportion that these mail order houses grab business from these retailers our wholesalers lose. But what interest has been shown in combatting or curtailing this evil among our wholesalers and manufacturers?

Indianapolis lost one of its largest automobile industries which could have been kept here with some intelligent co-operation. It is said that the raising of about \$60,000 for extending the markets of that factory would have kept it in Indianapolis. The city which did assist that industry has received back many times that \$60,000 in the pay-rolls of that factory. Louisville has just raised more than a million dollars to aid in locating factories in that city. It is a trade rival in much territory south of Indianapolis. Already there has been much consideration of the organization of a company in Louisville to assist in locating factories in the towns of Southern Indiana and Kentucky.

If this is done and it is very likely to be accomplished soon, for Louisville has begun to do real things of consequence—Indianapolis business men may rest assured that this accomplishment and the argument "we are helping you," will be used by Louisville firms and traveling men in taking trade away from Indianapolis. It is time to stop mere theorizing here. It is time to get busy and do something.

Reduction in Revenues

Before the ink is dry on the Governor's signature making the State-wide prohibition law a part of the Indiana statutes the problems arising from the coming reduction of State revenues already are troubling public officials. Schools, public institutions, courts and the administration of the government all cost money. State-wide prohibition will wipe out an annual revenue from saloon licenses alone in Indiana of almost two million dollars and this deficit must be met.

Time has been taken by the forelock in Indianapolis and the board of school commissioners has determined to ask the Legislature for power to make an additional tax levy for school purposes up to 15 cents on the \$100.

With the saloons in two wards of the city wiped out by remonstrance the license fees paid by the saloons remaining amount to about \$120,000, or the equivalent to a five-cent tax levy. The same situation will confront other cities and counties in the State.

It has been argued that in return for the revenues that have been abolished the State will profit by a reduction in the expense of keeping up penitentiaries, insane hospitals, jails and poor houses. That may be true—eventually. But in the penitentiaries there are many life-term prisoners; the present inmates of the insane hospitals will have to be cared for, and following out this line of reasoning even the most enthusiastic reformer certainly couldn't expect to depopulate the jails and the poor houses, at least until the present crop of John Barleycorn's worshippers has been gathered in by the grim reaper.

The solution to the revenue problem is taxation—applied scientifically or heroically, as the case may be. But the revenue must be raised. And here is one place where the meek and lowly hired hand, who in these days of the Reign of Demon Rum and the high cost of living keeps only about two jumps ahead of the wolf, may entwine his fingers, twirl his thumbs, roll his eyes and murmur, "Blessed is he that hath nothing for he shall escape taxation."

Aggressive Work for Indianapolis

Aggressive work for the upbuilding of the city, with "Wake up, Indianapolis" as its slogan, is promised by the reorganized Chamber of Commerce. The achievements of the Chamber the last year were recounted before a membership meeting Wednesday evening and while greater accomplishments are promised under the reorganization, a review of the year shows the chamber took part in many activities for the bettering of the city. But more constructive work is needed and the new directors of the chamber know that means aggressive co-operation to accomplish the work.

The Chamber of Commerce has fathered a bill introduced by Senator

Wolfson seeking to legalize the appointment of a city purchasing agent by Mayor Bell and to provide for the appointment of such purchasing agents by future administrations. The bill would establish a department of purchasing for the benefit of all branches of city activity, thus taking a big step toward placing the city's business as a corporation on a sound business-like basis.

Why the Emergency?

Otto L. Klauss, Auditor of State, began a campaign for efficiency when he took office. He refused to grant Republicans, who were appointed, any salary until he was convinced of their ability to hold the positions with satisfaction and credit. He insisted everywhere that efficiency should be the motto of his office.

Governor Goodrich has introduced a bill in the State Senate providing for the creation of a separate State department of banking and insurance. He would appoint the commissioner and remove him from the jurisdiction of Klauss. The insurance men of the State have insisted they want a separate department of insurance, but if the banking department is to be tacked on them they prefer the present system. They express their faith in Klauss.

That is the situation.

Klauss appears in open meeting and asks why this bill is drawn at this time as there is no demand for it. Klauss wants to know what his duties will be if the bill passes. He says if the efficiency of his office is questioned, he is big enough to resign. And then he asks: "Why the emergency clause in this bill? What is the necessity for it?"

The records show at one time Governor Goodrich owned a great amount of trust and banking company stock over which his appointed commissioner would have considerable influence.

And Klauss asks, "Why the emergency?"

The "Little Bill"

Senator Wolfson of Marion county has impressed everyone with his ability to orate and with his lack of fear of consequences. Mr. Wolfson always expresses his opinion and votes in accordance. Mr. Wolfson says the greatest trouble he can see with our present system is that bills are enacted into laws in too great haste. He suggests bills should be presented for thirty days, the legislature should adjourn for thirty days while the bills are being inspected and then it should reconvene to pass the bills in another thirty-day session.

"If you want to get any bill over now, all you've got to do is say, 'This is a little bill' and over it goes," says the Senator in expressing his disagreement with present methods of procedure.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Cupid will soon have to come riding in a golden chariot, with his arrows diamond-tipped and his quivering bow a glistening arch of gold and jewels. Even sentiment is modernized by a lavish display of wealth, and simplicity is as much out of fashion in sentimental affairs as it is in dress and in entertaining.

Perhaps nothing is more typical of the revolution in fashions than our 1917 Valentine's day. St. Valentine was formerly a mythical figure whose memory was perpetuated by the writing of pretty verses and the sending of dainty little missives whose sole value lay in their sentiment. He might have been Croesus judging from the way in which his birthday is celebrated today.

The valentine of long ago was a tender little verse on a lacy paper affair, designed with cupids or hearts or any of the regulation symbols. Those who disdained to send a conventional valentine even went so far as to pen original verses expressive of their love and devotion. That was the height of extravagance for the old-time valentine.

Today, a pretty little conventional valentine (if such could be found) would be treasured simply as a unique souvenir of the olden days, and would probably accompany a gift of rare value. Indianapolis girls this year will receive a carload of flowers, more or less, made up into the most stunning corsage bouquets. Huge clusters of violets, with center blossom of one's favorite color, will gladden many feminine hearts.

Clusters of sweetheart rosebuds and lilies of the valley for the debutante; and gorgeous bouquets of orchids and rare blossoms of all sorts will carry their tender message. And they will go forth in beautiful boxes tied with tulle, and designed with hearts and cunning little cupids. Extravagant baskets of blossoms are also perfectly good form as valentines this season, and bonbons are equally as popular.

Satin heart-shaped boxes preserve the semblance of sentiment as it appears in the form of delicious candies. In this case also the wrappings are as richly dainty as the contents. Books are put forth as valentine offerings and in fact any gift which is costly and beautiful enough to be acceptable at any time is suitable for a valentine, for we are living in an age of perennial Christmas, when all holidays are but an excuse for the exchange of gifts.

One Indianapolis woman will receive a truly lovely valentine in the form of a book of photographs of her little daughter. The pictures of the child from babyhood up have been

carefully preserved, and have been gathered together in a lovely leather-covered album to be presented as a valentine.

The little tots fare equally well as time turns the wheel of fortune for the elders. Dolls and toys, books and sweets are put up in the most alluring fashion for the small child of today. Even the regulation valentine has taken on new airs, and, shedding its lace paper and simple inscriptions, comes in hand-decorated cards of wondrous design.

More than one Indianapolis girl will be made happy by the receipt of a lovely bit of jewelry. Dainty dinner rings are particularly acceptable as valentines and gold and silver vanity cases coax the coins from generous purses.

Even the comic is not forgotten, the up-to-date version being an original bit of verse. One of our popular club women will receive from the members of her family a cleverly designed poster inscribed with the lines:

"Absorbed in club life, do you ever reflect
Upon the home duties you daily neglect?"

As her club activities are a source of much pride to her family, and her home life is ideal, the "comic" will be taken as the joke for which it is intended.

Cupid may be the patron saint of Valentine's day, but he rivals Santa Claus in the burden of his gifts.

* * *

Shopping is no longer done on the "hit and miss" plan, like the old rag rugs. If Indianapolis women are not intelligent shoppers it certainly is not the fault of the women's clubs of the city. There are classes in home efficiency, in every branch of domestic science, lectures on "Housekeeping on the Budget Plan," and in fact, "first aid" is given in every branch of buying and home-making.

One of the very practical lines of work is pursued by the class in home furnishings of the Woman's Department Club, which treats of important questions in supplying the home. Miss Estelle Izor, who has charge of the work, has recently taken up the question of color, design, character and durability of the weave of Oriental and domestic floor coverings, and discussed the relationship of rugs to floors, walls and furniture. It will soon be nothing less than a crime for a woman to be ignorant of the art of suitable and economic buying.

* * *

The dinner dance given in New York recently by the Indiana society was one of the most brilliant affairs the

Hoosiers of the metropolis have given. And they have been responsible for many social affairs, being as "clannish" as heart could wish. One of the lovely hostesses was Mrs. Lois Peirce-Hughes, formerly of Indianapolis, who was strikingly handsome in a severe gown of black panne velvet and tulle without a touch of color to relieve the somberness of the effect. Anyone with less vivid coloring than Mrs. Hughes, with her auburn hair coiled low, could not have carried off the costume with such stunning effect. Mrs. Hughes has put Indianapolis on the map as inventing a new vocation for women, being the first woman to act as hostess in one of the big New York hotels. Visiting Hoosiers testify to the advantages of having a woman as hostess on the woman's floor of the hotel, and the plan has since been widely adopted.

Another Hoosier in New York who has established a niche for herself in the metropolis is Miss Susan M. Ketcham, the artist, who has her studio in Carnegie Hall, and entertains a number of friends each Saturday afternoon throughout December and January. At her informal tea last Saturday afternoon the guests were permitted to see the result of her summer's work at Ogonquit, Me., and the painting which the Daughters of Indiana are soon to present to the Herron Art Institute of this city.

* * *

Everyone must cultivate a talent these days. More and more it is becoming the custom to exploit the talent of the guests at social gatherings, rather than hiring professional artists. And it is no hard matter to find an evening's entertainment well supplied by the members of almost any social gathering. Mrs. Anita Hendre Miles of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been spending some time with Governor and Mrs. James P. Goodrich has delighted the guests at several affairs where she has been entertained with her readings. At the tea given by Mrs. O. B. Jameson in honor of Governor and Mrs. Goodrich, Mrs. Miles gave a number of clever interpretations, including some of the verses of James Whitcomb Riley. Mrs. Josephine Etter Holmes of Columbus, Ohio, who was the guest of Mrs. H. S. Gruver, is a dramatic reader of great ability.

At the last meeting of the Portfolio club the evening's entertainment took the form of cabaret "stunts" given by the members, and some very clever bits were offered. Another "stunt" party given recently was that at the home of Dr. Ada E. Schweitzer, where each guest was required to do a stunt carrying out the idea of a country school.

Mrs. Samuel E. Morss of Paris, formerly of this city, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Coffin, came with a message to Indianapolis women. At a tea given by her hostess, she urged that American women set about at once preparing surgical dressings and hospital supplies.

Mrs. Morss and her daughter, Mme. Josephine Morss, have been with the American Ambulance Service since the outbreak of the war, and she spoke from sad experience of the great need of "first aid" material. She said that if the supplies were not needed in this country, they were sorely needed abroad.

* * *

Indianapolis is indeed assuming the airs of a big city when it establishes a bureau for social secretaries. Three young women of this city have recently formed such a bureau adding to its service as social secretary, the advantages of having club papers prepared and offering legal advice. Miss Maude Arnold is president of the corporation; Miss Eleanor P. Barker, vice-president, and Mrs. Martha Yon Marson, secretary and treasurer. The busy society woman will no longer despair of accomplishing her many tasks when a mere telephone call will summon an efficient young woman who will attend to her correspondence, arrange engagements, and tackle that worst of all bugbears—the club paper.

* * *

Indianapolis artists were signally honored at the recent exhibition at Richmond, two of them winning the Mary T. R. Foulke prizes for the best paintings by resident Indiana artists. Clifton Wheeler's "Sunrise on Panther" won the first prize, and the second was awarded to Randolph L. Coats' "Hours of the Night." Wayman Adams received honorable mention for a remarkable portrait. This was the twentieth annual exhibition of the Richmond Art Association, and there were 107 canvases on display, the most notable collection by Hoosier artists ever shown.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. D. Chandler have gone to Nashville, Tenn., to attend the marriage of their son Maurice Hilliard Chandler to Miss Florence Bogle, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Bogle of Nashville, which took place today.

* * *

Miss Marie Heider will entertain this evening in honor of Miss Marguerite Roessner and Clarence W. Meyer, whose marriage will take place this month.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Well—which ticket are you going to vote next January or whenever it is the election for mayor comes off—the Silk Sock ticket or the Yarn Sock ticket?

Is it going to be By Jove or By Heck?

In other words, are you going to vote for Dick Miller or Lew Shank?

It will, if these two candidates turn out to be the only ones who come to bat, a sort of a contest between the Hig Brows and the Flat Feet, an affair of strength between the Haute Monde and the Hoi Polloi, both of which are good phrases whose other meaning can be found in the back of any well-informed directory.

Dick Miller is a former president of the Indiana Democratic Club, a graduate of the Indiana Law School, and a bond dealer, and he has a speaking acquaintance with more than a hundred words of more than five syllables. Lew Shank is, as one might say, the Antipodes of all three things.

Lew has gotten to the hearts of the public in a variety of ways; there was the red auction flag route, where people go to an auction just to hear Lew's gaudy oratory and remain to drive off in an express wagon with a second-hand baseburner that they haven't any more use for than a fish has for a pair of rubbers; then there was the famous potato market that still lingers lovingly in the memories of all as they now go to market and buy spuds as if they were buying alligator pears. There was the delightful and spectacular raid on the Columbia and University Clubs, although just why Lew should hop onto a Republican organization that way remains somewhat of a mystery.

Mr. Miller has pulled off none of these panoramic things at all, and remains more or less of a dignified mystery to many—that stuff about the bond business and the law school and all that, though, is perfectly true.

One of a mayor's most important jobs is to know how to give addresses of welcome to visiting conventions. He has to do other things, of course, but that is one of the main jobs—that and entertaining visiting celebrities and explaining away various things.

Suppose the National Convention of Floor Mop Makers was here in Indianapolis, and the mayor had to make the address of welcome.

Lew Shank would get up and say:

"Well, gosh ding it, all you fellers, I'm dad blamed glad to see you. By gosh, I don't know anything about floor mops, but I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that you gents make the best floor mops going, and Indianapolis is doggone glad to see you, by heck!

Make yourselves at home—see the sights, dad gum it, and boost the floor mop business and when you go home you tell the folks that Indianapolis is the doggondest best city you ever set your lamps on."

Mr. Miller would probably say:

"Gentlemen of the honorable organization of the Floor Mop Manufacturers of the United States, Indianapolis bids you welcome—were not the exigencies of the situation so contiguous, not to mention being ambiguous, I could assure you of the preservation of all our hard won ideals, which have been handed down to us from posterity and have brought about the realization of our loftiest ambitions, and in this hour of our reunion let me assure you that the floor mop is one of the greatest of the incredible achievements of man, and that as such you are to be congratulated."

Preparedness and the Coming Dry Spell

Well, after what happened in the Senate last Ground Hog Day—referring to that little matter of making Indiana dry—I began to have a sort of an inward urge that there was something in preparedness after all, although it does not seem as though such a thing could really happen, and maybe something will happen yet to prevent it.

Anyway—I rambled into a place I know of and I said to the gent in the white apron, who was busily putting a very swell polish on a high-ball glass, I said to him:

"Well—the weather forecast is for a long dry spell after April, 1918."

He put down the glass and he said to me:

"The worst thing about that bill is the fact that I've had to listen to that joke you just sprang on an average of forty-six times a day ever since it was did."

"It was a good joke," he went on, "for the first eighty or ninety times, but after that," he said, "it begun to get tiresome. And now," he said, "I'm off it for keeps. Think up something new," he said, "and lay off that 'dry spell' humor."

Well, I might have added something about "dry humor," but it didn't seem exactly the place, so I asked him what was he going to do if the State went dry—how would he dispose of his genius, and all that, and what would happen?

"I'm designing a lot of new drinks right now," he said, having finished with the high-ball glass, and beginning on a gin rickey tureen, "and while

they may not have the old w. k. kick of the drinks of happier day, still, they will not be so bad."

He said that one of the first drinks he invented was the Y. M. C. A. cocktail, and that sounded fair enough, and I asked him what was in it. He said it was simple—that any child could mix it. That, in fact, it consisted of a glass of milk with a prune in it.

"There's no great demand for it yet," he said, "but just come in along about a year from next April, and you'll see 'em all lappin' 'em up."

He showed me another swell little drink, which he called a Sahara stinger. It consisted of cold tea with a sprig of parsley in it. It looked enough like a mint julep to be its aunt by marriage, but it was not so inspiring to drink.

"This," said the gent in the white apron, "is one of my best inventions. I call it a bath-towel fizz. It consists of sody water, garnished with a small slice of Turkish towel, which gives it its name. You aint supposed to eat the bath towel any more than you're supposed to eat the lime in a gin rickey. It belongs to the house, same as the glass."

I said I could foresee all kinds of strange doings when once this insidious new beverage was hoisted on to the thirsty public.

Well, he had invented several other drinks, but after I had sampled the above, I felt that I had done about enough. He told me that many other persons beside myself were converts to this preparedness stuff. He said some had hit upon a system of buying one bottle of something or other every day, and taking it home and stashing it in the basement. They figured, he said, that they would be about four hundred bottles to the good by April, 1918, in this manner, and that that ought to stave off disaster until they could settle up their affairs and emigrate to St. Louis or Cincinnati.

Others, he said, were already going systematically to work to store what they could by the process of absorption and if things went on, he said, by April, 1918, a lighted match would produce a blue, alcoholic flame anywhere in their near vicinity.

"We're all goin' to do the best we can," he said, "and that's the best anybody can do. If something don't turn up in the meantime to reverse this dry business, I guess along about April, 1918, will see me either a movie actor or going into the chicken farming business. One's as good as another. And in the mean time," he says, "you'd better say what you'll have while the saying is still good."

So I said it.

Rube Uses Automobile Show Pass

One of the most popular of indoor sports during the week was going to the automobile show in the Steinhart building at Eleventh and Meridian streets and making a noise like a person who was thinking about buying a car.

I, myself, was thinking about it—I think about it every time I have to wait fifty minutes for a street car and then do a south paw swing from a strap when the car finally does come. But that is as far as it ever gets, or as far as it ever will get, or as far as I ever will get unless they extend the street car tracks, which there is no immediate prospect of their doing.

As I say, I was thinking about it, and some one had gimme a pass to the show, which was good, as they cost half a buck. I heard several people say that it was a good deal as if the department stores would charge a gate admission of a dime, but I guess that arrangement was made to keep out the large mob who never even thought of buying an automobile, and anyway if anyone wants to see cars all he has to do is stick around Meridian and New York streets about 5:30 any evening and he will see a plenty.

But it was a very fine show and they were showing everything in the automobile line from coupe to nuts. (You want to call that word "coop" in order to get the full force of the cleverness of that.) There were all kinds of automobiles and trucks, and there were Fords, too.

Then there were lots of these sporty looking roadsters which one drives sitting on the back of his neck—the kind you associate, somehow, with a Wild College Career, and there were touring cars as big as a Pullman, and they had just about everything a Pullman has, too, except a porter—and each bunch of cars had its own particular valet who kept on dusting them off and keeping them shiny.

What with the cars all looking so fine, and the salesmen twanging their lyres, and the orchestra tooting, and four or five thousand people milling around the place all the time, the Automobile Show was, taking it by and large, a great success, and by means of looking very knowing when talking about motors and valves and clutches and transmissions, I managed to give the impression that I'd buy a car some time, mebber, and have arranged for no less than five demonstrating rides, which I intend to go around and collect if the weather ever gets a little warmer.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

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No. 6

Quo Vadis?

THE day has certainly arrived when the intelligence and public spirit of this community should organize for the defense of the commercial and industrial welfare of Indiana.

This State has just received an economic shock of more than sixty million dollars by the enactment of state-wide prohibition.

The legislature demonstrated itself as either unwilling or incapable of separating the moral from the economic issues involved in the liquor traffic, and dealing with them separately, as in all reason should have been done.

Another example of this short-sighted and unreasoning procedure is already evident in the proposed "Corporation Excise" bill—(House Bill No. 466).

The provisions of this bill, in brief, are as follows:

Railroad and transportation companies, one-half of one per cent. on gross earnings within the State.

Telegraph and other like companies, one per cent. on gross earnings within this State.

Water, gas, electric and other like companies, one per cent. of gross earnings from all sources within the State.

Insurance companies (except life) of other States, two per cent. of gross receipts, less return premiums and reinsurance.

Life insurance companies of other States, three per cent. of gross receipts in this State, with some deductions.

All insurance companies of this State, one per cent. of such gross receipts, with some deductions.

Every bank and trust company, one-eighth of one per cent. on its capital, surplus and undivided profits.

Every savings bank, one-eighth of one per cent. on its surplus.

Every oil company, four per cent. on its gross receipts.

Investment companies, one per cent. on their capital and surplus.

All other corporations (manufacturing, mercantile, etc.), if earning three per cent. or more, shall pay three-quarters of a mill for each per cent. earned; but, if earning less than three per cent., then one-quarter of a mill for each per cent. earned.

This is in addition to all taxes now collected.

Do the people of Indiana who are capable of analyzing such a proposed law as this, want to see the Indiana legislature put effective prohibition upon prosperity and progress in this State?

Is it not time that those who are really capable of intelligent opinion and accurate foresight, come to the front and assert themselves?

Is it really true that the business interests of this State have no more intelligent conception of their own welfare than is indicated in this proposed act?

And finally, who is to be sponsor for the Spirit of Greater Indiana—Will some one please say!

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Preparedness and Patriotism

The one absorbing subject of the hour is, of course, the European war. So much has been written on this subject that further adventure in the literary interpretation of this cataclysm of the ages would seem both superfluous and futile. But the old proverb still holds good, "In the making of many books there is no end," etc. And the proverb serves as some slight justification for this addition to the vast literary accumulation before which any reader stands helpless.

From the beginning the American idea of the great war has been distinctively "American." Americanisms of any sort are as self-obligatory and as unconsciously held as is the characteristic American accent. And one of the most distinctive of these is the American idea of anything European. It is doubtful if an American could add anything to his education of greater interest and more significant value than to get the European idea of things American. But we were talking of the American idea of the great war—and idea that is glaringly second-hand, and one that has scarcely changed since the war began.

Everyone remembers how, when the war began about three years ago, the universal opinion on this side was that the war would be of brief duration and that the Kaiser would very soon lose his crown, and goodness knows what else. And this is how the characteristic American idea of dealing with big European subjects began. It was purely a quantitative analysis. On the one side was the British empire—France and Russia—a ponderous dead weight of more than five hundred million souls. On the other was Germany and Austria with a combined population of about seventy-five millions, and hopelessly hemmed in on all sides. No other conclusion seemed possible from the quantitative survey of the situation. Germany was doomed, and that right speedily.

But the calculation went wrong somehow. After more than thirty months of the war—not one day of which has been fought on German soil—a survey of the situation discloses the fact that the territory under undisputed German control is now nearly as large again as was Germany itself when the war began, the Kaiser still has his crown, and the German nation, without either sympathy or succor from the outside world, is now the enigma of all civilization. And the American people are just beginning to realize that they know very little about Germans or Germany.

And in this connection it is worth remarking that what we know of Germans, or Frenchmen, or the Irish or Russians, or any other Europeans, from those who have come to America, does not prove much. It is a fact that America changes any foreigner completely who comes here to live, with the result that within an incredibly brief time he bears but small resemblance to a son of his fatherland. Anyone who knows Ireland well finds it difficult to realize that the New York policeman ever came from there. And where the Irish-American got his accent will always mystify the American who is at all familiar with the grave, soft, musical, slow-spoken accent of Killarney. The powerful amalgamating influence of the American nation makes a new product of the foreigner who comes to our shores, to be quickly assimilated into something that has a flavor, not quite American, but certainly not that of his home land. Therefore, one cannot too clearly realize that to know German-Americans is not to know Germans.

Germany is first of all a monarchy, with a man at its head who directs its affairs with undisputed authority. And this, taken together with the fact that Emperor William is immeasurably the superior of any other European monarch, is more than mere-

ly significant. Then American thought is notoriously superficial and the American political theology is pragmatism grafted on to absolute socialism. These two facts make it difficult for the American to understand a nation as perfectly organized as any business corporation; a nation conducted on the plane of the highest efficiency and without waste, and a nation with a political theology expressed in a word which needs a lot of explaining to make it even comprehensible here—*Kultur*.

Kultur is the systematic arrangement of the intellectual conceptions and convictions of the German people. It is the net result of German thinking from Spinoza to Nietzsche. And it constitutes a system of thought as definite as the theology of the Roman church.

It is facts like these that makes German character and the German nation almost impossible of comprehension to any American. And then America has been in a ridiculous degree the victim of one European nation that understands us better than we know ourselves, England. Since the war began the only source of information to America has been England. And most of the definite ideas of the great war that prevail on this side of the Atlantic have been very carefully prepared for our absorption by that most powerful of all Englishmen—to whom Lloyd-George himself looks for inspiration and guidance.

Lord Northcliffe began his public career as publisher Harmsworth. He soon became known as the largest English publisher of weekly publications. Then he entered the newspaper field.

The Daily Mail, with the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world, became his property. The News, the Weekly Mirror and finally the London Times, all became his. When the Times fell into the hands of a Tory, its founder must have turned in his grave. But there was no limiting his amazing personality—government recognition followed fast. He was first knighted, then raised to the peerage and three years ago his brother was made Lord Harmsworth. Lord Northcliffe—the most powerful Englishman since Cromwell, and the uncrowned director-general of British politics—is the author of the news policy which has been carefully served up to the American people, as all they have known of the great war.

And Lord Northcliffe's policy has been very simple; it was merely to delete from the news of the war the real fundamental facts that were adverse to the cause of the allies. It was entirely negative and amazing in its simplicity and effectiveness. For the most important facts of all has been that the German nation is the most stupendous, perfectly organized, consummately conducted and supremely effective human machine of all time. And with the enormous preponderance of dead weight in their favor the allies have been on the defensive—and only on the defensive—since the war began.

The compass of this article forbids any discussion of much that is vitally relevant to this situation. So in keeping with the obvious facts of German effectiveness, let this be said in conclusion:

The peace proposals of Germany, which the allies so scornfully declined the other day, will soon be discovered to have been meant to be just a chapter of justification in the German campaign. They were but the prelude to the most destructive and effective campaign which the Germans have yet undertaken.

When Germany announced its submarine campaign the other day it was only after more than two years of the most consummate preparation. Germany will soon be found to be prepared absolutely to isolate England and France and to completely exclude the commerce of the world from the war zone.

And finally, Germany was perfectly prepared for any action which the United States might take. Germany knows what Americans have yet to learn—that the day has passed when Patriotism means Preparedness.

Mr. Perrott's Bondsmen

Just one glance at the names of the men who signed the bond of Samuel V. Perrott, superintendent of police, indicted by the Federal grand jury on charges of election irregularities, is sufficient evidence of the confidence and esteem in which Mr. Perrott is held by some of the leading men of the city. An endorsement by John J. Appel, John F. Darmody, Edward J. O'Reilly, William J. Mooney, Walter C. Marmon, James W. Lilly and Samuel E. Rauh, under the circumstances manifesting their faith in Mr. Perrott's integrity, is a tribute to the man's character and in a manner expresses the wish of a large number of unbiased men that the superintendent of police may be cleared of the charges when the case comes to trial.

A great many citizens have been led to believe that "Sam Perrott" is a mysteriously dangerous man and that he is incompetent to have charge of the police force of the city. As a matter of fact Mr. Perrott is a high-class business man of unusual ability and when he accepted the appointment as superintendent of police he really made a personal sacrifice.

Under his administration the police department has been reorganized and extended and has become more efficient than it ever was before. The personal attacks that have been made on his administration have been purely partisan.

Eleven other members of the police department and other city departments were indicted with Mr. Perrott. It is charged in the indictment that a large number of negroes were prevented from voting in the Eighth precinct of the Third ward in the 1914 election.

Indictments also were returned against political workers at Gary, Frankfort and Evansville.

Taxes and the People

A corporation is something to be despised in the present-day of hypercritical publicity agents and practical politicians—that is the corporation in which the publicity agent has no interest. But despite this general belief that the "peepul" despise a corporation, considerable agitation has been started by the railroading of House Bill No. 466, through the House of Representatives.

House Bill No. 466 is a Goodrich administration bill which would place a tax upon all corporations of the State. It is a bill which, it is said, would provide an additional State revenue of from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000. But despite the fact the State treasury is bulging with money and this additional revenue is just another source of income, no effort is being made to reduce the burden of taxation on the people for a sum equal to this additional \$2,000,000.

House Bill No. 466 was introduced one day. Without any notice, the bill was "railroaded" through committee and reported out favorably on the following morning. Other bills of just as much importance are not receiving such gracious consideration. For instance, there is the Cravens reduction-in-tax bill which will lift at least \$500,000 annually from the shoulders of the people. The Cravens bill has been in committee for weeks and weeks and nothing has been done, but the additional revenue bill is shot through in one night.

Those demanding some degree of "fair play" are now investigating the reason for the haste as Representatives have merely said they were working under orders.

A Valuable Civic Investment

Practical plans for boosting Indianapolis are being formulated following the election of new officers of the Chamber of Commerce. William Fortune, newly-elected president, has started a movement toward building up the city in the only way anything of any magnitude ever was accomplished—buying and paying for it.

In accepting the election at the hands of the board of directors Mr. Fortune said he would serve only on condition that a fund of \$50,000—an “awakening fund,” he suggested—should be raised and placed at the disposal of the Chamber of Commerce to be used in boosting the city.

On the theory that nothing is fundamentally wrong with Indianapolis and that all the city needs is effective organization, Mr. Fortune, who was one of the organizers of the old Commercial Club, the forerunner of the present Chamber of Commerce, has taken up the work. He has headed the \$50,000 list with a subscription of \$1,000, and urges that the entire fund be raised this month—and if it should be raised this week he says it would be “the greater credit to the city.”

Indianapolis has suffered at the hands of the chronic knocker for years and it is high time it should be fostered by the optimistic booster, professional or otherwise.

“What’s the matter with Indianapolis?” has been a plaintive wail ever since long—before the flood—and that’s one big thing that has been the matter with Indianapolis. It may have retarded the city’s growth, but its worst effect was in sending broadcast the wrong impression of the city. It is only natural to suppose that something is the matter when the question is repeated with phonograph-like regularity. Indianapolis may not have a copyright on this system of giving somebody a black eye with an interrogation point, but it is a pernicious system of slander by inference that has been fostered in high places in the city for years.

It would be an investment worth many times \$50,000 to learn what IS the matter with Indianapolis, and it would still be a valuable investment to start an aggressive movement that would stir up so much enthusiasm that the querulous knocker would forget to ask his eternal question.

Mr. Fortune’s action in putting the boosting proposition up to the city is a business-like, aggressive step that is bound to bring results.

The boosting of Indianapolis in the hands of unorganized volunteers has got no farther than the interrogation point. If the city could maintain its growth for the last few years as it has without organized aid, and in the face of its handicaps, what may not be expected if scientific business methods are applied to its growth?

The proposition of getting something for nothing could be expected to work no better in advertising and building up a city than in a private business.

The city of Indianapolis has too long been on a peddling basis. Too many interests have been at variance. Some of these interests apparently have feared the city might grow beyond their control and give other interests a chance for their lives.

With a commercial body at work with the interests of the whole city at heart, the selfish strangler should be forced into line to his own very great profit. But as Mr. Fortune says you can’t realize on an investment unless you make the investment and his prophecy that the \$50,000 awakening fund will “prove to be the best investment the community could possibly make” is bound to come true.

The work of really boosting Indianapolis falls to competent hands. Mr. Fortune was secretary of the Commercial Club when the late Colonel Eli Lilly was president of the organization which laid the

foundation of the city’s growth. The election of Mr. Fortune means renewed activity along the same lines and he will be ably assisted by Ernest N. Smith, who in a few months has done much practical work for the Chamber of Commerce and will remain as its secretary, and by Charles F. Coffin, vice-president, and Arthur V. Brown, treasurer.

Inside History of the State Highway Bill

Indiana is to have a State highway commission.

The bill has been passed by the State Senate and soon will be considered for the final time by the House of Representatives. And out of the passage of the bill has arisen more interesting “inside” history than ever was produced by a legislature and all because some Republicans in the Senate insisted upon stating their beliefs.

One day the Goodrich administration road bill was introduced in both houses of the legislature. It was known as the Duffey bill in the House because he was the good roads advocate. And Senator Dobyns had it in the Senate. Senator Dobyns began calling meetings of his committee until finally some one suggested that the services of Senator J. R. Fleming, a democrat, be obtained to amend the bill. Senator Fleming is a student of road legislation and it was thought his services would insure the passage of the bill.

Senator Fleming accepted the job and got busy. He amended the bill in several particulars. The original Goodrich measure provided for the acceptance of bids for roads with only one kind of material specified unless the commission otherwise determined. Fleming amended to make the commission accept bids on at least two kinds of materials. His idea was to produce competition among the material men and obtain a saving in cost for the people of the State.

The original Goodrich bill provided that the highway superintendent should let the contracts subject to the approval of the county commissioners. Fleming changed the bill to make the county commissioners let the bids subject to the approval of the highway engineer.

The road committee accepted the amendments. They were agreed upon at midnight one night. And then at some mysterious hour of the night, they were disagreed upon and the information obtained by Senators is that it was Governor Goodrich who proved to be the disagreeable one.

Another meeting was held in the Governor’s office. Attending was Senator Nejd of Lake county, a Republican and an experienced contractor who has dealt with highway commissions. Senator Nejd expressed his disapproval of the “one material” provision of the Goodrich bill.

“It looks like a cement trust bill to me,” says Nejd.

“I’ll inform you it is not a cement trust bill as I have had something to do with the drawing of this bill,” answers the Governor.

Glares and returning glares. Nejd glares and the Governor glares but Nejd will not be glorified.

“I don’t care who had something to do with it, it still looks like a cement trust bill,” says Nejd.

More glares. Nejd becomes everything bad in the Republican oracles. He is condemned, henceforth and so on and such is the newspaper idea and plan in America.

All that Nejd wanted was to compel the brick manufacturers to compete with the concrete men and because he insisted on causing a “squabble” among the material men he is ostracised forevermore, an anarchist, a revolutionist and a Democrat. It is to laugh.

Then Senator Culbertson demanded in the Senate that the original Fleming amendment to give the county commissioners some checking power be adopted. The committee, the majority of which were Republicans, had agreed to this amendment but the Governor did not. And Culbertson insisted upon having it replaced in the bill.

Immediately Culbertson began a fight to get the “wrong” kind of a bill, according to the Republican oracles again, and Culbertson was connected with the “Big Lobby.”

And the people must believe these things in this day of American Journalism when fiction becomes the bon mot of the day.

Although the Senate adopted the Culbertson amendments and downed the cement trust, there is no doubt the bill will be thrown into conference committee, representing the House and Senate.

The latest discussion of the bill has come from the persons demanding that the State assume entire control of the highways and who refuse to accede to the Senate amendment to give the county commissioners power to grant contracts under the supervision of the highway engineer. That is the open discussion.

Another lobby—the most important of the year and the biggest and most powerful—has begun to demand that the original Goodrich provision for bids on “one material” be replaced in the bill. This latest lobby is the cement trust. This lobby is the one fighting under cover of political organizations which can protect it or expose it.

Now What About the Constitutional Convention?

The tumult and the shouting has died.

And with the demise of turbulence and the return of poise in legislative halls, Senators and Representatives are asking what it was all about. It has just become apparent to many Senators and Representatives they have voted to have a new constitution provided for Indiana. The constitution provided through the convention of 1851 where Robert Dale Owen superintended the job is to be cast into the scrap heap.

With war across the water and nearing American shores; with strife brewing relative to the status of the liquor business in Indiana; with the women of the State fighting for an opportunity to obtain the ballot, Indiana is to consider the writing of a new constitution. With the return of sane reasoning to many of the Senators swept aside in the whirlwind of gallery applause, the question also has arisen as to the respect had by this legislature for the old constitution.

Addison C. Harris was one of tharen, helpless and most respected members—the men and bar. Mr. Harris, throughout hse they know some attempt to cast the constitufnd, “Love thy neighbor scrap heap. And no man ir to a higher standing amc and all other professions.

It is the return to solctory Leak

sentiment to be agton, with its “leaks,” has legislative actio and its “leaks.” Senator Van ported the cor the Indiana “leak.” It is a “bill tion was valid “actory” supplies bills at high turmoil or permit trested. Van Aukn called the

And a test Senate to the factory in progress old constituti vestigation committee has been ap without some ported the evidence found. The faclish has said, i operations. And the lobbyists in just a few fthing wrong in a “bill factory” when diana and itst know what is contained in bills. some measur furnished some excitement in the stitution.

The Mayoralty Campaign

It is not an agreeable duty to be obliged to announce that as the mayoralty campaign progresses the strength of Lew Shank has increased.

Two weeks ago it seemed evident that he would not poll more than 10 per cent. of the Republican vote. But as the situation stands today it seems probable that his present strength is fully 25 per cent. of the Republican vote.

The danger—and it is a very real danger—in his candidacy is that his strength is growing, and his appeal is to a class of people that are very difficult to reckon on.

His following is chiefly in the factory and tenement district of the South Side, among the so-called "rough neck" element of the whole community, and among the Democrats.

The last two of these have been taken for granted from the beginning. It has been known since the day that Lew Shank announced his candidacy that the illiterate, irresponsible and dangerous element of this city would welcome his candidacy with joy. It would be a fine thing if the element that represents only the worst in Indianapolis could have a mayor who was their acknowledged leader and champion.

It has been known, too, that the candidacy of Lew Shank has brought genuine hope and comfort to the Democrats, and he will receive a very large Democratic vote at the primaries.

But it is exceedingly regrettable that Lew Shank should have any appeal whatever to the honest labor vote of this city. He has been tried by them once and surely he was found wanting. Not one single important promise that he made to the labor vote eight years ago was he able to keep.

After he became mayor his attitude was very much like an old story which Mr. Chauncey Depew was fond of telling a quarter of a century ago. Some southern politician was confronted by his colored supporters and appealed to to keep his pre-election promises. And finally in support of their plea these disappointed colored voters pointed to the platform on which the politician was elected. And to this convicting evidence of broken faith the politician had this to say: "Don't you niggers know that a political platform is just like a railroad platform? It is to get *in* on, not to *stand* on."

Some one had a dream about Lew the other day. This person dreamed that Lew had been nominated, elected and then had died and gone to heaven. When he knocked at the gate St. Peter called out:

"Who's there?"

"Lew Shank, the mayor of Indianapolis."

"Irish, are you afoot or mounted?"

Those who foot, St. Peter."

"You can't come in. You can only enter if you are mounted."

"I am, St. Peter. I am mounted on the result that within a sorrowfully away, but stood but small resemblance to what followed. Presently, anyone who knows Ireland, up and knocked at the gate. realize that the New York St. Peter.

from there. And where to Indianapolis."

accent will always mystify the "Irish" and?"

all familiar with the grave, the

spoken accent of Killarney. The

gamating influence of the American you're mounted."

a new product of the foreigner rowfully away. And shores, to be quickly assimilated and said:

has a flavor, not quite American, but can get in un- that of his home land. Therefore, what less do: clearly realize that to know German, on your back, not to know Germans.

"I'll tell him I'm

Germany is first of all a monarchy in."

at its head who directs its affairs view climbed on authority. And this, taken together and knocked that Emperor William is immeasurably of any other European monarch, is mo

"Who's there?"

"Lew Shank, mayor of Indianapolis."

"Are you on foot or mounted?"

"I'm mounted, St. Peter."

"Well, just tie your mule on the outside and come on in."

Fads and Reforms

The wave of reform fads evidently has reached its crest in Indiana and is about to recede. The recent "overwhelming" demonstrations in the State House has given the people something to ponder over for some time to come and it is not likely another wave of reform will sweep the State until the whole of society is engulfed in the succeeding waves of reform that will come in the reconstruction in the wake of the world war.

It doesn't take much to start a reform fad and great reform measures have been born in a little obscure fad idea.

It was only a few years ago that a body of well-meaning but over-zealous women conceived the idea of a beautiful reform at the Marion county poor house. In visiting the institution on a charity investigation tour they learned that the inmates received a daily ration of tobacco. You know "tobacco is an evil weed, because, etc."—and the visitors decided then and there to abate one evil.

Now why not take the money that was spent for tobacco and buy bananas and oranges? It would be so much more cleanly and healthful. And they really would have taken away the last solace of those poor, old wrecks of humanity who have found their one real pleasure in life in their old corn-cob pipes and their little sacks of scrap. The visiting delegation got a lot of newspaper publicity, but they didn't get away with the little reform—the superintendent knew it would be like passing a death sentence on most of his charges. No, this has nothing to do with recent reform measures adopted in this State, only as a parallel that may interest our friends of the "personal liberty" faith.

Then there was the time when the good old State seal came in for a much harder lambasting than the old constitution came in for in the present legislature—only the old seal came out on top.

Somebody one day saw a trade mark for a certain brand of prunes at the same time when he first saw a document bearing the State seal of Indiana.

He at once was impressed with the beauty of the trade mark as compared with the homely old State seal. That was the beginning of a crusade against the old seal with its old buffalo eternally headed for the setting sun and never making any headway while the old hick held his ax poised in the air and never did hit the giant oak tree another whack.

Yes, indeed, there were high school pupils who could make prettier ding bats than that and by the same token, why not give them a chance in an open competition?

The crusade battled its way through the newspapers and ate up lots of space. Good citizens of Indiana were righteously ashamed of the old seal; there was nothing artistic; nothing emblematic; no motive; in fact, it was simply awful. Then it was finally decided the old seal had the merit of age. It was the first seal the State ever had—really, don't you know it was an antique. And when it was discovered it was antique the old seal became an object of value and its homeliness became an asset. So the old seal still embellishes the proclamations of the Governor.

And perhaps the merits of the old constitution may likewise be discovered and the "basic law of our fathers" survive.

Petty Politics and the City Improvement Bills

If partisan and personal politicians do not overplay the publicity game in the State Legislature, Indianapolis will have an opportunity to consider the disposal of its sewage and of the possibilities of improving and increasing its park system.

Following the last legislature when the motives of Mayor Bell were impugned by persons who did not desire that the mayor should obtain any credit in this city or any other city, the mayor began to endeavor to obtain an ideal park-board bill. Engaging attorneys of opposite political faiths, this bill was drawn. It would relieve the city of handicaps now suffered through the bonding limits imposed upon the city.

The bill was introduced and for a time it was received with general favor and then the opponents of the mayor began figuring it out. For days and days the bill was without a flaw and then the seekers of the flaw found it. The bill might be amended slightly and the credit due the mayor would be destroyed. The bill has been rewritten; that is, not composed again but retyped.

There is really only one vital change in the park bill as rewritten and that change is to give the Republicans always one member of the park commissioners. The bill provides for three members of the board to be of one political party and not more than three through the appointment of the mayor. And then the amended bill provides that Woodruff place should have a member. Woodruff place is about 95 per cent. Republican at all times and under all conditions. So under Republican administrations the park board would be four Republicans and possibly one Democrat. And under Democratic administrations, the board will be composed of three Democrats and two Republicans. It was a big change and it needed a new bill and it will not be known as the Bell bill so when the credit is passed around the mayor will be on the cold outside.

The sewage disposal bill is undergoing the same treatment by limelight seekers in the house and opponents of the mayor. While the people of the city are tiring of these petty political movements the representatives are juggling about with the park bill and the sewage disposal bill.

Just a similar era of juggling was experienced in the last legislature and the result was no relief for the city. And just a similar era is being experienced now and there is every possibility the session will end without any park bill or sewage disposal bill being enacted.

And then under the cloakings of some popular phrase the opponents of the mayor will slip away into exterior darkness when criticism is being passed around.

There Is None So Deaf—

Lieutenant Governor Bush, presiding over the State Senate at present, is a man of many conditions of hearing. The conditions are often the cause for merriment in the Senate for they vary with the desire of Bush. He hears and he does not hear. When the Democrats are trying to "railroad" something the Lieutenant Governor becomes "deaf" and says he can not hear. With the Republicans it's different.

Senator Kinder from Lake county sits in the front row directly in front of him. He has a voice capable of use during fogs along Lake Michigan. Arising in his seat, he stretched his six feet and one inch into the heavens and bellowed:

"It is now twelve-twenty and I move you we adjourn."

The Lieutenant Governor, ten feet away, smiled and insisted, very courteously, that he could not hear the Senator from Lake.

Efficiency in Doing Good the Cure for Social Waste

BY SENYAHNALLA

Only a few years ago, such an idea as scientific business methods had never occurred to any one. But with the application of scientific methods in other things, particularly in the advancement of different departments of science itself, came presently, the suggestion that the principles of science could also be applied toward the perfection of business methods.

The results of this innovation were amazing. And of these results, three—business expansion, scientific organization and efficiency—are more or less familiarly known. The most conspicuous of these is the gigantic and undreamed expansion of big enterprises. For example, when P. D. Armour died, only sixteen years ago, his firm was doing a business of \$180,000,000 per year—\$15,000,000 per month—more than \$500,000 per day. This was the result of the power of a single great constructive genius in an ordinary lifetime.

But today Armour & Co. is doing a business of more than \$450,000,000 per year, or more than \$1,250,000 per day. This year the business of this great firm is expected to cross the half-billion line, and within another decade to reach the billion-dollar mark—or an amazing turnover of more than \$3,000,000 for every business day of the year. What lies beyond that fairly defies imagination.

This almost incomprehensible result has been the product of three factors—a great idea, scientific organization and efficiency.

For the purposes of this article let the last of these elements be considered first. Efficiency contemplates a perfect program, the highest excellence of execution and the elimination of waste. Mr. P. D. Armour once said that he converted into a marketable product everything about a pig but the squeal. The talking machine and the moving picture film had neither of them reached perfection in his day, or he might not needed to have made exception of the squeal.

But the world has one far greater problem than the creation of gigantic business institutions and the refinement of their methods until human perfection as it was once regarded, has been relegated to things primitive and elementary. And this problem is the right organization of social conditions with the elimination of social waste—Poverty.

And this vast social problem—the elimination of social waste—recalls that arresting New Year message of the lord mayor of London, Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, which was quoted in the first issue of this magazine:

"I am always dreaming of a wonderful London in which everybody is happy, a London where there is no poor and only a bounteous rich; where children can walk in safety and breathe in an atmosphere clean and sweet.

"I would make this dream of mine the last of all civic ideals, knowing that in its realization those already begun must first have come to fruition."

Any great undertaking always commences with some one having the courage to suppose the apparently impossible. Now let it be supposed that some one had the courage deliberately to undertake the solution of the world's greatest problem—social anarchy and consequent failure, suffering, defeat and all the train of evils that follows in the

wake of these things. This world-wide undertaking would have to look no further for its methods than to the methods of modern scientific business organization. And the first steps in the application of these methods would be a program and the reckoning up of assets.

The program has already been suggested and the reckoning up of assets begins with the assumption that society is solvent. The alternative is not only unbelievable but includes the necessary corollary that civilization is a mockery and a failure. It must be that there is more of generosity and kindness and sympathy in the world than there is of isolation, and failure and suffering and defeat. But if this is true why have not these social assets been long ago utilized? There have been two reasons: one is the natural selfishness and indifference to which human nature is universally prone; the other is the fact that the church has claimed the undertaking of ameliorating human failure and suffering as its distinctive and exclusive mission. And respecting the efforts of the church, there is no doubt of two outstanding facts: one is that the church has tried, and tried its best; the other is that the church has failed of any measure of success that demonstrates the efficiency of its methods.

Some years ago, the Rev. William A. Sunday was invited to address the Ministers' Association of Philadelphia. When he stood before his audience, which was made up mostly of Methodist and Presbyterian clergymen, he began, after a tense deliberation of some minutes, one of the greatest addresses of his remarkable career, with this statement, which the men who heard it will never forget: "The trouble with most of you ministers is that you don't amount to anything." And then he proved his statement by the bareness of their evident results.

It is hypercritical and inaccurate to say that the church has failed. It has never undertaken the real problem of humanity. But the thing that it has done which has prevented organized effort of any other sort from undertaking the solution of the world's greatest need is that the church has set up an unnatural and artificial system of "morals" and has declared of those who have accepted this system that they are God's elect upon whom rests the responsibility of the salvation of mankind.

Because this system of morals is artificial and unnatural, because it overlooks entirely the really effective qualities of human nature—the qualities that make men do things, because it has excluded from its ranks the great army of free-hearted, generous-minded, manly men—and above all else, because it has assumed that the "sinner" can for that reason not be a soldier of righteousness—the church has from its beginning sought to win the world's battle with the inefficient minority. And for this reason, and its characteristic lack of an adequate program the church has not yet succeeded.

In a word the conception of effective character which this system of morals creates, is not the character which does things—nor is it the character which the world admires, loves and depends upon.

But to look a little more closely! The acceptable man, from the standpoint of the church is the man who accepts its system of theology and believes that the cardinal sins of the flesh are "immorality" and such minor sins as profanity and the use of intoxicants. It seems incredibly absurd to describe the ideal man in such terms as these; to believe that

he is a man who begins by accepting an absolutely impossible theology and ends by professing obedience to a commandment to which obedience in thought is physiologically impossible. The Savior could see no difference between the guilt of the man who disobeys the seventh commandment in act and the man whose disobedience was in the imagination of his heart. "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart," puts the whole male section of the race in one class—and there you are.

And does it not seem strange that in its zeal to regulate human nature, and override laws that are as old—not only as the race but as old as evolution itself—that this system of morals has overlooked the one sin that has cursed mankind from the beginning of time—the sin of selfishness? It is a fact that a man can be as selfish as ever hell wanted any of its promoters to be and have a perfect standing in the church. And what confusion would prevail if the church should be suddenly reorganized so as to exclude the mean man.

These are days when the spirit of revolutionary legislation is in the air. Would it not be a fine idea to think up some sort of legislation, ecclesiastical or otherwise, which would put some effective ban of prohibition upon the pernicious activities of the mean and selfish man?

But the subject is not likely to be approached from the angle of remedial legislation. What is needed rather is constructive organization.

Just imagine for one brief moment what the effect would be if every really good man and woman in any community—or in all the world—were enlisted in a crusade against want and suffering. Let it be clearly stated that such an organization would merely undertake to assemble, organize and utilize the social assets of the community, and the characteristic of the movement would be efficiency in doing good. Would not such a movement be revolutionary, indeed? But it would be no more revolutionary than the recent achievements in the business world.

The Jean Valjeans of the world are far more needed today than the defenders of an outworn theology. And some day—before long, perhaps—some one strong enough in his faith in the inexhaustible power of the human heart, is going to lead the way in the organization of—not a church—but a practical organization for doing good, which will have no theology, because it needs none, but which will rally into a world-conquering army in defense of lovely and innocent children, helpless women and defeated, misplaced men—the men and women who love to do good because they know something of obedience to the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

The Bill Factory Leak

Exclusive Washington, with its "leaks," has nothing on Indiana and its "leaks." Senator Van Auken got sight of the Indiana "leak." It is a "bill factory." A "bill factory" supplies bills at high prices to those interested. Van Auken called the attention of the Senate to the factory in progress and a "leak" investigation committee has been appointed and reported the evidence found. The factory has closed operations. And the lobbyists insist there is nothing wrong in a "bill factory" when the public must know what is contained in bills. But the "leak" furnished some excitement in the Senate.

A Word or Two About Fashions

(By Margot)

Nowadays it seems Dame Fashion never takes a moment's rest, and this month, February, is by no means an exception. Having sent a favored few to Palm Beach, she turns to the less fortunate of us who for one reason or another, or both, have remained at home, and whispers of what she has in store for us, or rather, one should say, "in the shops for us."

* * *

There has been considerable discussion among modistes and coutouriers as to just what shadow Milady will cast this spring. The rumor one heard last month of the return to the peg-top silhouette we find emphatically confirmed by the presence of the new barrel-shaped skirt which insists upon being wide at the hips and narrow at the ankles.

Have designers forgotten there are any other than the slender type to wear their gowns, or are they determined by nature or by force to make Mrs. Vernon Castles of us all? The only other choice we have is the straight-up-and-down line which isn't new enough to battle with the late arrival.

And while the skirt is narrower at the bottom, what is not used in the width lengthens the skirt of yesterday by not one but from two to four inches. One wonders if this is not a compromise between modiste and shoe designer—since we have been told of the shortage in leather, and makes us wonder further if the skirt goes down to meet the shoe, will the shoe go down to meet our purse.

There isn't a question about the waist line. The coat may be ever so long, but the tendency to get back to normal is plainly noticeable at the waist. The costume may be one of the strictly new Etons, but even so its coat stops precisely where the skirt begins. Even the blouses, which are anything but neutral, show a preference for the regulation waist line by becoming Russian in their style, and those which do not have the peplum extending anyway from two inches to knee length, are finished with a belt of the same material or its trimming.

Sleeves have their own way this season and it is a varied one. The straight, tight sleeve is still good. While some prefer a slight fullness at the elbow, above a deep cuff, others take their fullness at the shoulder. However, there is nothing extreme in any of the models.

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It is really surprising to find Jersey cloth, a debutante of last year, as yet unrivaled for the coming season, in street and sports materials. There are of course a wider range of colors—or rather new effects in colorings, such as: a polka dot in contrasting color, stripes both narrow and wide, which will be exceedingly popular, but for the sake of doing something different

many are running the other way. A coat dress of navy blue Jersey cloth with white hair line stripes running crosswise of the material was enough to make one stop, look and wonder why it had not been done before.

A close rival to cloth of Jersey, and evidently a winner by the time spring is well on her way, is a beautiful material known as Khaki Kool. This material resembles strongly Shantung, which won such favor last year. It is perhaps a trifle heavier but the glory of the new material is more in its coloring than in its quality. There are huge polka dots with three or four contrasting, although harmonizing, colors; dominoes and curious intermingling of half circles of different colors, most of which are found upon a background of oyster white. Taffeta is doing another season and will be popular for the early suits and afternoon frocks in, of course, the darker colors.

Generally speaking, there is nothing vivid in the season's coloring, nor is there anything decidedly new, the cause for which we hear it whispered (again and again) is, "on account of the war." Those colors we liked so well in the materials of the fall have been tried out on the lighter cloth with the result that from what one can see so far they are even prettier.

Fashion's palette shows a great deal of yellow ranging in shades from gold to cream; a dull purple; a soft rose, and a blue that is but little deeper than the ever popular Copenhagen. "Shadow Lawn" green and cerise are being shown, it is true, but there is more than one reason why their popularity is not assured.

* * *

The Oriental embroideries while still good are giving way to soutache braid for the afternoon frock. The tailored suit is noticeable not because of its trimming, but the lack of it—even to a button, and as yet there is nothing more popular than machine stitching, which at first sounds uninteresting, but when seen in contrasting color, repeating itself row after row, one just awakens to the fact that it has been too long a thing of the past.

Never was there such a craze for tassels. Be they long or be they short, they must be seen and not one, but many. If the frock or costume has a belt, and it usually has, then it is safe to bet there is a tassel ending it, the longer the better. One sees now and then gold and silver embroidery on taffeta, narrow strips of self material, but scarcely ever—buttons.

Czar of the Senate

Lieutenant-Governor Bush, presiding officer of the State Senate, is catching on to the "ropes" fast and any efforts to tangle him in the rules of parliamentary law these days is proving futile. The latest Bushism is to refer to a Senator with a rule book as "the Senator wanting to read us a little more scripture."

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,

When once I knock and fail to find you in,

For every day I stand outside your door

And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,

Weep not for golden ages on the wane!

Each night I burn the records of the day—

At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,

To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;

My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,

But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;

I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"

No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep

But yet might rise and be again a man!

Doth thou behold thy lost youth all aghast!

Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow!

Then turn from blotted archives of the past

And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;

Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;

Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,

Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone.

Just Like a Movie Star

The State Senate was having its picture taken, posing gracefully and perhaps gratefully.

"By unanimous vote it has been agreed the Senator from Floyd, Senator Thornton, shall stand and be in position of addressing the Senate," suggested Lieutenant-Governor Bush.

"Ho, ho!" exclaims Mike, withal pleased, slightly. But Mike refuses to stand in the familiar Thornton posture.

"Go on," some one urges and Mike arises and stands for just a moment when he resumes his seat.

The picture is taken and everyone crowds around Mike to learn why he disobeyed the orders.

"Why, they wouldn't let me make gestures," says Mike, "and then they were all looking at the camera and had their backs to me, and do you think I'd want the people to think they turned their backs on me? I'm not talking to their backs."

The Coal "Shortage"

In a country rich in mines and lined with railroads a coal famine is threatened. There have been investigations by courts and commissions but the fuel shortage continues to become more of a menace. The "famine" has not yet passed the "shortage" stage and the actual pinch has been only in the greatly inflated prices the small consumer has been forced to pay.

In all of the investigations no one has contended that this country's natural supply of coal is about to be exhausted. Nothing has been shown that would tend to prove there is anything to handicap the operations of the numerous mines. The mine operators charge the "shortage" of coal to the shortage of coal cars. No matter what the cause, the shortage is plainly and painfully in evidence every time the small consumer looks at the figures on his latest coal bill and discovers another "shortage" in the family purse which all the investigations of the winter haven't helped a bit.

The shortage is not local in its effect. It extends the country over.

In Indiana the public service commission has reissued its coal traffic order to twenty-four coal-carrying railroads, extending the time of the order until March 1. The order gives coal preference over all freight other than live stock and perishable merchandise and forbids the use of coal cars for freight other than coal.

As has been mentioned before, investigations have been held, orders have been issued and "shortages" explained—but the fact remains the small consumer is paying twice as much as he paid for coal before the "shortage" came upon us. And WHY? The true answer may be forthcoming one of these days.

When Senator Hazen Votes

Homer Hazen, newspaper man in Boonville from the time—well, no one knows when Homer did begin, but now he's a State senator. Hazen made a campaign upon the platform he would not introduce one bill and he has kept his promise. Hazen expresses his sentiment without fear nor favor, although Mrs. Hazen sits along the side lines and applies the censoring process when necessary.

The bill to abolish the office of legislative librarian was being considered. "I'm for this bill," shouts Hazen. "This man can stick his nose in more places and raise more — than any man I ever saw and I'm for this bill."

The bill passed in the Senate.

Show Your Passports

The war situation reaches out into the State capitol and compels the attention of those who visit the basement. Members of the Indiana National Guard are patrolling the basement night and day to protect any stock of ammunition which might be quartered there. The action is taken in response to a suggestion of John D. Shea, custodian.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



The florist, the confectioner, and the caterer, as well as the milliner and the modiste all cater to the lovely young debutante and the charming bride. The most luxurious fruits, the most gorgeous flowers, the loveliest pastry conceits and the skill of the most noted designers are all laid at the dainty feet of the young girl about to make her bow to society, and to the lovely bride who walks up the church aisle, conscious that her wedding appointments spell perfection from the beautiful bride's cake, which probably was sent from New York, down to the tiniest wreath of flowers used in decoration.

Disguised in seeming simplicity, the appointments of some of the parties and weddings represent the outlay of a small fortune. And the cleverest designers of the country put their wits to work to plan these fairy-like symphonies in pastry and confections.

No longer is the conventional thing the only accepted code for the bride. Her once inevitable white satin is often filmy tulle over shimmering silver, and her flowers add many touches of color to their bridal white. A huge sheaf of American beauty roses was carried by a recent bride; and another chose to have her short veil caught with shining spears of white wheat encircling her coiffure.

Only an artist could be responsible for many of the decorations at some of the recent social affairs in Indianapolis. The bridal table for the breakfast following the wedding of Miss Cecilia Wulsin and Cornelius Alig was a thing to dream about. In the center was the bride's cake, frosted in white, with a cluster of calla lilies with their graceful green leaves in confections. Surrounding the cake were two beautiful baskets filled with luscious-looking fruits, all of candy, and two lovely garden hats tied with green tulle and filled with clusters of grapes, also of candy. The quaint gowns of Japanese silk worn by the attendants at the wedding were the gift of the bride, as were also the dainty little silken reticules which they carried instead of flowers.

When Miss Natalie Brush made her debut, a wonderful cake sent from New York occupied the center of the tea table. All in pink and blue, the alluring pastry carried out the primrose effect which marked all the appointments in the dining room. The cake was a gift from her sister, Mrs. Harry Hempstead of New York, formerly of this city.

Miss Josephine Parrott, at one of her parties had for her table adornment, a flat decoration of candy fruits and flowers in the natural colors. Deep purple pansies, pale forget-me-nots

and other blossoms formed the inner circle, and were surrounded by a garland of candy fruits which would defy detection.

A wealth of flowers welcomed Miss Martha Henley to the world of society when she made her debut this season at the home of her sister, Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher. Perhaps none was more lovely than a cluster of pink roses, pyramid-shaped, formed of blossoms caught tightly together. The fragrant mass was suspended from a pale blue moire ribbon to slip over the wrist, and from the lower point, streamers of the ribbon trailed to the floor. Another lovely gift was a corsage bouquet of solid pansies tied with ribbons in all the pansy shades.

The magic of an Aladdin's lamp could never produce anything lovelier than the appointments for the modern bride and her younger sister, the debutante.

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Mrs. Clara Ingram Judson of Chicago, formerly of this city, who has made a name for herself in the world of fiction, has just brought out a new book of stories for children. All of Mrs. Judson's stories are fairy lore for the little tots, and they have met such a warm welcome that she was asked to visit the South recently and tell some of her stories before clubs and societies.

* * *

Louis H. Bieler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Bieler, who attends Princeton, has just received one of the highest honors that can be conferred upon a student. He was elected business manager of the Daily Princetonian, the campus organ, for 1917-18. The appointment not only testifies to his ability but to his extreme popularity among the students.

* * *

A wedding of interest to many Indianapolis friends was that of Miss Lucy Arrick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Arrick of Chicago, formerly of this city, to James Monroe Walker, which was celebrated this afternoon at St. Chrysostom's Episcopal Church in Chicago. The bride's only attendant was Miss Josephine Parrott of Indianapolis. Charles L. Strobel, Jr., was best man, and the ushers were Perry Shepard, Lawrence Meeker, and the bridegroom's brothers, Arthur M. Walker and Wirt D. Walker. A series of social affairs has been given for the members of the bridal party in the last few weeks.

* * *

The exodus of visitors to the southland still continues. Perhaps the continued cold has its influence, or perhaps the allure of the fascinating togs "For Southern Tourists" is too in-

sistent to refuse. Among those who have recently left for southern visits are Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Adams, who have gone to New Orleans; Mrs. Charles R. Lee, who has also gone to attend the Mardi Gras in New Orleans; Mrs. W. R. Adams and little daughter, Sara Anne, who will remain in St. Petersburg, Fla., until spring, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. McBride, who will visit Jacksonville and St. Petersburg, Fla., and will take trips to Cuba and the Isle of Pines before returning in the late spring.

Among those who departed earlier in the month are Mr. and Mrs. George Gay, who are in Deland, Fla.; Mrs. I. N. Ritchie, who will remain at Orange Grove until spring; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Critchlow and Mrs. and Mrs. J. P. Bessire, who will remain for several weeks in Florida. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Fisher, who are spending the season at their winter home in Miami, are entertaining many visitors from the North.

* * *

One of the interesting affairs on the social calendar for next week is the luncheon Thursday to be given by the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, D. A. R. The chapter annually celebrates Washington's birthday with a guest luncheon. The program this year will center on famous women in the history of our country. Mrs. David M. Parry will talk on "Betsy Ross," Mrs. Dirk H. A. Kolff, "Francis Scott Key," and Mrs. Edwin G. Ritchie, "Barbara Frietche." Mrs. S. E. Perkins, regent of the chapter, will preside.

* * *

A pretty feature of the annual luncheon given Wednesday at the Claypool hotel by the members of the art department of the Woman's Department Club was the attractive place card designed in violets, the work of Mrs. O. C. Wilcox who had charge of the arrangements for the luncheon. The decorative scheme throughout was most artistic, the baskets of sweet peas in shades of violet carrying out the color note. The art department is making its influence felt throughout the State, being sponsors for the picture loan committee and the school art committee. The former provides traveling art exhibits which are at the disposal of clubs and organizations throughout the State.

* * *

All sorts of figures, quaint and curious, preside as mascots over the home where women collectors follow the special fad they have adopted. Perhaps no collection in the city is more interesting than the many

Buddhas owned by Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher, who has chosen this grotesque figure as the presiding mascot of her beautiful new home. There are Buddhas of bronze, Buddhas of gilt, and one wonderful figure of brass which occupies the place of honor above the huge fireplace in the library. Even the dainty sun room boasts of several Buddhas, and the image in some form or other is an ornamental part of almost every room.

* * *

Several social affairs next week will celebrate the birthday anniversary of the father of our country. The annual colonial ball of the Independent Turnverein will be given Thursday evening, followed by a children's mask ball Friday evening, when only those under eighteen years of age will be permitted to dance.

The Kappa Kappa Kappa Sorority will give a colonial tea Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Leonard Roberts, 3369 Broadway, and the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority will give their state dinner dance at the Claypool hotel Saturday evening.

* * *

One of the most interesting events on the club calendar for the near future is the appearance of H. G. Wells, who will talk Tuesday evening, February 27, before the Contemporary Club on "What Has the War Done for England?"

* * *

One of the loveliest brides of the season was Miss Julia Shubrick, whose marriage to Herman William Kothe was celebrated Wednesday evening at Roberts Park church. Miss Shubrick, with her Titian hair, is as artistic in appearance as in ability. She has spent some time studying art in New York, and is one of the most successful of our younger Indianapolis artists. Pretty souvenirs of her talent were the place cards for the bridal dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Templer Shubrick for their daughter and Mr. Kothe Tuesday evening at the Woodstock club. Mr. Kothe and his bride will make their home at 3845 Guilford ave.

* * *

Mrs. James P. Goodrich, wife of the governor, is already the center of a series of social affairs. Dr. Amelia R. Keller has been entertaining with a series of informal afternoon parties, inviting a few friends to meet Mrs. Goodrich. One of the most beautiful receptions of the season was that given recently by Mrs. O. B. Jameson in honor of Governor and Mrs. Goodrich a particularly attractive feature being the decorative scheme carrying out the national colors in the mound of gorgeous flowers on the tea table, and in the ices and cakes.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



A friend of mine, what I always had regarded theretofore as a very sweet kind of a girl, taking her by and large, said to me the other day,

"I wish you would get hit by a Ford truck or something."

"Why wish anything on to me like a Ford truck?" I asked her. "If I must get laid out by something I would prefer it to be a swell limousine or a brewery wagon."

"Well, that would do, too," she said, "provided it smashed you up enough."

"What is the idea?" I wanted to know.

"Or if you don't care about being run over," she said, "you might let your feet get froze—you could do it easy if you would just sit on the curbstone one of these cold nights without your socks on."

"I got other use for my feet," I told her, "and they get cold enough as it is."

"I think you could very easily climb up on some new office building and fall a couple of stories," she said, still eyeing me that way, "and that ought to bust a slat or two."

"It might, but it won't get the chance," I said.

"Or you might get some husky friend to lam you over the bean with a section of lead pipe," she said, "that ought to dent you up some, though I doubt if it would amount to a whole lot."

"Go on, go on," I says.

"Or you might go down to the Atkins saw works and pet one of them circular saws," she says. "That would be good, too."

"Ho-hum!" I says.

"Or let a road roller roll over your foot," she suggests, still in what the authors call a contemplative way.

"What do you think I am—a movie actor in the 'Annoyances of Annabelle,' or what?" I asks her.

"Well, I hardly thought you would," she says, "men are so selfish that way. I don't suppose you'd even stand for going into a room and shutting all the windows and turning on the gas without lighting it, to see what would happen."

"I know what would happen," I says. "A sextet of my friends would wear white gloves for the first time in their life, and white gloves are very unbecoming to the mitt of the average male."

"I thought perhaps you'd do one of those little trifles for me," she said, and looked very disappointed, and her lip wobbled pathetically.

"But what's the idea?" I wanted to know, beginning to weaken yet wanting to have the dope, if any.

"Why—nothing but this," she said. "Us girls have organized a first-aid to the injured class, and we'd just love to have somebody to practice on. I've got some of the cutest little rolls of bandages, and I'm just dyin' to use 'em."

Women—can you beat 'em?

No.

An Inspiration for Doggerel

Beagles to right of 'em, bulldogs to left of 'em, poodles in front of 'em yammered and grumbled!

It was enough to make any poet burst into doggerel to go over there to Tomlinson Hall last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and give the real Kultured Canines the once-over. There were about two hundred of them, and there were dogs to suit any taste.

I thought I'd get me a dog, maybe, but I didn't know what kind of a dog. I just wanted a kind of a general dog, as one might say, not too large, nor yet too small, not too stuck-up to object to eating his dinner off a tin plate, and not too haughty to hang out in the dog house. But after going up there, I saw it was all off, as far as getting that kind of a dog was concerned. I figured to get a dog for say, six bits, but I found that they cost nearer \$75 than 75 cents, which was discouraging, and so I didn't get a dog at all, but will get one by some other means—maybe by copping one out of the dog wagon the next time it comes this way.

But I never saw so many fancy dogs in all my life, and the trouble their owners took for them, and all—they even had some special kind of food they fed 'em, made up in the shape of bones, but I should think that a dog would be more or less of a bonehead that could be fooled by anything like that.

There were a lot of mere sample dogs—these little Mexican purps that shiver all the time as if they heard Villa coming after them to make them into chile con carne, and these fuzzy little poodles that you've gotta devote your life and bath-tub to keeping clean after you get them, and underslung dachshunds. There was a couple of these white bull terriers that looked just like William S. Hart, the moving picture actor, in the face, and there was setters that seemed perfectly able to stand up and pointers with people pointing at them.

Some of the dogs was in silk-lined cages, or lying on pink silk cushions, with a female person around who called herself "Your muzzer," or something like that, which seemed to make no impression on the purps. And there

was St. Bernards and Boston bull terriers and Norwegian elk hounds that did not seem to belong to any particular lodge of B. P. O. E., and Chinese dogs, called horse-radish dogs—or mebbe it was chow-chow—anyway it was some kind of pickle—and collies and bull dogs that could never qualify for chorus girls, being too bow-legged, and dogs of every other size and shape and color and disposition anybody ever seen.

Everybody there thought their dog was the best dog in the world, and the judges were about as popular with the people who belonged to the dogs that didn't get a prize as the umpire is when he calls a strike on the home team, but, as one of them said, you can't please everybody, and everybody's gotta take his chances. However, comma, I'd as soon be a judge at a baby show as at a dog show—moreso, because the design of the baby was wished on you, as it were, but you selected your dog yourself.

I guess every dog there must have had his last name Barker, for though they were swell dogs and all that, they didn't have enough manners to keep still, and they ragged each other through the bars of their coops something scandalous, and cussed each other out in dog-Latin.

I guess, after all, that I don't want one of those high-brow dogs, because when you get one you feel a kind of responsibility about him, and you don't get very much use out of a dog that cost a thousand dollars or so, because what if you wanted a home for a watch dog?—the night watchman might up and steal him.

So I think I'll just get me a plain, regular dog—a dog part bulldog and part St. Bernard, and with perhaps a little dash of pug. That ought to be a pretty good sort of a dog, and I wouldn't have to worry about sending him around the country to dog shows.

Rube Fails to Discover New Blood

Reversing the tactics of the w.k. Duke of York, the old-time directors of the Chamber of Commerce marched down the hill and then marched up again.

There are a lot of things about this Chamber that I don't quite get, and this latest play of theirs is the most decidedly much so, as you might say.

It was only a few weeks ago, come next pay day, that all the old directors of the C. of C., full of the spirit of sacrifice, resigned to the accompaniment of a seven-column ad in all the papers. The idea was that there was to be a transfusion of new

blood into the alleged anemic veins of the C. of C. and all that sort of thing.

There was also much highly colored conversation about what the newly organized C. of C. was going to do after this was all completed—it would seem that it was but for this that Indianapolis was waiting in order to make Chicago look like one of those places on the map where the limited doesn't even hesitate to whistle.

And now—look!

The Chamber was reorganized—yes, it was!

Cast your eye over the new list of directors—that is, if they are new. Most of them are the same old guard who have been directors since the C. of C. ever was at all and most of the officers. There is no sign of new blood at the C. of C.—not even a nose bleed on the part of any of the members.

Well, it's a queer world, aint it?

Has the "Jitney" Come to Stay?

Coming events cast their prophetic shadows before.

Consider the "jitney" and its prophetic shadow.

My motorman considers it and during the idle moments he predicts a time will arrive in the near future when the street cars will be a rare sight along the streets. The "jitneys" will prevail.

Officials of the great traction companies insist the "jitney" has come to stay and they regard it as a very dangerous competitor.

The traction companies contend the "jitney" should be subjected to the same degree of regulation by the public service commission that they suffer. And the "jitney" contends differently. There is the essence of a real fight. The Senate is now considering a bill to place the "jitney" under the public service commission. The "jitney" insists the bill is to abolish the "jitney," as the commission can prevent competition unless competition is necessary.

The traction interests say the "jitney" may serve in good weather and be accepted. Then a bad day comes and there are no "jitneys." The traction interests point to a city where the "jitneys" conquered the street car company—put the company into a receivership. That was during the summer. In the winter the "jitney" went into winter quarters. There was no transportation. There is some room for argument there.

But everyone insists about the State capitol that the "jitney" has come to stay.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES Editor and Publisher

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The Man of the Hour and the Protest

THE JEWETT-SHANK campaign has developed a situation in Indianapolis that never before existed in this community. As between the two men, Mr. Charles W. Jewett and Mr. Lew Shank, every reasonable argument seemed in the beginning to confirm the certainty of Mr. Jewett's nomination.

In his own personality, Mr. Jewett is all that could be desired in the Man of the Hour. He has the most efficient organization—and probably the cleanest—ever known in Indianapolis politics. His selection expressed the unanimous endorsement and support of the locally powerful men in the Republican party. He had, and still has, practically the unanimous support of Indianapolis business men. And finally, the columns of both the News and the Star were most generously thrown open to his cause. Surely all of this would have convinced any reasonable person that his nomination was assured. As for Lew Shank, in the beginning, his candidacy seemed to represent nothing but an absurd and ridiculous personal ambition.

But the campaign had not progressed a fortnight until it became evident that there were influences at work far more powerful than the personality of these two men. Mr. Jewett's fine personality seemed matched against something where personality was of small avail. And Lew Shank's grotesque individuality was proving to be no handicap at all.

Before the substantial and hitherto controlling element in this community realized what was happening, their confidence in the stability of things "reasonable" had received a tremendous shock. The Shank candidacy had proven to be a protest against existing conditions in Indianapolis, and in this protest the personality of Lew Shank had become only the nucleus around which the protest was organizing.

This protest seemed to come from everywhere. The "rough-neck" element, the illiterate and irresponsible element, the hoi-polloi were all there, of course, and in the vanguard. But the protest did not stop with these. It has grown and grown until now it would seem that the laboring element and the common people are all included in a movement that has been as spontaneous as it has been unanimous among that class of citizens who are taken into small account except in times of political revolution—when party lines and every other thing that is established, orthodox and taken for granted, are thrown to the winds.

As the poll stands today, more than fourteen thousand qualified voters have pledged their support in writing to Lew Shank. And his cause is growing in strength and enthusiasm every hour. Mr. Jewett was selected as a candidate because his wonderful personality and splendid organization were supposed to be equal to the task of winning a very doubtful battle. But the battle has turned out to be a very different combat than was anticipated.

For months this community has been told and told and told again that there is something wrong with Indianapolis. And they have been told, too, that this wrong is expressed in the policies of the Indianapolis News, the Merchants' Association, the street car company and the Indianapolis financial oligarchy. But this telling has only been pooh-poohed aside as mere nonsense. Well, will these pooh-pcohers now please come forward and pooh-pooh Lew Shank's army off the field—for it is a spontaneously organized protest against these oft pointed out wrongs.

Charles W. Jewett has not lost the fight—yet—but he now can only win it as the Man of the Hour sans the Indianapolis News and sans the social and financial aristocracy which holds court at the Columbia Club.

And as for that little self-appointed despotism which believes that it holds a mortgage on the prosperity of Indianapolis and a brief for its future destiny—well, there were some things which were not "nominated in the bond." Those who know Charles W. Jewett, and love and respect him, do not want to see his political future sacrificed to conditions which should have been banished from this community years ago. And there is no time to lose.

The Hemphill Bill

The Hemphill bill which was introduced this week in the Senate and reported on favorably by the Senate committee on manufactures and voted down Thursday on second reading, 26 to 22, should have passed both houses without opposition from any quarter. And, indeed, it is difficult to see why the bill should have had any opposition at all.

This bill makes it "lawful for any person, firm, corporation or association to manufacture in the State of Indiana, intoxicating liquors for the purpose of selling or disposing of such liquors *outside* of the State of Indiana."

The bill provides that such manufacturers shall give a bond of \$10,000 for faithful compliance with all the laws of Indiana, and shall pay to the state an annual license fee of \$4,000.

The bill also provides that the Governor shall appoint one inspector for each manufacturing plant, whose duty it shall be to visit the plant to which he is assigned "at least once each day and to carefully inspect the record of sales of the manufacturer, by this act required to be kept, and to make such investigation of and inquiries into the conduct of the business of such manufacturer, in so far as the same may relate to the sales and disposition of intoxicating liquors manufactured by such manufacturers, as in his judgment may be necessary to the proper discharge of his duties."

Each inspector is required to make a report to the Governor, on or before the 10th of each month, showing all sales made during the month preceding at the plant under his jurisdiction.

Then inspectors are to be paid salaries of not exceeding \$3,000 per year, to be paid out of the fund created by the license fees paid by the manufacturers.

When the Wright bill finally became a law, it was the first idea of the manufacturers to attack the constitutionality of the act. And they were assured by the best lawyers of the State that this law was very vulnerable as to its restraint of manufacturing. But after much and thorough consideration, the manufacturers decided on the procedure indicated in the Hemphill bill, and this course should have the approval of every business man and the taxpayers in the State.

This proposed law will not at all change the existing law with respect to the use and sale of liquor in Indiana, and only affects the present State-wide prohibition act in that it permits the manufacture of liquor in Indiana for sale *outside* the State. Therefore the advocates of State-wide prohibition should have no interest in this bill, whatever.

While this proposed law does not affect the State-wide prohibition of the use and sale of liquor in Indiana, it does affect two other considerations of vital concern to every taxpayer. One is the rights of property and the validity of contracts between the State of Indiana and its citizens, and the other is the importance to this State of the breweries and distilleries as manufacturing industries.

The twenty-eight breweries in Indiana represent a total investment in properties and equipment of \$7,280,000. The nine distilleries represent a similar investment of \$5,500,000, making a total capital investment on the part of these thirty-seven manufacturing institutions of \$12,780,000—an average per manufacturing unit of nearly \$350,000, which is about twenty times the amount invested in the average Indiana manufacturing plant.

Now this capital investment had been made in each case after a contract had been entered into with the State of Indiana. For instance, about fifteen years ago the Hammond Distilling Company was organized. After complying with all legal regulations, this company received a charter from

the State granting it the right to do a manufacturing business in Indiana *for a period of fifty years*. This charter is a contract to which the State is a party. And upon the strength of it the Hammond Distilling Company made a capital investment in plant and equipment of considerably more than a half-million dollars. Now can anyone, however prejudiced, justify a procedure which repudiates this contract, and, in effect, confiscates the investment made on the strength of it?

The moral issue involved is quite another matter. To begin with, the moral issues of the liquor traffic are saloon issues. And the State's contract with a saloon as expressed in the saloon's license is a contract for *one* year, not for fifty years, and requires no plant investment at all.

Moreover, the liquor manufacturing industry involves considerations entirely detached from whatever the wishes of the people of Indiana may be toward the saloon. One of these considerations is the fact that 55 per cent. of the products of the Indiana breweries, and 99 per cent. of the products of the Indiana distilleries, are sold *outside* the State of Indiana. This means a commercial revenue to the State of Indiana of more than \$35,000,000, which does not affect the use of liquor in this State at all. Now if some twenty-five other States are still legalizing the use and sale of liquor, and if there is a demand upon Indiana manufacturers for an output of this magnitude, then can any business man justify the wanton destruction of such a volume of business, in utter disregard of both property and contract rights, and with no moral compensation whatever? Certainly not!

Moreover, the continuance of this manufacturing industry means the distribution to citizens of Indiana of more than \$22,000,000 for labor, grain, coal, cooperage and other manufacturing materials.

Moreover, commercial alcohol is absolutely essential to the industrial life of the nation. No other manufacturing material is so generally used. Besides its use in the manufacture of drugs and necessities generally, it is absolutely essential to national defense. It may be news to the average reader to learn that the Dupont Powder Works alone uses more than 25,000 barrels of alcohol per day. But not one distillery in America can exist, under present conditions, on the manufacture of commercial alcohol alone. In time this probably can be done. But it will take the Indiana distilleries at least ten years to so reconstruct their plants and reorganize their businesses as to be able to produce commercial alcohol alone at a profit. And when it is remembered that Indiana is the second State in the Union in the production of alcohol and spirituous liquors, the importance of this fact is obvious.

The legislature of the State probably acted within its rights in prohibiting the use and sale of liquor in Indiana. But even with respect to that, the wishes of the majority of the people are still unknown. Less than 10 per cent. of the people of this State were heard from in the spectacular drive that was made on the legislature three weeks ago.

But the legislature exceeded its rights in enacting a law the enforcement of which meant the repudiation of contracts to which the State is a party and also the confiscation of property. And the liquor manufacturers have acted the part of high and generous-minded citizens in seeking to restore their obvious rights through the same channel that sought to take them away, instead of resorting to the courts.

But the simple facts that the manufacturers of liquor in Indiana in no wise affects prohibition of the sale and use of it in this State; and the enactment of the Hemphill bill makes it possible for the continuance of an industry that is absolutely essential to the industrial life of the country and to na-

tional defense as well, and the final fact that the continuance of these manufacturing industries means the legitimate participation of Indiana manufacturers in a market that will exist indefinitely, and means an enormous commercial revenue to this State. All of these facts should bring every business man and taxpayer in Indiana to the support of this bill if it can be re-introduced.

The Indianian

The Indianian is now inviting its readers to become subscribers, and in support of this invitation, it is well briefly to call attention, first of all, to just what The Indianian is, and then to the subjects that will be strongly emphasized in the early issues to follow.

The Indianian is an Indiana magazine. It has undertaken to express in literary form the ideals and possibilities of the Spirit of Indiana. Its leading articles will deal with subjects that are fundamental and which should interest every citizen of this community.

For the present there will be maintained in each issue five distinct departments:

- The Editorial Department;
- The Department of News and Current Events;
- Senyahnalla's Discussions;
- Margot's Department;
- The Chaperone, and
- Rube Kidder.

The Editorial Department will deal in the characteristic method of the Editor with the subjects that are of vital and important concern to the public. And in dealing with such subjects, an attempt will be made in each issue to set out essential facts that local newspapers, by reason of their policies, do not print at all. In the next issue there will appear an article entitled "The Indianapolis System," which will undertake to analyze and explain a condition of things existing in Indianapolis, which every one feels, few understand, and which is not to be found in any other large community in the country—and which really is a system.

The Department of Current Events and News, under the direction of Mr. Harry G. Copeland, will contain very well-written articles on subjects of paramount current interest. Next week's issue will contain an article entitled "The Hemphill Bill Behind the Scenes" that will be worth the price of a year's subscription to any reader of this magazine.

Senyahnalla was one of the organizers of the London Society of Altruists. The articles which have been heretofore published have been preparatory to the publication of a system of altruist service and belief, the first chapter of which will appear in the next issue. This system will undertake to be a program of organized sympathy and helpfulness, which should deeply interest every man who feels in some measure responsible for the welfare of his neighbor.

Margot is probably the best authority on Fashion in the Middle West. Her articles will be at least three months in advance of anything else on fashions that reaches Indianapolis, and will be of very vital interest to every woman of ambition to know all about Milady's wardrobe. And it is well to say, in this connection, that Margot is not an Indianapolis correspondent.

The Chaperone is without doubt the cleverest Society Correspondent in this community, and her articles will weekly become more and more incisive and interesting.

Rube Kidder—well, we are going to publish Rube's picture before long, and in the meantime, we are inviting all our readers to form some adequate conception of this interesting adventurer from far afield.

The Significance of the Mayoralty Campaign

The Jewett-Shank mayoralty campaign has developed within the past fortnight a very interesting situation—and one which discloses much that is vital to the welfare of Indianapolis. The two outstanding facts of this situation are that this campaign has ceased to be a personal contest between Mr. Charles W. Jewett and Mr. Lew Shank, and has become a battle royal between the two elements in this community—that long have been approaching the inevitable combat which will decide who is to rule Indianapolis. And the other outstanding fact is the amazing throngs that are daily recruiting the Shank forces.

Every well-informed citizen knows that there are two elements in Indianapolis between which the lines are now daily becoming more sharply drawn. One is that highly respectable, substantial and important group of citizens whose ideas are expressed in the policies of either one or all of the four powerful influences that have long controlled public policy in this community. These influences are the Indianapolis News, the Merchants' Association, the street car company and about four financial groups who absolutely dominate the business policy of this city. Of the fifty thousand voters in Indianapolis this element possibly includes three or four thousand. The other element is the great body of dissatisfied citizens who deeply feel that there is something seriously wrong with Indianapolis, although most of them do not know what the matter is.

Mr. Jewett was selected for the regular Republican candidacy by a large committee of very prominent Republican citizens, as the one man who first of all could beat Lew Shank in the primaries and then any Democratic candidate at the election. His unblemished record, fine character, splendid abilities and brilliant personality were the qualities that his supporters relied upon to make Mr. Charles W. Jewett the man of the hour in Indianapolis.

Between these two candidates it seemed incomprehensible that the community could make any choice, but the seemingly only choice. One man, an educated gentleman, a successful lawyer, a shrewd politician and possessing a personality of striking power and brilliancy. The other man, an ignoramus—almost a buffoon, and, as the possible mayor of this great city, a joke, but nevertheless possessing qualities that persuade thousands of citizens to acclaim him as their chosen leader.

"But the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft a'glee." And the plans according to which the Jewett campaign was launched certainly did "gang a'glee." In the beginning Mr. Jewett's managers generously conceded to Lew Shank 10 per cent. of the Republican vote. A week or two later these gentlemen with evident concern revised their estimate of Shank's strength and increased his allowance to 25 per cent. But today the evidences at hand alarmingly indicate that Lew Shank may have already crossed the majority line and unless some miracle interferes may be nominated.

And how did all this happen? Well a further inspection of the facts of the campaign may afford some explanation. Mr. Jewett has been going about town making interesting, intelligent and often eloquent speeches to small and indifferent audiences, while Lew Shank has been going about town making perfectly ridiculous speeches to large and enthusiastic audiences. And these indications certainly point most convincingly to two facts:

One is that it is perfectly impossible to arouse any enthusiasm in Indianapolis for any man or any cause that is championed by the Indianapolis News, the street car company and the self-constituted, aristocratic, down-town oligarchy that quar-

ters at the Columbia Club. The other fact is that the candidacy of Lew Shank has developed into a city-wide protest against the powerful influences that absolutely dominate, and, what is worse, spoil this community.

For every good reason Mr. Charles W. Jewett ought to be nominated and elected. But he is undoubtedly in danger of defeat, because the public do not trust his powerful supporters. The burden of his friends is too great even for his commanding personality. And when it comes to that, there is not a man in Indianapolis of sufficiently powerful personality to convince the people of this city that the Indianapolis News ought to be either trusted or followed.

No man who knows Mr. Jewett believes that if he is elected the News will own him for one single hour of his four years as mayor. But the public does not know that, and the Indianapolis News has owned bigger men than most people yet know Mr. Jewett to be. So there the situation stands.

The primaries are now only two weeks away. Mr. Jewett's nomination depends solely on his ability in that time to convince the common people of this community that Charles W. Jewett and not the powerful influences supporting him will control the policies of his administration. As a matter of fact, there is not the least doubt about this. But the people do not know that there is not.

Lew Shank's nomination depends solely on the ability of his campaign managers to get his vote to the polls. And thus the situation stands today.

The really thoughtful citizens of Indianapolis are earnestly hoping for Mr. Jewett's success. And his campaign is now being urged with tremendous energy and by the use of every legitimate means known to successful politics. But he is almost hopelessly handicapped by his avowed sponsors. And these supporters have reckoned wrongly.

The little group of exclusive and self-centered gentlemen who reign supreme in the Washington street district have reckoned this time without their host. They did not know that they have lost the sympathy, and in a large measure the confidence of the common people of this community. And these common people are a good deal less interested in what they are getting in Lew Shank than they are in what they are getting rid of in autocratic and thoroughly selfish bossism. As a class, such citizens are much more efficient in tearing down than in building up. And woe betide the political or civic organization which builds up something which the common people first distrust, then despises and finally destroys.

And no eleventh-hour performance, however powerful and heroic can be depended upon to dissolve what for years has been slowly crystallizing in the public minds.

Any community always gets in the long run just the sort of government that it deserves. If Charles W. Jewett is nominated and elected Indianapolis will get a mayor who is much more worthy of the office than the public spirit of this city is worthy of the man.

And if Lew Shank is nominated and elected, then Indianapolis will reap what for years she has been sowing in permitting the Indianapolis News to degrade public sentiment, the Merchants' Association to put ridiculous restraints upon business expansion, the street car company to do precisely as it pleases, the financial autocracy of Indianapolis to absolutely stifle any spirit of aggressiveness and general prosperity, and in permitting all of these together to make any such thing as an Indianapolis spirit, with big, generous principles and splendid ideals, absolutely impossible.

And the public is just about to register its opinion of such stupid, selfish, self-surrendering, short-sightedness.

The Excise Tax Bill

The Goodrich excise tax bill now before the State Senate, with several amendments proposed, has stirred the action about the legislative chambers with more fever than any other bill proposed or enacted during the present session of the legislature. Governor Goodrich has gone into the fight himself, first offering a compromise through which he reduced the assessments he desired in the first bill he presented. And in the compromise form the bill passed the House with every Republican Representative supporting it.

The opposition to the bill is centered in the corporate interests of the State as these are the only interests directly concerned in the bill. For the first time it is proposed to tax the corporations for the benefits and privileges the State gives to them through its laws permitting incorporation of concerns. And the Governor did not hesitate to call the corporations the creatures of special privilege, and to criticize them severely for opposing his proposal to levy a tax upon them.

But from the other side of the fence, a different view may be obtained. Representative Joseph Cravens, Democratic floor leader, has a bill before the House which would reduce the tax levy about \$500,000 annually. This was recommended by Governor Ralston and his recommendations were based upon actual conditions. Despite the much-repeated declaration of Speaker Eschbach that no bill would be smothered in committee, this bill has been smothered and very deliberately smothered without the slightest excuse for the action.

Governor Ralston proposed to reduce the levy for vocational education one-half cent on the \$100. This fund has now more than \$500,000 credited to it upon the State treasury books and there is no definite place where this money or this amount of money is to be spent. So the former Governor proposed to reduce the fund and if necessary increase it again. There is no necessity for increases now but there can be no legitimate argument against decreases. This reduction would have been made through the Cravens bill.

When the Ralston administration ended the State debt had been eliminated with the exception of some money owed to Purdue University and this money can not be paid at the present time. The moment it can be paid there is plenty of money in the State treasury to pay it. And with this condition there is no necessity for a "sinking fund levy" as this levy was made to take care of the State debt. It was proposed to end it, to remove this burden from the people at once by Governor Ralston. And this would have been accomplished through the Cravens bill.

The general fund of the State had a balance of more than \$2,000,000 in it when the Ralston administration closed. It was recognized without the slightest doubt, that this balance would tide the State over any adversities and allow plenty of opportunity for natural increases in the cost of governing the State. So the Governor proposed to reduce the general fund. There could be no legitimate argument against this reduction and it would have been accomplished through the Cravens bill.

And the Cravens bill has been smothered through committee action. Why?

Now, throughout his campaign, Governor Goodrich bitterly attacked the Democratic administrations for the increase in the cost of operating the State. He extended his era of criticism until it reached into the State institutions and he spared not any proposition so long as he could campaign and criticize. Supporting this criticism, he promised a program of economy.

The moment the Governor presented his excise bill he talked of the future increased cost of gov-

erning the State, the same proposition he had ridiculed when criticising the former administrations. He talked of the cost of the improvement of roads, but in the State highway commission bill passed by the Senate, a provision is made for a 5-cent levy for the improvement of highways. And unless the State is going to improve every highway in the State at the same time, there is every possibility there will be plenty of money to improve the highways.

There is little doubt the cost of managing the State will increase some each year, but, in the opinion of most persons, we have about reached the crest of prices of food and the future should see some reduction in commodities which affect the cost of governing the State. Other prices are certain to take a tremendous tumble after the war and the Goodrich administration will get the benefit of this movement. So, withal, the increase in the cost of governing the State, with economy equal to that administered by the Ralston, Marshall or Hanly administrations should permit the State to roll along merrily.

Where is the rub of all this effort to obtain additional revenues and of this refusal to permit the enactment of a bill to reduce the taxation?

The Ralston administration left a great balance in the State treasury when it retired and turned the reins over to Governor Goodrich. Suppose to this would be added the additional \$500,000 a year which would have been saved through the Cravens bill. And to this add an additional revenue of \$2,000,000 a year through the excise tax bill. When 1919 rolled around the Goodrich administration could go before the legislature with a fund amounting to some \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 in the State treasury.

Then what? For some reason the people of Indiana can be fooled for a considerable period of time. The Indianapolis papers which are now protecting the Goodrich administration for some reason—and it is the greatest job of “covering up and honeying over” ever witnessed in Indianapolis—might fool the people for some time. The Goodrich administration might be classed as an administration of great economy because this \$6,000,000 would be in the treasury. Of course it would not be economy but additional revenue.

But when the 1919 legislature convened and Governor Goodrich arose to deliver his message, amid great applause, he could point to the \$6,000,000 and his “economy” obtained through a levy upon the people, directly or indirectly. And in the next breath he could shout to the legislators that they must relieve the people of taxation levied by the State for State purposes in an amount which would raise a sum of \$6,000,000 or about 30 cents reduction. A reduction of 30 cents would amount to just about \$6,000,000 in two years.

That would make excellent campaign “bunk,” and nothing but “bunk,” in 1919, would it not? And with a presidential campaign being fought, it might mean much to the party and especially to Governor Goodrich. And even though it would be nothing more than “pure bunk,” remember what Barnum has said about every minute, and that statement applies to Indiana as well as other States of the Union.

It is a ninth-inning rally for which Governor Goodrich is playing. The cards are under the table, but they are sticking out at the edges.

Then let us see the next move. Suppose the Democratic candidate for Governor might win in 1919. He would go into the State without anything in the treasury and with a tax levy at a point where it would not raise sufficient funds to take care of the general expenses. It would be a condition somewhat different to that when Gov-

ernor Goodrich took charge with more than \$2,000,000 in the treasury and all debts paid.

The first move to be made by the Democrats, necessarily would be to increase the tax levy to provide for actual expenses. And the Indianapolis “covering papers” would shout extravagance and Barnum’s friends would be ready to believe.

Or viewing the condition from another point. Suppose the Republicans would win and a Republican Governor would succeed Governor Goodrich. Without any apology, he could show the condition of the State finances, point to the “reduction” in levies made by the former Republican administration and demand an increase in the levy sufficient to meet the demands of the State. Because Governor Goodrich had “reduced” the taxes the Indianapolis “covering papers” would forgive the proposal to increase the taxation, and Barnum’s friends in Indiana would believe the story in the paper and the card game would end just right.

Some day this good old Hoosier-American people is going to awaken to the truth and the facts in the case and be it Democrat or Republican smothering them with “pure bunk” this people is going to resent it and turn to some form of government other than the “bunking” form.

Preparedness

What are you going to do when the drought begins? It will be a long time until the dry spell is upon us and the average tippler hasn’t given the matter any consideration one way or the other—but these old Safety First boys, leave it to them.

Now a bargain is a bargain, by hickory, be it in booze or a chattel mortgage. Before the prohibition law goes into effect everybody everywhere in the State must get rid of all the liquor in his possession except one measly little old gallon of whisky and a few insignificant bottles of beer. If the booze remains on hand—well the law is very drastic. So there is a wonderful opportunity to buy up the “licker” for a song; that is, that’s the way some of the brethren of the old Safety First fraternity have it figured out.

Of course, they have a deep feeling of sympathy for the men of the liquor industry but they are dead against the damnable rum traffic.

Take a drink? Tut! Tut! Tut! And also tush, tush, tush. Drink? Mercy, no. But a little dram—that’s different. By golly, boys, just a few drops more of that “cold coffee!”

Now getting down to the meat of the thing—here’s the richest part of this little story, the explanation, as it were, penned by Mr. T. M. Clark (there is a suspicion that the initials should be T. W. instead of T. M., but the letter head and the signature have it M.) of Decatur county, S. S.:

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Capital - - \$25,000

John J. Puttmann, President.	John J. Puttmann.
John Hoff, V.-President.	John Hoff.
E. H. Spilman, Cashier.	John A. Meyer.
	John Koenigkraemer.
	Edw. A. Buckley.
	T. M. Clark.
	E. H. Spilman.
	Peter P. Schuh.

New Point, Ind., February 17, 1917.

The Santa Clara Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Sirs—Seeing your ad in the Indianapolis Star of the Old Jack Gregg Kentucky Whisky, and knowing that a great quantity of whisky will be put on the market in a short time by our local dealers and manufacturers at a greatly reduced price, I write you for the purpose of ascertaining just how you are willing to sell yours. You advertise it at 75 cents per quart or \$3.00 per gallon. Will you fur-

nish two gallons to a customer for \$5.00? If you will do this, and will send me one quart as a sample to test, and it is satisfactory, I will order the two gallons or the remaining seven quarts, and perhaps more. We realize when the new law gets in force, it will be hard to get and with much trouble. I only want it for home medical use. Have no other thought. I am a State-wide prohi., but I realize the frequent need of a little whisky in the family for medical and home use. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient as our local druggists are offering very attractive inducements to immediate purchasers.

Yours very truly,

T. M. CLARK, R. R. 9, Greensburg, Ind.

Now, Mr. Clark in his brief letter has really written a volume. He starts in to prove his case right off the bat and with an eye to the main chance. In a careless sort of way he throws another panic right into the hearts of the liquor men for he “knows” a great quantity of whisky will be thrown on the market at greatly reduced prices. He is “agin” the traffic—except at reduced rates.

He doesn’t go so far as to suggest that the present stock of liquor may spoil on the dealers’ hands, but he is a judge of “licker,” by hickory, and no city slicker is going to put anything over on him because he ‘lows to sample a quart before he gets in gallon deep.

Well, now, the firm of liquor dealers sent a reply to Uncle T. M.’s letter, but it is a bit of what you might say, raw. There is no intention whatever to hurt the feelings of Deacon Clark—this article is written solely to cast an illuminating side light on a matter of current interest—so the publication of the reply is withheld. It may be mentioned, however, that the liquor firm didn’t send the deacon his sample quart, and it also refused to quote a panic price.

Give the Mayor Credit

The “jockeying” of petty politicians in our House of Representatives has passed for the moment and as a result there is a possibility Indianapolis may be served with some good legislation relating to a system of sewage disposal and relating also to the park system. We have gotten along to the point where the city ills will be before the Senate within a short time and there will come another opportunity for the politicians.

The sewage disposal bills and the park bills, regardless of whose name is attached to them belong to the administration of Mayor Bell, and despite what his personal antagonists may say or think they believe, the credit is due to his plans and ideas. Of course, the mayor is not regarded in a high place by some of the gay reformers of the city, but some great thinker and one of the cleanest men in Indianapolis said one time that “reform, like charity, begins at home and stays there a long time; reform must not be proclaimed from the house-tops, but proclaimed through the daily actions of a mind and heart anxious and interested in the public welfare.”

And some day after the world passes on, the administration of Mayor Bell is going to be placed right alongside that of Mayor Bookwalter and Mayor Taggart for actual benefits obtained by the city. There was a time when the administrations of Mr. Taggart and Mr. Bookwalter were regarded by these same gay reformers as being of such a nature it was dangerous for a man to applaud them. But the gay reformers are unknown today while the fame of the Taggart and Bookwalter administrations continue.

And if the same spirit which has opposed the Bell sewage disposal bill and the park bill had not opposed Mayor Bookwalter, today Indianapolis would have a great coliseum.

A "Lame Duck" Committee

BY SENYAHNALLA

History has given small and inconspicuous place to the pessimist. Always a prophet of evil, he is an alarmist, but regarded retrospectively he fades always into the negligible. For the race has somehow survived the worst of its afflictions. And in spite of them all it has gone forward, and undoubtedly will continue to go forward.

But a single forward step may require a century or a single year; according as it is the product of vision, initiative and aggressive action; or the imperceptible glacier-like movement of social evolution. And the sufferer from the infinitely deliberate progress of social evolution is not the race, but the individual.

Of one thing we may all be sure, the evident problems of mankind will ultimately find their solution. But the one immediate question is whether the sufferers of today are to have relief. And that depends not upon inevitable cosmic law, but upon the sense of responsibility which stirs the heart of the individual.

Probably the greatest discovery of human science is that we are living in a cosmos, which is governed by one set of laws, but is wonderfully responsive to quite another set of laws that are not automatic but require application. Social evolution is carrying the race forward by a process that takes the individual into account not at all. It only promises that the individual of a thousand years from now will be better off than the individual of today. And small comfort is that to a hungry child, who then will have been a thousand years forgotten and all his sufferings with him.

But the purpose of religion is to persuade men and women who possess it to put into operation the law of Love, the effectiveness of which is not a thousand years hence, but immediate. The law of Love deals with the individual, while the law of Evolution deals with the race. Under the operation of Evolution the individual is advanced because the race has gone forward. Under the law of Love the race is advanced because the individual has gone forward.

And since the relief of suffering has been put within the power of individual men and women, is it not infinitely tragic that the most acute problems of mankind have been left to processes that require centuries of time and the destruction of countless millions of lives for their execution?

No one doubts that a future age will witness the effective elimination of all the curses and afflictions that follow in the wake of poverty. But is there any excuse for leaving to a cosmic process that will require a dozen centuries what can be done in a decade if men and women realize their own powers and possibilities?

Suppose one draws nearer for a closer consideration of exact conditions. The individuals in any community can be roughly classified as:

The Efficient;

The Misplaced, Untrained, and the Weak; and
The Dependents.

Any individual will find himself somewhere in this classification.

The Efficient are those who by reason of natural ability, unusual effort, or sheer luck, have found their places in the world and have enough and to spare.

The Misplaced, Untrained and Weak are those who by reason of having undertaken the wrong thing, or because of lack of training, or lack of

strength or substance, have always been on the short side of affairs.

The Dependents are the unprovided for children, helpless women, incompetent men and all those whom circumstance or affliction have thrown into the social deficit.

It is obvious that the social assets and organization are entirely in the care of the first of these three classes. And the situation is one of appalling inactivity. Nothing at all is being done. And so long as that is true, it is not only proper, but eminently desirable, that it be supposed what might be done.

Before supposing the account of a real happening will be helpful. Some years ago one of the largest banks in America, after much thoughtful deliberation, created as a sub-committee of its Board of Directors, a committee which bore the suggestive title of "The Lame Duck Committee." The business of this committee was to look up deserving businesses that were struggling for lack of capital and in a thoroughly business-like way to assist such institutions with needed funds.

For instance, the head of one firm which is now the largest institution of its kind in the world and a national advertiser known to every person in this country was solicited by a representative of this "Lame Duck Committee" about as follows:

"Your business has good possibilities, what you need is more funds. Now, you put on your Board of Directors a man of our selection, allow us to audit your books twice a year, and our bank will loan you all the money you require. We do not want a dollar of your stock. We want your account and we want to see you prosper."

The world-wide reputation of this firm is due to the prompt acceptance of this proposition.

Now, let it be supposed that the Efficient, or any number of them, would create an organization for the purpose of assisting the Misplaced, Untrained and the Weak. All that is required is sympathy and intelligent co-operation. What amazing results would follow such efforts. And what splendid recruits would soon be added to the ranks of the Efficient.

Society needs the "accounts" of its successful units just as banks need the accounts of successful business houses.

And after all a bank is but an expression of public confidence and a clearing house for commercial transactions. And the fact is that the banking system is the most perfect and significant expression of the possibilities of co-operation of which we know.

Time was—not so many centuries ago—when there were no banks. Neither was there any such thing as modern commerce. And every one knows that the commercial economy of the world would explode into chaos in a day if the world's banking system were abolished.

But the social organization is just as primitive and feudal today as commerce was when Shylock kept his ducats in an iron chest. And what is needed is a clearing house for Intelligence, Power, Sympathy and Co-operation. And the thing is not the dream of the visionary. It is the greatest need of the age and always has been.

It is said that when the idea of the modern commercial bank was in its development that the standing argument against it was that banks would not increase the stock of money, and any man who had money was already privileged to loan it to his needy

neighbor if he chose. Therefore, why banks?

How much has the business world learned since then? And one of the elementary lessons is that there is every essential difference between a money lender and a bank.

A clearing house for intelligence and sympathy would not increase the world's supply of wisdom and kindness, but it would put it into circulation, which is just what banks did with the world's money supply.

What a wonderful thing it would be if there were some place where a man had the right to go who needed advice, or guidance, or instruction or help. And suppose that the rules of such an institution made it only necessary for him to prove moral solvency and that on a proper basis he would become one of society's Efficient; Dear, Oh dear! How barbarous the present state of things would look then.

The fact is that a sort of intellectual revolution is the first need of the hour. The average man believes that the existing system of morals, and the present state of society is right and the best that can be expected. The savage thinks the same thing of his system, and so does the barbarian, and so have men always, and they have always been wrong, of course.

The greatest social curse of this or any other age has been the belief that there is some point in human conduct which can be described by the term "Right," beyond which there is no possible progress. The most infamous abuses that have ever brought suffering and despair to the helpless have been justified by that term "right" that has been always a blight upon human kindness. Is it too much of an intellectual strain to realize that the race has outgrown that idea—that "Right" never had any meaning and never will have; and that it has chiefly served as a cloak for hypocrisy and selfishness? Sympathy is infinitely better and sweeter and greater than "Right" and it never serves as a cloak for anything.

The tares grow with the wheat—always have and probably always will. With all the centuries of warfare on "Sin" (whatever that may be and who knows!)—sin is still in the world, and like disease it seems to multiply with the attention it gets. A few years ago there were only a few score known diseases. Now there are said to be some seven hundred diseases of the scalp alone. What sort of a Pandora's box did men open when they began the investigation of disease? It is the people who know the least about disease that have the least of it. There are only a dozen or so diseases among the Esquimaux.

Now, since all our struggle against sin has only served to multiply its species, and since all the theology in the world has yet been unable to define one poor, miserable little word "Right," would it be any mistake to turn attention for awhile to something else? Would it not be beautiful if some tremendous inspiration were given to the ideas of Goodness and Sympathy and Helpfulness?

Let someone organize a "Lame Duck Committee" that will go out with a surplus of Intelligence and Sympathy and Goodness of Heart and say to the fellow who, foot-sore, weary and discouraged, is struggling up the hillside. "Here we are, brother, you have taken the wrong road, we will show you a better way. And then a little food and a traveler by your side who knows the trail will make your going easier. Come along, for the goal is nearer than you think."

A Word or Two on Fashions

(By Margot)

Of course, everyone knows that it isn't the costume alone that proclaims a woman "well-dressed." How often have we turned at least an eye (and more often our heads, even if Mdme. Grundy does shake a finger at us reproachfully) after a woman wearing only a plain tailored suit, but whose striking appearance was due to the little things she wore.

* * *

First in any woman's wardrobe is her hat. In the spring she looks forward to the new arrivals and her call has been answered early this year with many varieties of shapes, styles, etc. The satin hat which enjoyed such wide popularity has given way to hats of straw and braid and in the city one sees every other woman wearing one of these hats while the other is either looking at them in the shop windows or wishing she owned one. Of course, it doesn't make the least difference that the weather man predicts "colder tomorrow." What cares she if the species of the male do remark that in the summer the women wear furs and in the winter bare their throats to its chill winds? When spring hats are shown, she buys one and if she spends very much time in the shops she is liable to buy still another for there are any number of different styles and one feels she wants every one she sees.

While the satin hat with its ostrich, pom-pom or ribbon trimming is not exactly passé yet its popularity is on the wane. Of course, there is a cause for this—a not unusual one—the arrival of the newer creations—and creations they are indeed.

In one shop the hats are smart because of their lack of trimming, depending upon the twists and turns of their heretofore quiet brims for favor while in another shop the trimming is the hat and one hesitates before making a choice. The popular hat at the present moment is tall of crown and mediocrity narrow of brim in black liseré straw, which resembles a finely-woven milan shellaced to give it the necessary lustre.

One just about decides to purchase a model of this kind, when turning she beholds something still newer, that for its contrast alone makes her gasp at the fickleness of Dame Fashion. This is the hat of caterpillar braid—a braid of so dull and soft a finish that it looks more like cloth of Bolivia than straw. Purple is the color in hats just now, but brown and green in soft shades are good and easy to wear.

"History repeats itself" and so do the metal trimmings of the passed season. They are exceptionally good looking upon the straw and braid backgrounds. Of course, these trimmings are more elaborate than those worn on our winter chapeaus and seem desirous of proving our neutrality by being of Chinese design. Beads, both large and small, made up in peculiar

designs with scarcely two beads of the same size, shape and color, form another attractive trimming; coral seeming to predominate.

Then there are tiny wings and huge wings, cockades, quills that curl at the end to show their contrasting inside color, and on the flower trimmed models which are just beginning to be shown there are many red or deep rose-colored roses and violets in abundance.

While the early hats are mostly small, with a thought of the winds yet to come, there is a rumor that the designers are now busy with very, very large hats for summer wear in a braid so transparent that it is scarcely visible.

* * *

Now, if there is anything in the world that a woman gives as much time to as her hat it is her shoes. The long vamp has lasted long and will, as one designer predicts, continue while the top is high (in height, not price). Having sent the soldiers of Europe to war in their best leather, the bootmaker finds himself in a dilemma to supply our demands and in some cases, in fact in many cases, he has closed his tannery and gone to war, himself. Some of the designers are meeting the leather shortage by reviving the cloth top, with very good results. While the laced boot (which by the way is being laced up in men's fashion) continues to be popular, many of the late models are again buttoned. The combination is in pronounced favor and is seen in vamps and heels of mahogany Russia calf or patent leather with light and dark gray buckskin or suede. The walking boot with lowered heel is holding its own for street as well as sports wear, and the new feature of its narrowed toe will undoubtedly win those who are not already a convert to its comfort.

* * *

Veils just now seem to be merely an excuse for embroidery—the mesh of hexagonal or square design can scarcely be seen, while the border is either dotted in chenille or embroidered with a thread design which in places dares to continue into the center of the veil. These are worn both tight about the face or draped over the hat with flowing border and can be had in any color and some interesting contrasting combinations.

* * *

The high collars with jabots of lace extending to the waist-line or slightly above will be very smart with the new spring suits to say nothing of the Georgette crepe collar and cuffs in dull blue, rose and other becoming colors. To wear with the sports suit there is a brand new surprise awaiting us in the stock collar with background of oyster silk and stripes of different colors and widths running through at intervals, but then the World of Fashion is full of surprises so that we hardly know what to expect next.

* * *

The social butterfly can do no better than to attend the big weddings for

artistic ideas in dress. The recent society weddings in Indianapolis have introduced some decidedly new and charming fashions. At the wedding of Miss Julia Shubrick and Herman William Kothe, the bridesmaids wore filmy veils of green tulle falling from the shoulders of the silver bodice and caught at the wrist with silver bracelets, carrying out the effective color scheme of silver and green chosen by the bride. The bride's own veil did not cover the hair at all, falling from a chaplet of pearls and orange blossoms encircling her lovely Titan hair. One of the prettiest features of the wedding of Miss Cecilia Wulsin and Cornelius Alig was the frock fashioned for the bridesmaids. Of soft Japanese silk in biscuit color, garlands of vari-colored flowers in soft pastel shades formed broad stripes in the material, and quaint reticules to match the gowns were carried instead of flowers.

Meow!

(By Rube Kidder)

Well, if it ain't enough to make a Maltese cross!

It used to be that there was no particular distinction about owning a cat—usually a cat just sort of wished itself onto you, after sizing up the milk bottles on the back steps, but now—what do you think about this business about licensing cats, anyhow?

They put it over in the Legislature on Tuesday—that is, this Rep. Dynes did—about licensing cats—and the idea is to license cats same as automobiles—\$1 a year for the kind of a cat that springs a family of kittens on you every couple of months, and 50 cents for the other kind.

This will be fair enough for the \$80 Persian cat who sleeps on an embroidered silk cushion, and was never trained to a business life, and couldn't snare a mouse to save its nine lives, but what of the plain, regular cats—the back fence vocalists who lead wild, free-lance lives? Who's going to pay their license?

There ought to be some pretty exciting times when the cat-wagon begins coasting around town, gathering in these unlicensed cats, the way they do dogs, and it will be a pleasant sight to see an officer of the law climbing up a tall tree with bag on the end of a stick, trying to scoop in a cat. It ought to be good for the fur trade, too, and as summer is coming on, we gotta think about these things—pretty soon it will be 90 in the shade, and us girls just must have our furs.

This high cost of living thing is getting every place. It never used to be a sign of wealth to own a cat, as said before, but now the person who has always said "My, I just love cats, don't you?" may find that he—or she—does not love cats a dollar's worth per cat. It's a great problem. While they're at it, why don't they license gold-fish, and parrots?—especially parrots—I know of a parrot across

the street that ought to have a special license on it of \$20 a year, on general principles.

Here will be a fine chance for some philanthropist—the providing for unlicensed cats—some one ought to come along and leave a sum of money to a cat-license fund, the money to be spent in buying immunity for all unattached cats.

And another thing—is the kitty in a poker game to be subject to license, too?

Ho, hum!

It's a cat's life, ain't it? And about all we can say, caring for cats as ardently as we do, is—

"Good-bye, Tom, take keer of yer-self."

The Shrinking Dollar

The "high cost of living" cry started on its career as a novelty, then it became a cross between a joke and hysteria and now it has reached a stage where stern reality makes it a slogan of the militants.

Bread riots and demonstrations of protest have been witnessed in some of the larger cities and all in a period that has been classed as the greatest season of prosperity the country has ever known.

Now, the explanation has been forthcoming readily enough—the good old dollar has lost about half of its purchasing power.

Simple isn't it? It is a fact discovered by the experts, they tell us. But the average hired hand beat them to the discovery long ago by using the pay check and market basket formula.

The dollar has lost its purchasing power because there is too much gold in the country, the experts explain. Of course, that's a hard one for the average citizen. He might say if there is too much gold get rid of some of it. In fact, he never has found anything easier than to get rid of gold, silver, dollar bills or even the best nursed nickel in the old family purse.

Every one knows the high cost of living is a condition that is here and every one knows it is a condition arising from the world war. When millions of men began their death grapple in Europe we felt sorry for them, but took the stand that it was their quarrel and they would have to make the best of it. Our own country has been steeped in prosperity, but the time has come when it cannot escape feeling the pinch of war.

The high cost of living has been made higher, of course, by the usual number of noble patriots, from trust heads clear down to the pettiest peddler, who know no loyalty, creed or religion that doesn't bear the dollar mark. Greed plays its big part in forcing the hardships on the poor, but it is the war that gives greed its opening. The only way to reduce the high cost of living quickly is to stop the war. And the whole world has been trying to do that for more than two years.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Dame Fashion is such an erratic soul, most of her fancies seem to have drifted "out of the nowhere into here." There really seems to be neither rhyme nor reason for some of the absurdities with which she bedecks a willing femininity, and the idea that they ever had an origin anywhere seems incredible. And yet we are asked to believe there is a logical sequence in all things—even in the airy flight of the butterfly of fashion.

It would take an expert genealogist to provide some of the weird fashions of today with ancestors. Yet a group of Indianapolis young women proved themselves equal to the occasion at the recent presentation of the "Follies of 1916," given by the members of the Indianapolis Alumnae of Kappa Alpha Theta at the home of Mrs. John Jay Griffith, when extreme fashions of today were contrasted with those of olden times, and the origin of the present day styles portrayed in the cleverest manner imaginable. Perhaps the most laughable number on the program showed the origin of the pom pom button, a fluffy white rabbit taking the title role. A stunning suit trimmed with the buttons was worn by Mrs. F. F. Hutchins.

The fanciful veil worn by the up-to-date girl, in the person of Mrs. Joe Mullane, was presented as a descendant of the old time bee veil worn by the pioneer man to protect himself from the swarms of bees. The latter was impersonated by Mrs. A. L. Lockridge.

The modern girl with her luxurious furs, portrayed by Mrs. Chester Jewett, was contrasted with a primitive hunter, with his game slung over his shoulder, quite in the fashion of the pelts worn by women of today. Miss Arda Knox was the hunter.

"Out to Kill" was another picture which caused much merriment. An Indian on the warpath (Mrs. George C. Hitt) was shown as the embodiment of the spirit animating the modern bejewelled over-dressed girl, impersonated by Miss Bernice Hall. The "make-up" of the Indian was not more vivid than that of the modern girl, though a trifle broader in its color scheme.

Mrs. Edward M. Jessup as an old negro "mammy" with her gorgeous bandana turban, was the forerunner of the modern maid with her dainty boudoir cap (Mrs. Leslie R. Naftzger).

The evolution of the lowly chicken feather was another amusing bit. A farmer with his brood of chickens was portrayed by Miss Edestina Hendrix, followed by Mrs. Bertram C. Day in the role of a modern girl wearing a hat almost concealed by a profusion of feathers, which were supposed to

have once been worn by the feathered actors in the early picture.

Contrasts in the boudoir of the long ago and that of today, and in the old-fashioned dances and those of modern times formed part of the program, which delighted the audience with a series of pictures illustrating the source of inspiration for the fashions of today.

Perhaps after all Dame Fashion has simply evolved her fashions of today from the fads and fancies of primitive times. There may be reason, even in her madness. We may discover in time that the summer furs, the abbreviated skirt, the gay and festive shoes and the exaggerated color schemes of the present day had their origin in some perfectly reasonable style adopted by our ancestors. And perhaps we may even find that the summer muff, with which we are now threatened, has its reason for being. Who knows?

Indianapolis society is proud of the dramatic laurels won by several of its representatives who have recently come into the spotlight on account of rare talent. Miss Mignon McGibeny, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGibeny, has found the royal road to success in an incredibly short time, and as prima donna in one of the leading musical comedies of the day, is achieving fame. She has recently attracted attention through wearing two tiny diamond horseshoes which she has had inlaid in the soles of her pretty boots for luck, and which twinkle across the footlights in the most alluring manner. Miss McGibeny will be the center of many social festivities in her honor when she makes her appearance in this city in the near future.

Mrs. Walter Vonnegut is another Indianapolis young woman whose dramatic ability is winning her a place in New York. Mrs. Vonnegut, formerly Miss Marjorie Potts of this city, has played a leading part in every bill presented by the Washington Square Players in New York this season. She was particularly charming in the recent role of a tiny Japanese maiden and won much praise. Miss Elinor Cox, formerly of Indianapolis, is also with the Washington Square Players and has been highly praised for her exceptional work.

The Indiana Society of New York has cancelled all plans for social activities while the war cloud hangs so heavily over the country, and have pledged their support, as a body, to the government in case of need. The Daughters of Indiana in New York celebrated their thirteenth anniversary this week at the Hotel Astor.

In the busy social whirl, those less fortunate are not forgotten, and many souvenirs of the gay occasions find their way to the "shut-ins" of the city. Christ Church was a veritable bower of lovely flowers for the Alig-Wulsin wedding recently, and every blossom used in decoration both at the church and the home was sent immediately after the ceremony to hospitals and to sick rooms throughout the city. This custom has been followed at many big social affairs, and the guests at the social gatherings are not the only ones who find delight in the wealth of flowers used in adornment.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Berenice Trusler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence Trusler, to Eugene Havens Brown will take place at the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church this evening. The attendants will be Miss Bess Canada, Miss Dorothy Test, Miss Hortense Porter of Eldora, Iowa, Guy S. Means, John D. Gould and William E. Mick.

Two large benefit card parties given this week added materially to the support of the charities represented. St. Margaret's Guild, whose members devote their services to the patients in the children's ward at the City Hospital, gave a large bridge party Monday afternoon at the Hotel Severin, and the Day Nursery Auxiliary Card Club held their regular meeting Friday afternoon at the German House.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman William Kothe are spending their honeymoon at Miami, Fla. Mrs. Kothe was Miss Julia Noble Shubrick until her recent marriage, and her wedding was one of the notable social affairs of the season. They will be at home to their friends at 3845 Guilford avenue after April 2.

Mrs. S. A. Barnes of Seymour, who is the guest of Mrs. Leonidas R. Mauzy, was honor guest at a series of social affairs during the week, starting with the beautiful Japanese bridge party given by her hostess Monday afternoon. The lovely decorations transformed the rooms into a Japanese garden, where trailing wistaria, yellow song-birds, gay Japanese parasols and softly shaded lantern lights banished the thought of winter outside. Even the prizes were handsome Japanese gifts, and the ices were unique, being in the form of tiny Japanese figures bearing miniature parasols and lanterns.

Mrs. Frank Achilli entertained Tuesday afternoon and again with a dinner party Thursday evening for Mrs. Barnes; and Mr. and Mrs. Mauzy gave a theater party Friday evening for their guest.

A number of Indianapolis women have won success along unusual lines, especially in the world of art. Mrs. Myra Talbott Richards has achieved an enviable place as a sculptor, her bust of the late James Whitcomb Riley attracting wide attention. Mrs. Rena Tucker Kohlman's work is also well known in art circles. She chose one of the beloved Hoosier poet's characters as the model for her favorite figure, and "Little Orphant Annie" is a charming addition to many art collections. Miss Helene Hibben has chosen miniature modeling as her work and the tiny miniatures in bas relief are exquisitely modeled. The field of art is attracting almost as many devotees as the world of letters among Indiana women.

How the modern woman accomplishes all she does is a mystery to most of us. Where formerly there was perhaps a club or two, and a charitable organization which demanded an occasional attendance, there are now hundreds of clubs and various "causes" which the up-to-date woman feels it her duty to espouse. Of course, it is the busiest women always who find time for additional work. Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter is one of the busiest club women of the city. As president of the Legislative Council of Indiana Women, active suffragist, member of the Board of Directors of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, prominent worker in the Woman's Department Club which she helped to found and parliamentarian of the Woman's Press Club of Indiana her time would seem to be filled to overflowing. Yet she is a member of several other prominent clubs and generously gives her services as speaker before numerous organizations.

Mrs. S. E. Perkins is another force in the club life of the city. Mrs. Perkins is president of the Woman's Department Club, regent of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter D. A. R., president of the Parlor Club, and a member of several other organizations, and in addition she conducts classes in parliamentary law and other lines of work in the Department Club.

Mrs. Ovid B. Jameson is chairman of the Psychical Research section of the Woman's Department Club, active member of the Indianapolis Woman's Club and a member of the Board of Directors of the Woman's Franchise League of Indiana, to which she devotes a great deal of time and work.

The modern club woman must in truth be a busy bee, improving not only each shining hour, but every fleeting second, if she would keep up with the procession.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Game Laws

Every little while I think of some laws I would like to have passed, and have even gone so far as to go to the State House and look in at the Senate or the Legislature, thinking maybe I would do a little lobbying—the only difficulty bein' that I do not just know what lobbying is, and it sounds a little something like it had to do with playing tennis, and I always was very punk at tennis, never being able to figure out why they keep score the way they do.

However, it seems to me that when any citizen thinks up something that would protect or help or alleviate someone or something else, they ought at least tell about it, and if no one listens, why then they have done their duty, and what has struck me most forcibly, what with them grabbing pretty nearly everybody over at the City Hall, which leaves things very lonesome for the elevator man, with no one to talk to, and what with them not only grabbing them, but likewise reaching out and grabbing Chief of Police Perrott and threatening to have him up before the grand jury, if they have not already done so, me not being able to keep track of all these things, it seems to me that there is too much of this.

We have game laws to protect our quails, and our snipes, and our grizzly bears and other flora and fauna, but it seems to be a perpetual open season on Chief Perrott, and this is not fair. There ought to be some time in his life when no one was chasing him with a warrant, and making him get up early to get to court.

It is like it used to be in Kansas City. I was in Kansas City for awhile and things used to get pretty dull. Then somebody would say, "Well, there ain't much doing, supposing we try Doc Hyde again," and they would get a jury, and call Doc Hyde in from the golf links and try him. It never came to anything, but it was just one of the regular winter sports in Kansas City, and for several years it was one of the natural wonders of that city—people used to go and look at whatever Hyde trial was going on the same as they do the Eads bridge in St. Louis.

Now, I may not know all the inside facts about this, and very probably there are two or three that have gotten by, but it does seem to me that there is a sort of a hardy perennial quality about getting the chief and

other city officials arrested, or indicted, or whatever it is.

Why can't somebody pass a bill restricting such actions on the part of whoever does them to certain seasons of the year? There are plenty of dull seasons, when it would be all right—but this pouncing out at any minute—at any old minute—and indicting a person, or trying to, does not seem exactly fair.

A person should know when he can reasonably expect peace. Otherwise, if there is to be no closed season, a person would be as nervous as a person in the bathtub and the door bell ringing and no one else in the house. And that is too much for a person. There should be a closed season on all persons. It ought to be like ducks, and things, too—no fair getting more than twenty in a day, or whatever it is. Otherwise there will be an atmosphere of nervousness which will greatly impair all our city officials, if they do not know at what moment a warrant is going to be eased in under the front door.

Yes, some humane lawmaker should draw up a bill fixing certain seasons for bringing in indictments.

Spring Fever

Gee—I just don't want to do nothin'!

When it come time to write the intelligent and instructive dope that always appears on this page, the boss he says to me,

"We want it extra good this week."

"Huh!" I explained, coming out of a trance the main point of which was figuring on when the first fishing worms would be ripe, and wishing that I was once more young and sentimental, so that I could find the old time thrill in goin' prowlin' through damp, gooey, soggy woods, trailin' the small but savage violet to its jungle lair. I was even wishin' that I could buy me a jit's worth of marbles, and get down on the sidewalk and shoot 'em, only if I did it would be just my luck to have some fresh cop, or humane societyite come strolling around and get me arrested, and if they did, why then—

"Say—what's the matter with you?" said the boss, "Here I been yellin' at you half an hour—"

"If you start being a yeller, somebody 'll take you for a dandelion," I said. "Say—that's a good joke. Dandelions oughta be coming along about now, and if there is any sweeter sight than a lawn sprinkled o'er with their sunny heads—somebody else's lawn, for the dandelion is my idea of nothin' to dig—but, if there is anything love-

lier to look at than a golden field—"

"You've been shooting it in your arm again," said the boss, "but you just get up something good and snappy—something light, like the excise tax—"

"Anybody'd know it was spring," I said. "Just to look at the girls hats. Say—it does my heart good to see 'em shake the old mangy velvet bonnet along about Ground Hog Day, and come blooming out in straw creations. What is there lovelier than a large floppy straw hat, all trimmed up with flowers, with a young snow drift on top of it like I seen that last snow storm? Does not the trailing arbutus first put out its rosy bean amid the snows—"

"Or if you don't take much stock in the excise tax," went on the boss—and it seemed to me his eye got sort of fishy—"there is the coming primaries, and discussion of the various candidates, and why. That ought to be good for a colyum."

"And I keep wondering," I said, as my lamps happened to light on a drug store across the street, "As soon as spring begins to crank up, as it were, I get to wondering what new drinks they'll invent at the sody fountains. I've heard of people who didn't think a sody clerk was the noblest work of God—but they're genuiuses—look at what they do—every year they invent a lot of new drinks—why, it's as interesting to me to find the first new drink at a sody fountain as it is for a prospector, weary and worn, and with his ears all full of sand—"

"You might take a crack at suffrage," says the boss, in a cold sort of way, "While you gotta chance."

"And there's the great outdoor sport of watchin' for the first robin," I said. "If you can tell me of any more delightful diversion that sittin' on the back steps, keeping an eagle eye upon the lilac bush over in the corner, where a robin is likely to come—and then bragging about seein' him first, even if it is so cold the robin's toes are froze—if there is anything better than that—"

"You're likely to have plenty of time to sit on the back steps and watch for robins," said the boss. "Now, for the last time, I suggest you tear off a good solid article on the effect of the coming prohibition upon the income tax of the State."

"No," I said, "I cannot do it, and what's more I won't. Spring has come," I said, "and to prove it, there are all the March numbers of the magazines and the April numbers will be along in a couple of days. They will soon be painting the benches in University Park green. Before you know

it, the Bock beer signs will be on deck—and we may never live to see the sight again—if spring is late next year, we will not. No—I am not going to write any junk like that. I have the spring fever. And what's more, no one wants to read it—because they've all got the spring fever, too. And now—beat it, Boss, for I'm feeling languid."

Well, the boss beat it.

But it got cold again right after that, and then I wrote the rest of the stuff on this page.

His Claim to Fame

I was going along with a friend of mine, and we passed a very ordinary gent, it seemed to me—a gent wearing a derby hat, and a sort of a dark suit, and usual shoes, and things like that, but my friend seemed to get very excited at the sight of him, and he said,

"That there is one of the most extraordinary men in Indianapolis."

"You don't say," said I, turning around to give the party mentioned the once over, "what is he—a bank president?"

"There's gangs of bank presidents here," said my friend, "this guy is much more remarkable."

"Mebbe he never got in an argument over the war?" I said. But my friend said no, that would of been very remarkable if it had of happened, which it never could, but this gent's claims to fame were even more unusual.

"He's just built a hospital, perhaps," I said. "One where a person can be separated from his appendix for such a moderate sum that the parting will be a pleasure."

"Nothing like that, either," said my friend. "I tell you this guy is the only one of his kind in Indianapolis. I'm glad we were lucky enough to get a good look at him, because you never can tell what's going to happen these days."

"Well, what is he?" I wanted to know. "Has he got some new reform scheme? He don't look like an up-lifter to me."

"Nothing like that," said my friend, "and he hasn't gave a new fountain to St. Clair Park, or anything like that. There—he's stopping—take another look, for, as I say, you never can't tell when nothing is going to happen."

"What is he, for the lovamike?" I wanted to know. "Tell me so as I can retain his image in my memory."

"He's the only guy in town who don't want to be city judge," said my friend.

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ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

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The Signs of the Hour

DURING long periods of peace and quiet, the rich and powerful minority always come gradually to the confidence that the reins of authority are safely in their hands. Capital and the control of powerful institutions always carry with them great prestige and every appearance of mastery, in times of peace. But in times of upheaval all of this prestige and seeming mastery crumbles into helpless impotence before the greatest and most powerful agency of which we know—public unrest.

The *vox populi* is always a protest—never anything else. And all of the responsibility for constructive processes rests with the powerful minority, because the capability is there.

In the great social organization the majority always leaves control absolutely in the hands of the aristocratic minority—so long as the majority are satisfied. But when the majority becomes dissatisfied and the spirit of unrest spreads abroad, the majority just vote the social organization into a receivership.

The three outstanding events of the past few weeks are examples of this public unrest and how it operates: State-wide Prohibition, the Goodrich measures (all voted down in the Legislature), and the Jewett-Shank Campaign.

Each of these have been protests, that found revolutionary expression, because the public was not satisfied, and each differs greatly from the others.

One is led to wonder how long it is going to be before the exclusive, powerful and capable minority learn two things; that they have a large educational responsibility, and that the public deserves their confidence.

The great social organization—in which every individual is a partner—is not a sort of limited company in which all the preferred and dividend-paying shares are held by the powerful and exclusive minority, and all the common shares which never pay dividends are held by the great uninstructed majority.

But this is the way the situation looks, most of the time, and it leads to just one result—receivership, and the receivership paralyzes for a time the value of these aristocratic preferred shares.

The Indiana section of the great commune is starting anew in many things. And what a fine thing it would be if with the new start the powerful minority would make a new resolution—yes, two of them;

That, hereafter, it will give the majority a square deal, and

That it will tell the majority what it means by what it does.

It had better do this, because if there is one thing which the aristocratic minority loves above all else it is security. And security it never has in the most important of all its holdings—its shares in the great commune.

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The Indianapolis "System"

The origin of all law is custom. It matters not at all whether the customs are good or bad, useful and progressive or harmful and deteriorating—if persisted in long enough they become laws to those who employ them.

Before undertaking a statement of the "system" that prevails in Indianapolis it is necessary to preface what follows with the observation that there is no such thing as an Indianapolis Spirit, expressing the ideals, principles and purposes which should inspire and govern this community.

Therefore the System that exists here is made up of the beliefs, prejudices and methods which the different classes of citizens have adopted for themselves, in the absence any great, central, controlling and directing Idea. And in putting this "System" into form one must begin with the social and commercial classification which has gradually arranged itself in this city.

There are in Indianapolis about 50,000 men, and these may be roughly classified as follows:

1. The scum and lees and dependents..... 5,000
2. Wage earners and other toilers.....25,000
3. The Bourgeois, comfortable and indifferent.10,000
4. Cads 5,000
5. Wolves 500
6. The strong, capable men of importance, who are also gentlemen and men of vision 4,500

The figures make no pretense of accuracy, but they are sufficiently approximate to indicate the way the situation stands. A brief resumé of this classification will be instructive.

Just the same here as elsewhere, the first of these classes are the derelicts of society. They are the men who have degenerated into physical, mental or moral incompetence for useful lives. They are the unfortunates which the commercial economy has thrown into the social deficit. Outside the functions of institutional responsibility they are just floaters in the social stream; they are the social derelicts.

The wage earners make up the great body of the citizens of this or any other city, and their attitude toward the community in which they live depends entirely on the way they are appreciated, treated and paid. Naturally that which most influences their attitude is the pay they get and the interest shown in their personal comfort and welfare. In the city of Indianapolis wages—except in one institution—are just what the unions compel, and no more. And non-union wage earners, such as office assistants and all other unorganized employees, are paid just as little as their services can be obtained for. There is in this city absolutely no spirit of interest or sympathy on the part of employers in their employees, nor among the employees is there any enthusiasm for their employers. Is it any wonder that the attitude of these wage earners is that of sullen dissatisfaction and a dangerous readiness to co-operate in any sort of political revolution which promises no more than a change? To them even a change means improvement.

The Bourgeois—unfortunately there is no English word that accurately designates this class—these are those respectable, quiet and unpretentious folk of the middle class who are comfortably well off, with intellectual tastes that are fully satisfied by the daily papers, and with absolutely no interest in their neighbor's concerns, or anything else that threatens an invasion of the carefully guarded purse. For these good folk are experts in all the arts of economy. And as to things pro bono publico, well, they will not object unless such an innovation might increase their taxes. These good people, who, in the social neutrals, are just the same here as elsewhere.

But now two classes remain which are not the same here as elsewhere—the Cads and the Wolves.

The term "Cad," is the English designation of that social genus which in the American vernacular is impolitely referred to by an entirely unprintable designation, the initials of which are S. B.

I do not remember anyone but the late Elbert Hubbard who ever had the courage to spell out in full this very typical Americanism. In deference to the sensibilities of the reader, the Indianapolis S. B. will be referred to in this article as the Cad. The word does not sound bad, but to call him a cad will bring a self-respecting Englishman to his feet quicker and more dangerously than any other word he knows.

It is not easy to describe a cad. To begin with he is an actor. No living man was ever quite detestable enough by nature to be a cad "to the manor born." And the first step in this masquerade of villainy is to displace the natural sympathy and human interest in his heart with that sort of selfishness which makes him think not only of himself first but by the same token to think badly of his neighbors. His methods are not those of shrewd self-seeking. All such superiority and finesse he lacks completely. He is first an Ishmaelite and then a social guerilla. It is contrary to his covenant with his own soul to think well or speak of any one. The one unpardonable crime in the ritual of the cad is to descend to sympathy or helpfulness. And he finds a sinister delight in being an idle and indifferent spectator to his neighbor's struggles. But at heart the cad is never a cad, he has simply taken the part of cheap villainy in the social drama which negative social conditions have made possible.

The most dangerous, cunning and cruel of four-footed things is the wolf. And his human counterpart—the most dangerous, cunning and cruel of men—is the human wolf. He is the Shylock of society, which means that with both the ability and the means to be a powerful influence for good in his community, he is the most dangerous social factor there is and this for the reason that he is utterly destitute of public spirit or generosity. He always uses both his ability and means for selfish ends. Failure is the only crime he knows. And he finds all the cruel delight of the wolf in witnessing the anguish of the man who has made a mistake. Outwardly he is meek and unpretentious and often he seeks a thin disguise for a cruel nature by dressing up as a lamb and sitting in the front society of the synagogue—only it is not a synagogue, for there are no wolves in Jewry. And of the Indianapolis wolf be it said that compared to him, Shylock of Venice was a stupid, doddering old bungler. Imagine an Indianapolis Shylock ever forgetting to stipulate the blood with the pound of flesh. That is what he wants first. And the wolf also is the product of negative social conditions.

The strong, capable and important men, who are also gentlemen and men of vision, are in Indianapolis, of course—plenty of them. They are here in numbers sufficient to create for this great city a real vital and controlling spirit of which every one would be proud. But the overweight has been too great for them and they are paralyzed to inactivity. What these good men need, what the heart of greater Indianapolis needs, is an awakening and leadership. Of this it is needful to speak later.

The conditions set out in this analysis of the Indianapolis system affords small encouragement to the man who wants to do worth while things in this city. The first effect of such conditions is first of all to put a premium on mediocrity and to make unusual ability and especially vision the most dangerous thing a man can display here. It means that such a man would have every class in this community, except the last—the real men—as an antagonist.

Suppose, for instance, a manufacturer like Mr. J. Ogden Armour were to come to Indianapolis and undertake to establish some very large enterprise. His trouble would commence with his employees, who would distrust any special interest on his part in their welfare as harboring some artfully concealed scheme for his own advantage.

The Bourgeois would neither understand nor trust him. The cads would be a troupe of jealous little fies always barking at his heels. And the wolves—well, their first concern would be for the wolf's share, and if they couldn't get that bond fixed to their liking, then the newcomer would make acquaintance with some strange methods of obstruction.

The real men would gladly help him if they could, but in the absence of any well-established public sentiment there is little they can do.

And there the situation stands: "Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

There is little that can be called acceptable in such an analysis as this. And, moreover, it is impossible to write about this subject in any cheerful mood. One cannot feel happy when contemplating conditions that are first of all unnecessary, that express the worst and not the best in the men of a great community, and conditions which are cruel, dwarfing and destructive. But when a diagnosis is undertaken it is facts and not fancies that are sought. And a statement such as this is just that—a diagnosis.

Any one who knows Indianapolis will well recognize the six classes readily enough. And often has he wondered why the cads and the wolves were permitted to throw over this community a depressing atmosphere of gloom and danger. Often, too, has he wondered at the inactivity and apparent helplessness of the good men of this city. And in his reflective moments he has wondered if the remedy will ever come. Well, there is a remedy, and it is a compound of three elements—knowledge, vision and courage—that is all.

The first necessity is to know this simple fact of all life—degeneracy is instinctive, automatic and never needs cultivation. But one must fight, man fashion, for the things above. Gravity pulls downward, and the only power that lifts up is the vision, faith and courage of the heart. And let these things fail and selfishness will cover the fair field of life with all the evil, noisome and destructive weeds of ignorance and cruelty.

When one reads the history of any period of social degeneracy or cruelty it is to be compelled almost to believe that the people who lived then were of a different race than us. But they were not. The selfish men of today are no better than the men who lived in the times of Nero, the Inquisition or on St. Bartholomew's day. Five thousand people starved in New York City last year—most of them women and children. Hundreds and hundreds of men are struggling against impossible odds in our own home city. Indeed, may one cry, "Quo Vadis?"

But the remedy lies at our gates. It is in the hearts and minds of the good men of vision in this community—and on their very lips. It is sympathy and co-operation, nothing more. It is to know that no man can ever be happy until he has learned to give out good cheer. And it is to know that there is only one real prosperity, and that is the prosperity in which all may share.

Does any one realize the measure of ability and usefulness that is inactive—worse than that—that is stifled in this city for lack of either encouragement or opportunity? There is no such spirit here as that—encouragement and opportunity.

And why should this city not throw the gates of her heart wide open to the man who in all sin-

cerity wants to get on, wants to be useful, wants to add his small contribution to the prosperity of the community? Something is needed, and it is something that Indianapolis may have in a week if it will, and that is sentimental prosperity.

For a long time this city has been in the grip of a sentimental panic. Men have locked up in the hidden chambers of their own souls the sympathy, good will, confidence and helpfulness that should be in circulation. And in the darkness and depression that has followed, the wolves and the cads have made the night as dangerous as it has been bleak and cold.

Let this panic be called off today. Let us have the sunshine and cheer of a new day, a day when the fair fields of opportunity will be thrown open to all who would serve in the army of prosperity. In the prophetic words of Bishop Vincent—

"Look up, lift up. Lend a hand."

The General Assembly

Taps are about to sound for the 1917 General Assembly of the State of Indiana.

The taps of the assembly will hardly sound until the opening bells will be rung for a new era in the State, an era fraught with tremendous possibilities; when new ideas may be permitted to shove into the realm of yesterday, the sound, sane and conservative plans of the forefathers of the State.

The people of Indiana are going to test in the acid of every-day existence the theories of those who have been actively lobbying every legislative session in years for certain "reforms" or certain "isms." There will be written and promulgated for the people of the State a new constitution.

There will be the inevitable fight against the reaction which must occur when \$30,000,000 of physical property doomed to destruction in one day of the legislature, will have passed out of industrial existence and thousands of men will have been sent away from the closed doors of their places of employment. Then there will come the test for mothers, wives and sweethearts, the foundations of home life, and therefore the foundations of our government, when equal suffrage drags them all into the pale of every-day politics.

The condition is of sufficient import to cause everyone to stop, to look and to listen. What has been wrought in years of patient endeavor in Indiana may be swept away over night in the mad frenzy of those who would dictate. That for which our fathers and our sons are now giving the best that is in them, may be subjected to the hurried and turbulent action of a few who may permit their judgment to be warped in the glare of the spotlight shining from the gallery.

A new constitution for the State will be written by delegates elected in September to a constitutional convention to be held next January. That constitution must become the basic law of our existence in Indiana for years and years to come. Every action of our life of toil, our life of the home and our life of the church and school, must be founded upon that constitution.

It is more than a moment to stop, to look and to listen. It is a moment for everyone within the State to begin to consider his neighbor, his children, his wife, mother, sister and brother; their interests as well as his own. It is a moment for everyone within the State to consider the interests of his State government and the interests of his national government for Indiana must be a strong link in the national chain.

It is a moment for thought. It is a moment for prayer.

May God give us big men who will stand above the frenzy of shouting mobs; men who will permit

their conscience to dictate their every action despite the clamor of a few; and men first and last, during those trying days, who will sharpen that conscience upon the stone of that old law which exacts only the justice of us which we would expect of our neighbor were our places transposed.

And what is the situation in the government of the State today? We have a Governor determined to pursue one course regardless of what may be the advice of the friends who elected him and expected to be a part of his administration. And despite the daily statement of the harmony of State officials, there is a constant and daily discord of action with a Governor striving for a purpose which is in direct opposition to the welfare of other officers.

Otto L. Klauss was elected Auditor of State and he had hardly come into his place in the State Capitol until there was evidence of a new order of things. Mr. Klauss demanded efficiency first and party favors next. The cry for plunder echoed constantly into his ears until he was forced at times to rush away and hide to avoid nervous troubles caused by the seekers of the plunder. And he began to get efficiency. He insisted that his subordinates convince him of their ability to assist him as they would any employer in the commercial world, and despite the grumblings of some on the outside of his administration he began to get efficiency.

The Governor hardly had taken his place in the Capitol until he made a direct assault upon the office of auditor. He proposed to remove from the jurisdiction and control of Mr. Klauss the departments of banking and insurance. These are the most important divisions of the office and as Mr. Klauss says, he might as well resign if these were taken away from him, and Mr. Klauss said if the interests of economy or of efficiency demanded the removal of these offices from his control then he was ready to resign and forget that the people of the State had declared him their auditor.

The members of the State Senate spoke the voice of their constituency in this respect when the bills were presented. The first bill, introduced by Senator White of Crawfordsville, was never reported out of committee. There was some discussion, it seems, in the committee meeting about the "emergency clause" attached to this bill and the query was asked, why the hurry to get this banking department under the control of our Governor? It seems that Mr. Klauss asked this question himself and further, it seems it never was answered.

The bill has never been reported out of committee and probably Senator Wolfson is now carrying it about in his inside pocket as a souvenir of the Governor's "economy" program.

Then there came another bill. It would remove from the control of the auditor the department of insurance. Senator Nejd, Republican Senator from Lake county, insisted the persons said to be demanding this bill simply wanted to change bosses, Mr. Klauss to Mr. Goodrich. And then when Senator Robinson, the Republican floor leader, insisted the Governor had no connection with the bill and asked why his name should be brought into the discussions of the Senate, Senator Nejd said he brought the Governor's name in only in the same connection it had been brought in at committee meetings.

There was no caucus agreement on this bill. The Republican Senators were permitted to express their free will, to express the voice of their constituency without expressing first the personal demand of the Governor. The fight was out in the open, and the result was an ignominious defeat for the bill, as Senator Laney would say. The Republicans only mustered up some ten votes to support the Governor's program.

Now turn to the office of the Secretary of State. There is another man who has gone into his office with the firm determination to serve the people. For a time it seemed that Mr. Ed. Jackson, new Secretary of State, would not be subjected to the insidious abuse of those who were interested to a great extent in the Governor, just at this time. Mr. Jackson has not been in the limelight at all, but those who know insist the time is coming when Mr. Jackson must speak his mind though the effort may be made behind the closed doors of the Governor's office and the public will not have its ear at the key-hole.

In the northeast corner of the Capitol there is Mr. Ele Stansbury, Attorney-General. Through his publicity agent, the Indianapolis News, Mr. Goodrich insisted he would save \$100,000 through making this office an appointive one and through removing the people as the boss of Mr. Stansbury and substituting himself in the place of the people. It was proposed by the Governor that all legal work should be done by the office of the Attorney-General.

For a time, it seemed the Governor would be permitted to continue in his policy of shouting through the columns of his publicity agent, that a saving of \$100,000 would be made if Mr. Stansbury would forget the will of the people and subject himself to the personal desires of the Governor.

Then there is the case of Mr. Henry Roberts, State Statistician. To be frank, those acquainted with the office of statistician and the administration of this office in the last few years have realized there is little necessity for the office. In the last few years the State has obtained some benefit from it through employment bureaus. But Mr. Roberts decided the office had a mission and he began to carry out the plans he had made for the office.

Then the Governor stepped in. He met Mr. Roberts at the threshold of his career as statistician and he demanded immediately that Mr. Roberts step out. He did not propose to abolish the office, merely to transfer its duties, and when Mr. Roberts did not shout approval, Mr. Goodrich and his publicity agent declared in a loud and raucous voice that \$100,000 would be saved if Mr. Roberts did not oppose him.

The opposition continued for a time and then Mr. Publicity Agent printed an article on the front page that Mr. Goodrich was going to throw a bomb into the ranks of the State officials who were opposed to his personal schemes.

But Mr. Stansbury and Mr. Roberts threw the first bombs. Forgetting they were to become peaceful martyrs of the personal plans and private desires of their antagonists, they told some facts.

The result was the people were informed if Mr. Goodrich had succeeded in consolidating the offices of legal advisors he might have saved from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year and everyone acquainted with the State Capitol knows this estimate is not far from being the truth. It is quite different from the \$100,000 fancy of the publicity agents. Mr. Roberts then spoke up. In four years the appropriation in his office would be only \$60,000 but the Governor proposed to transfer his duties to another department so all this amount could not have been saved. And there seemed to be no intention to abolish the labor department, so there was another department where money was not considered. And the cry of \$100,000 stopped for a time.

There was another bill before the legislature, known as the conservation bill, but which some Republican Senators began to call the consternation bill. No one really knew what that bill intended to do except take care of some of the favorites of the publicity department of the Governor's office. When the legislature began this was another "economy" measure, but later under the white light of actual truth, it faded into an "efficiency" measure. And

then under the white light of further publicity it faded into the sweet realm of afterwhiles.

So the people have a Governor who is not having a love feast with his auditor nor with his attorney-general, nor with his statistician. And the Governor has promised some of his intimate friends that the officials who opposed him are going to receive a "smoking out." And another promise with dire possibilities—the Governor insists he is not going to campaign for them during their next campaign.

But with the display of efficiency in the office of Mr. Klauss there is no reason for worry upon the part of that official. Mr. Jackson is sticking to his knitting with zeal and Mr. Stansbury and Mr. Roberts have not been found wanting as yet. So the Governor's threat not to campaign may become a blessing in disguise for the State officials who have been subjected to the abuse of the Governor's publicity machine.

Death of the Excise Tax Bill

The principle of singling out one class of property in the State to bear a special tax, the principle embodied in the Goodrich excise tax bill, has gone down to defeat in the State Senate. The vote was 29 to 18 against the bill, with three Senators not voting. The action came after one of the most bitter fights ever witnessed in a State Legislature with the opposition to the bill basing its fight upon the fact that the revenue is not needed by the State and upon the further fact that it is not just to single out the corporate interests of the State and levy upon them the burden which all investors should pay.

Harking back to that popular cry of the masses against the classes, the exponents of the bill appealed to the gallery of small home owners, attacking those who fought the bill as the men supporting special privilege. And from this method of attack has arisen a situation in the Senate where polite names are not spoken between certain members of the Republican side except when formally addressing each other as Senators.

The situation in the Senate seems to have been developing from a time shortly after the session convened. And the development has been constantly pushing to the point of disruption of the Republican side of the Senate. First one, then two and finally six Republican Senators refused to follow in the footsteps of the Governor and threw the force of their votes into the Democratic side of the Senate. It has been called a bi-partisan combine by the Governor's publicity department, but it is a combination only opposed to such legislation as does not meet the demands of the individual Senators.

Another evidence of the feeling which exists came during the consideration of the bill to place all utilities under the jurisdiction of the State board of tax commissioners in so far as taxation questions are to be concerned. Again there came the cry of the masses, the corporation interests and the mythical "Big Lobby," a popular cry of the publicity department. And again, there came the reply of the Senators who have suffered the yoke of the scathing denunciation of the State administration.

The yoke finally became too burdensome and the explosion which has been culminating followed in no uncertain terms. It came to be followed by a demand from the Senators that they be permitted to vote without their motives being questioned. And it came with a denunciation of the most sinister, the most insidious lobby that exists, the lobby within the Senate chamber.

There was one little item of comfort for those opposing the bill during the discussion of the bill and that came when it was shown why the Indianapolis News has been diligently fighting the battle

of the bill. The News, so it seems, is a partnership, and it is only the corporations which would have suffered through the bill. And as one of the Senators pointed out, the burden which the News and its fellow investors in partnerships should bear would be thrown upon the corporations. And since the revelation in the State Senate it is not expected that the corporate interests of the State will hear a great deal from the News relative to the excise tax bill.

The Goodrich Fog

What has become of the "conservation bill" in the State Senate? is the question asked every now and then and the answer comes invariably that it has been lost in the "Goodrich fog." The conservation bill is the one which would combine several State offices under a conservation commission and was one of the "economy" measures of the Governor and his publicity department. It was "economy," in that it would have relieved the State treasury of a great revenue which now remains there each year and would have provided salaries for some of the deserving and petty politicians.

The bill is some place, that is sure. It is not a mythical body which can be wafted around on the invisible zones and be deposited some place without being found. But for some reason, it has not been found or has not been acted upon by the State Senate. It is explained the failure to act results from the "Goodrich fog" or the excise bill.

Information obtained in the Senate is that the bill is ready for third reading and passage. That is, it might be ready for passage if it had the power to move of its own accord. At the present time there is no desire upon the part of Senators to endanger their opportunities for future political positions by either voting or supporting such a measure.

Within the last few weeks the bombardment upon the bill has been constant from the producers of the State who would be affected by the measure. The orchard men, the bee men, the sportsmen, the veterinarians and others affected are urging their Senators to end the bill or accept future political punishment. The nursery men were appeased for some time by an amendment to the original bill, but it is said this amendment has been removed from the bill so the nursery men can jump right back in the fight on the original bill.

One Senator from the southern part of the State who has supported the Goodrich measure, good or bad, regardless of the opinion of his constituency, was asked to vote against the bill.

"I'd like to vote against it and I know my people don't want it, but you see what they did to poor old James and Hudgins for voting the sentiment of their district on the highway bill," was the answer and the Senator slowly shook his head in the negative. But even without his vote the bill will probably be killed the moment it appears in the Senate.

Women and the Vote

Now that women have the vote what are they going to do with it?

The long, drawn-out battle has been won by the suffragists and now they are confronted with the problems that actual voters must solve.

While the women will have no voice in the city primaries on Tuesday the votes of the suffragists may have a big bearing on the city election next fall.

The candidate who can make the strongest appeal to the women voters and the candidate who can get out the suffragist vote will have a big advantage over his opponent.

In the large cities where women have the vote it has been noted that in municipal elections they usually have voted with the men of their family and the only real difference in the vote was the increased volume of votes.

But the coming city election will give women orators an opportunity to get actively into the campaign and this time mere man cannot scoff and say, "Well, what's the difference? You can't vote."

As for other effects the new order of things may have on the political situation that's a question it remains for history to solve.

The Indianian never has been antagonistic toward woman suffrage. Much of the argument against votes for women has been prejudiced and weak. The average woman is well equipped mentally for the right of franchise. Of course, there is a big question as to how many women really want suffrage and it remains to be seen how many will wish to make their way to the polls. The election of delegates to the constitutional convention will give them their first experience and pave the way for the more exciting event in the municipal election at which time they may feel they are full-fledged voters.

In any event the women have the vote. And they must decide what to do with it. Anyway, here's to 'em!

Saving Daylight

To turn back the clock means the saving of daylight according to the theory of the advocates of the daylight saving plan, and it has been suggested that Indianapolis fall in line with other cities that have turned back the clock an hour. The idea is that by calling 5 o'clock 6 you save some daylight, beat the electric light companies out of at least one hour's current and at the same time give the employe lots more time in which to enjoy the light of day.

Let it be said that the proposition refers only to the well-known old clock and not to Old Sol himself. In all history ancient and modern there seems to have been only one man who had any luck at all when it came to tinkering with the sun—the Good Book says Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. It has not been made perfectly clear as to how long Old Sol stood hitched, and so far as is known, in its effects these latter days, Joshua's performance has been useful only to the man who contends the "world do not move." He clinches his argument with "Didn't Joshua make the sun stand still?"

From the viewpoint of the employe for whose benefit it is proposed to save all this daylight it is difficult to see the beauty of the plan. Now, suppose he reports at his place of employment at 7 a. m. He needs must have a bite of breakfast and spend from fifteen minutes to an hour in getting to his work. He sets his old alarm clock at 5:15—but the clock has been moved back and he really gets up at 4:15—in the middle of the night, as it were. Of course, he gets the benefit of the hour at the other end of the day, and, of course, he gets in a full day in between. But the moving of the clock doesn't affect Old Sol—he gets up at his given time each morning and sets on schedule. It doesn't shorten the day. It may be a nice, little deception to train a race of early risers. And—Hist! Maybe it's a plot on the part of the dries to make the saloons close at 11 (by the sun) instead of midnight in these last few days of their lives!

THE FIRST STEP

BY SENYAHNALLA

Before attempting the statement of a system which is intended to organize the good in the man who accepts it so that his sentiments of sympathy and good-will may not only find adequate expression, but effective development, it is needful to consider first the effects of present conditions.

The disciple best beloved of all asks: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." The answer is obvious. He cannot. The universal prevalence of sorrow and suffering and isolation and want and failure and all the other preventable griefs of humanity clearly enough show that those who are able to love their less fortunate brothers have failed to do so. Therefore, their love of God is a failure and therefore their religion—if not a failure—has surely not proven to be a fountain source of sympathy for man or love for God.

Man is instinctively religious; he is a born worshipper of something or someone. But unfortunately he has no easy choice other than to accept the system of religion that is offered to him. And if it is the Christian religion, it makes little difference in what form it is presented. Whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, Christian Science, or what not; in substance they are all the same in their demands upon the believer's mind and heart. Their foundation is mysticism done into some sort of theology.

To put the situation somewhat more clearly; into the hands of the believer is first put a Book, the most wonderful and exhaustless Book the world has ever known. And what might not be the result if the Book was given and received without statement or claim as to its source or authority. But not so; on the contrary the believer is told that he must only accept to read this Book as the inspired word of God.

And who is this God? The ancients drew Him as a bearded majestic titan, riding across the heavens in his chariot of clouds. More than one such old painting still exists. Then with the slow advance of science this God of flesh and blood and bones slowly dissolved into some impalpable spirit form that defies the reason either to picture or comprehend. But Jehovah still remains to be believed and loved.

Then follows an organization called the church, with its system of theology. Its system begins in the Garden of Eden, pauses at the tragedy of the Cross—its only reality—and there the way parts into two paths; one leads up to something called Heaven, the other leads down to something called Hell. Both in its beginning and at its end this system is lost—utterly, hopelessly lost—in the clouds and darkness of mysticism. Only the Cross remains a reality—"towering o'er the wrecks of time."

But this is the trinity of belief which the believer is asked to accept in order that he may have any religion at all—God, the Bible, and the Church. No proof is offered, for none is possible. And the be-

liever accepts—or tries to make himself believe he accepts—all of this, just because he **must** have a religion—and there is no alternative.

Now, let it be supposed that this same believer was put in the witness box before the tribunal of his own soul and compelled to answer these four questions in absolute truthfulness; and what an appalling supposition this is!

Do you believe that the Bible was written—every word—under the personal direction of the Creator of all things?

Do you believe that Jehovah of the Bible is the God of the Universe?

Do the ordinances and services of the church express your own honest convictions—do you believe them when you participate in them—and do you believe that the acceptance of the doctrines of the church is a fulfillment of your moral obligations to your fellowmen?

Do you mean what you say when you profess to be a follower of Christ?

It would be a terrible thing if the intelligent membership of any church were compelled to answer questions such as these in absolute truthfulness. If such a thing ever should happen there would be a new sort of prohibition sweep around the world which would close far more churches than would be left open.

But no such inquisition will ever happen, of course, and men will continue to profess what they cannot believe. The pitiful little tithe of mummery will continue to release the believer from the supreme and vital obligations of his soul. Instead of honest, truthful worship, Phariseism will hold unchallenged sway. And instead of the reign of love—which the world, one's next door neighbor, the hungry child, the helpless woman, the defeated man—which all of these so much need—instead of this there shall be the reign of selfishness.

And that is what this generation is reaping from a religious system that is founded in mediaeval mysticism, Phariseism and Selfishness. And both of these things, Phariseism and Selfishness are but masquerades. No man was ever so wickedly depraved as to be utterly selfish at heart. No man was ever so destitute of intellectual honesty as to be by nature a Pharisee. And the selfish Pharisee hates both selfishness and Phariseism as much as anyone else. But the regalia has been put on him and he wears it—it is the fashion—everyone else is wearing the same thing. It is true that he cannot look at his neighbor in this outfit and always repress a smile. It is also true that one hour of church service is the absolute limit of his endurance, while he can sit out three hours at the theater and never tire. All of this and much more is true, but still he wears the masquerade because it is the only spiritual vesture that he knows.

Now, is it not a real tragedy of soul that the institution which should express the very best impulses of the heart of man, should instead be spreading about the two most degrading curses of society—Phariseism and Selfishness? But it is true. Everyone knows it. It was true in the days when the Savior walked down the valleys of Samaria; it is true today. And while it continues to be true, suffering and death and ruin and despair will stalk through the roadway where men are struggling upward and falling back defeated and helpless, with this pathetic testimony of experience: "I looked

on my right hand and I looked on my left and beheld, but no man would know me! no man cared for my soul."

Intellectual honesty is as simple as it is rare. Let one pause where he find himself today and write out for himself, not a new creed, but a simple rule to guide the operations of his own mind. "Hereafter I shall pretend to know only what I actually do know."

A song of joy and thanksgiving would girdle this planet with glory if the good men of society would only do this one small thing. For it would sweep pretense out of the world. Phariseism would go forever, and in place of it Sympathy and Love and Good-Will and Helpfulness would reign without dishonor.

And then we have so much to learn about our own heart. One of the best and most beautiful of these undiscovered truths is that goodness is almost universal. Whoever knew of a really bad man? Many of them—most of them, truly—wear the masquerade of Phariseism and practice the cold, cruel rites of Selfishness. But all of this is only because men have been told that they can pay their obligations of heart in the "tithes of mint and cummin," and that when the world cries out for bread the man who has bread and to spare can gather his skirts about him and ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Of course you are. Of course, any strong man is the keeper of his weaker brother. If he is not, then who is? And the best of it all is that he knows he is, and wants to be, only he has been lead to believe that he can discharge the obligation in another way than by paying it.

Human nature is universal in most of its peculiarities. And one of these is the universal inclination to dispose of obligations in the easiest and least expensive way. The golden rule of commerce is "buy as cheaply as possible and keep expenses down." But there is one thing to which neither economy nor clever manipulation nor any other of the devices of mart and trade have any application and that is Sympathy. The obligations of the heart must be paid in full or there is no discharge.

What is needed is intellectual freedom—that is all. And when a good man gets this—when he is free to face the issues of life as they really exist, what amazing discoveries awaits him. Not much will be learned so long as this freedom is only now and then found by the isolated few.

But the day will come when all the good men will be organized for the effective application of Sympathy and Goodness where it is needed. And then what hitherto undiscovered reservoirs of power and usefulness and beauty will be revealed. Those who suffer and are helpless only await the helping hand to join the army of those who can give. For this is the law of goodness:

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give Love and Love to your heart will flow
A strength for your utmost need.
Have faith and a thousand hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed."

(Note—Senyahnalla's statement of the new faith will appear in next week's Indianian. The title of the article will be "The Man Who Went Sane.")

A Word or Two About Fashions

(By Margot.)

Nine out of every ten women, before the season is half-way to its end, have regretted their early spring purchases. This is not altogether the fault of the nine but in choosing the wardrobe for any season of the year it is well that one select the foundation first and then later she may purchase such odds and ends as her fancy dictates.

The foundation of the spring wardrobe begins with the spring suit (for the straw hat in January is no longer the first thing of spring—it is just a happening—just as they first took it upon themselves to appear in August, and, while laughed at by some, and approved by others, they just “will be done”) and in her selection one should consider where she will wear it, how long, etc. Say what you will, but there is nothing more chic, more durable and “in place” than the tailored suit of blue serge, whose popularity, it seems, never ceases. A well-fitting, well-pressed, well-kept blue serge suit, collared at the throat with one of the pretty coat sets, needs only a smart hat, shoes and gloves that fit well to gain the admiration of all—and of, yes, we must not forget the corsage for it is as much a necessity as the veil. There are whip cords and gabardines in pretty shades if one feels a bit tired of serge.

If one doesn't mind the expense of cleaning there are many pretty suits in beige, gray, tan and other light colors, which, while not as practical, are, without the question of a doubt, pretty to look upon.

A number of the suits come in the three-pieced garment, and means double wear, but the two-pieced model will never give up the place it has held for many a year, for there are too many admirers of the separate blouse.

And for these the world is full of joy as there are blouses to the right of them, blouses to the left of them—and seldom two alike. The chemise style predominates while the Russian is a close second. These are to be had in many pretty and varied colors—the most popular of which are rose and gold. They come mostly in materials of Georgette crepe, crepe de chine and chiffon and few appear in public unless they are embroidered; in fact, some seem to have tried to outdo the others and have gone to such lengths (the chemise and Russian both extending anywhere from two inches to knee length below the belt) as to take unto themselves embroideries in wool yarn, beads, gold and silver thread, chenille or soutache braid—and the startling thing about it all is how recklessly they do it, as if there were no such things right now as European wars and H. C. L. villains.

The designs usually tend to Chinese or Egyptian, but many (particularly those embroidered in soutache braid)

go chasing all over the blouse in a what-do-we-care pattern. Where is the woman who would think of omitting at least one of these in rose, gold, green or purple from her spring wardrobe?

The frill about the neck and wrists, which all but disappeared this last season, seems to have revived for we find them on blouses of white, flesh, peach and corn-colored Georgette crepe or crepe de chine. If one has danced every dance the night before, she will find nothing so pleasing and even flattering than this soft frill about the throat, for it tends to soften the face of its wearer, and it is serviceable as well.

Speaking of service—we turn to the blouses in dark colors to match—almost to the shade—the spring suit (assuming that the selection has been a dark one) and find that they, too, are embroidered. This blouse makes up happy when the laundress arrives a day or two late.

Every spring the coat dress enjoys such popularity that the tailored suit looks upon it with apprehension—and this spring one finds it a necessity. While the majority boast of the barrel silhouette, not a few determine to be conservative by showing the straight-up-and-down line—the choice should, of course, rest with which is the more becoming. Jersey cloth, serge, gabardine, pebblette, broadcloth, lightweight suedene and chain cloth are but a very few of the materials offered. Colors are a matter for one's own decision—but, of course, it would be well to select a coat dress different entirely than the tailored suit.

The afternoon dress, which (if we are unexpectedly invited to stay down town for dinner) is not only not out of place, but pleasing to the eye as well, is of Georgette crepe, heavily embroidered in soutache, or combined with jersey or serge, but taffetas and satins are still with us in noticeable effects.

If one selects a tailored blue serge, a hat of dull purple harmonizes well and the purple hat will want a trimming of coral beads, made up with others of less importance—so it thinks—in Chinese design, or a simple strand of wooden beads of various colors to boast of its smartness. A veil and corsage of purple lends just the right touch.

The gloves should be of the same kid and color as the shoes and this is easily possible this season as the colors are many and varied. In quite good taste is the gray or beige-colored tops with black patent or dull vamps and heels, or, should one prefer, the all suede and kid. Gloves of the same shades can be had with heavy stitching of black. Hose easily match the shoe tops and depend upon stripes or open work for novelty.

With the afternoon dress one naturally thinks of flowers and flowers this season mean roses—extremely becoming and good looking is the hat of liséré straw whose crown fairly

bubbles over with red or deep rose-colored roses. An underfacing of Georgette crepe in the same color, white, beige or a deep blue lend color to the face beneath.

The coat dress calls for a sailor with little trimming and many are discovered at reasonable prices.

The evening gown has not announced anything startling but is probably waiting until Lent permits.

The separate coat, out of favor with some, is useful all through the summer and is comfortable when spring sometimes forgets 'tis spring.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Albert J. Beveridge are spending some time in New York City. Among other Indianapolis visitors in the Metropolis are Mr. and Mrs. Earl M. Ogle and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rollins.

The Entertainer of the Senate

The genial Senator from Floyd, “Mike” Thornton, the only Senator to attract the attention of every visitor to the Senate chamber, has been the best little entertainer during the session.

He has a seat on the extreme western front of the chamber. One day Senator Alvah Reser from Lafayette was called upon to preside. Senator Thornton called a page and urged him to take a note to Senator McCray and return immediately. McCray got the note. He read it and hurried to Senator Reser at the president's chair.

“What is it?” inquired McCray.

“Nothing, I didn't want you,” says Reser.

“What does this note mean,” says McCray.

“That's not my note,” says Reser.

McCray shows the note. It invites the Senator to the president's chair immediately. And it is signed, “Reser.” Reser shakes his head. He cannot understand it. “Mike” is laughing as he sends away his messenger with a note to another who passes McCray coming down. The little scene with Reser is re-enacted. The Senator starts down the stairs from the presidential rostrum and he meets another Senator coming up. So the procession continues until Reser adjourns the Senate.

About twenty Senators had made the Thornton pilgrimage to the presidential chair so when Lieutenant-Governor Bush assumed charge of the gavel on the following morning, Thornton begins again to get in his work. The pilgrimage starts over again until Senator Robinson gets a note in the heat of a battle. Robinson rushes up to the chair and jerks the coat sleeve of Mr. Bush. And then Mr. Bush gets angry.

“There's a practical joker in this room and he's got to stop. We are sent here to transact business,” insists Mr. Bush, and the story ends there for Senator Thornton never crosses the path of the man who can say “Yes” or “No” when he wants to make a speech.

They Are Not Mannish

A peep into the banquet hall during the suffrage “love feast,” held Tuesday night in the Riley Room of the Claypool Hotel, would have been a sad disappointment to those who delight in designating all suffragists as “mannish.” The riot of dainty colors and the soft swish of tulle and shimmering silk clearly proved that affairs of state had not diminished in the slightest degree the feminine love of dress. One of the loveliest gowns was worn by the honor guest, Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter. Of filmy white tulle, its bolero of iridescent sequins gave it a distinctive note of richness.

Mrs. James P. Goodrich's gown of black tulle was relieved by a stole of ermine, her black hat being bordered with the same rich fur. Mrs. F. F. Hutchins wore a fluffy gown of apple green tulle, sparkling with silver, which suited her blonde beauty to perfection.

Mrs. H. C. Stilwell was charming in a dainty gown of ciel blue. Dr. Amelia R. Keller wore an exquisite gown of white tulle with silver bands.

Mrs. Russell Fortune wore a stunning frock of rose colored crepe and panne velvet combined, and Miss Helen Rockwood wore pale blue silk.

Women Patriotic

Patriotism among the women of Indianapolis is taking outward and visible form in the many patriotic programs on the club calendars, and in the line of work adopted by many. The classes in Red Cross work, organized at the Young Women's Christian Association, under the auspices of Mrs. F. F. Hutchins, chairman of the educational department, are attracting additional members each week. Among those who have enrolled are Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Owen Mothershead, Mrs. Katherine Ayres Williams, Miss Jessica Wood, Miss Anna Sharpe and Mrs. Hutchins.

Smelling a Mouse?

The big dictionary in the office of the Lieutenant-Governor has been consulted and upon it lies the discredit, as it should have walked up and deposited itself at the hand of the presiding officer of the Senate.

Lieutenant-Governor Bush was considering a viva voce vote of the Senate upon an important question. There was a shout of “Aye” and “No” and everybody was contending for the decision.

“Just be quiet, gentlemen, just be quiet, the chair is going to determine this by his olfactory organs,” shouted Bush, and everybody shouted in answer. The answering shout was of laughter and the face of the presiding officer became bathed in a glow of red. He hesitated for a moment and then was lost for the next moment. He laughed, too, grabbed his ears and shouted: “My ears, gentlemen, my ears.”



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



"Down with avoirdupois" resounds throughout the feminine world today. Women are working in grim earnest to dispense with the weight nature intended them to have, and many and varied are the schemes worked out by Indianapolis women who have adopted their own individual methods of "reducing." Most of us are wholly unsatisfied with what nature has endowed us anyway. We are a contrary lot and the old nursery rhyme is as true today as ever:

"As a rule, man's a fool

Always wanting what is not.
When it's hot he wants it cool,
And when it's cool he wants it hot."

And especially is it true that when one is stout she wants to be thin. And if there is any merit in determination and work, we shall all be sylphs in another month or two.

Now that the gray days of Lent have called a halt on social festivities, women can get down to their task of reducing in dead earnest. They are no longer called upon to break their rules of diet for the sake of etiquette at luncheon or dinner, nor are they too rushed with social affairs to omit the exercise laid out for them. If the great army of "reducers" were organized and named the "anti-fat club" could probably boast a larger membership than any other woman's club in all the world.

It would have as many departments as a correspondence school, and the ages of its members would range from the old lady with grandchildren down to the poor, little school girl who is the butt of cruel jokes by her playmates. But the only ties which bind this great army of workers are the common bond of sympathy, the one great object in view and the avoidance of the subject of weight. One might as well mention gray hairs as to mention "pounds" to a woman of today.

Perhaps the most unique method of reducing adopted by Indianapolis women is that of clogging. Dancing is, of course, splendid exercise for reducing weight, but the occasional society dance does not afford strenuous enough exercise to effect the desired result. So the clog dance has been adopted as excellent for the purpose. One may do a little clog while dressing for dinner, waiting for a caller, or even while standing on the corner waiting for a street car. It may look odd at first, but will soon be done in our best families.

A little group of women out on the North Side have decided that standing twenty minutes after each meal will accomplish wonders without resorting to more strenuous methods. It is a

bit inconvenient sometimes. Standing around after a luncheon when all one's friends are seated and insist upon one taking a comfortable chair sometimes is a trifle embarrassing, but a true worker for the cause will get away with it.

Walking has its devotees by the hundreds, and "hike" parties are organized at a minute's notice and endured without complaint, though we can not say the modern shoes and garments admit of any comfort in a long tramp over country roads. However, the "weight's the thing." One Indianapolis woman followed the plan of walking twelve miles a day until her surplus weight was reduced to a trifle. At the end of several weeks, she was worn out in mind and body, almost starved, but she was thin.

Golf has its followers, tennis is excellent and swimming is one of the best-known methods of reducing. It has been whispered that a group of Indianapolis women have tried to induce the manager of one of the tea rooms to follow the plan adopted in the East and have an "Eat-to-Grow-Thin" menu and an "Eat-to-Grow-Fat" menu, so that one is saved the bother of planning one's own diet.

There is one thing that can be said of the cause—it has succeeded in rousing the dullest to animation. Let one who has allowed herself to drop into lethargy but hear a suggestion of means to slenderness and she is as vivacious as the debutante. Whatever may have been the suggestion, she will go and do likewise, and pass it on to the next.

Women are already preparing for their new duties attendant upon the passage of the part suffrage bill. At a meeting of the civics and social welfare department of the Woman's Department Club Tuesday afternoon, the subject of "Municipal Nominations and Elections" was discussed by Edward R. Lewis.

Indianapolis society lost two of its favorites this week in the departure of Mrs. John T. Brush and her daughter, Miss Natalie Lombard Brush, for permanent residence in New York. Mrs. Brush and her daughter have spent much of their time in the East for several years. When they are in Indianapolis their beautiful home on North Meridian street was the center of social gaiety after, Miss Natalie made her debut last year at one of the most brilliant parties of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Fisher have announced their intention of taking up their permanent residence in Florida where they have spent their winters

for many years at their home in Miami. A host of Indianapolis visitors find a welcome at the Fisher home in the South, and many happy yachting parties along the coast are made up of Hoosier visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher will continue to maintain their lovely home on Cold Springs road.

Indiana suffragists are playing an important part in national suffrage affairs. Mrs. Ida Gray Scott and Miss Eleanor Barker are in Washington, D. C., as State representatives to the national convention of the Congressional Union. Mrs. Horace C. Stilwell of Anderson has returned from Washington where she remained for several weeks working with the committee on securing a federal suffrage amendment, under the auspices of the Woman's National Suffrage Association.

Mrs. L. J. Cox of Terre Haute was appointed a member of the conference delegated to tender the services of that organization to the President of the United States in case of war.

Sorority festivities held the center of the social stage this week. Members of the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority from over the State are here today attending the annual State luncheon and dance. Luncheon arrangements were in charge of Mrs. Richard A. Shirley, Mrs. Hugh Wilkinson and Mrs. Edgar L. Davis, with Mrs. Dwight S. Ritter in charge of the program. The active chapter at Butler will be hostesses for the dance this evening, the special committee in charge including Mrs. Chester A. Jewett, Miss Helen Hand, Miss Grace Mary Alexander, Miss Marie Fitzgerald, Miss Marianne Copeland and Miss Urith Dailey.

The Alpha Chi Omega Sorority held their State banquet last night at the Claypool Hotel, when a feature of the occasion was a series of three minute talks by four of the seven founders of the organization. The talks, which centered on the early days of the sorority, were given by Miss Estelle Leonard of Union City, Mrs. Anna Allen Smith of Greencastle, Mrs. Ralph B. Clark of Anderson and Mrs. Scobey Cunningham of Indianapolis. The sorority was founded in 1885.

Indianapolis women are taking an enthusiastic interest in the study of Red Cross work since the introduction of classes at the Y. W. C. A. under the auspices of Mrs. F. F. Hutchins, chairman of the educational department of the association. Practical demonstrations are given in connection with the courses in First Aid and Nursing. Among those who have enrolled in the classes are Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, Mrs. Owen Mothershead, Miss Anne Sharpe, Mrs. Katherine Ayres Williams, and Miss Jessica Wood.

A feature of the suffrage convention to be held in April in Indianapolis will be the exhibition of suffrage posters, which are traveling through the States, and which includes the posters offered in competition for a prize of \$200. The poster entitled "Woman's Hour Has Struck," which won the prize, was the work of a New York illustrator. Indiana is represented in the collection by a poster designed by Miss Mary F. Overbeck of Cambridge City, which has won much favorable comment.

Indianapolis friends are interested in the announcement that Mrs. Lucy Fletcher Brown of New York will have on exhibition at the John Herron Art Institute her collection of old Japanese color prints. Mrs. Brown will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Agnes Fletcher Brown, while in the city.

One of the delightful features of the annual State dinner dance of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Sorority at the Claypool Hotel was the appearance of Miss Mary Merker, who gave several vocal numbers during the evening. Miss Merker, whose home is in Alexandria, is an alumnae of Butler College, and has been spending some time studying vocal in New York. Her voice has gained in strength and beauty, and her numbers formed the sole program during the dinner hour.

Co-operation among the women's clubs of the city is marked, and many guest meetings appear on the year's calendar when the members share their best programs with their friends. The Monday Club, one of the most interesting women's organizations of the city, gave a guest luncheon Monday at the Independent Turnverein, entertaining one hundred guests. The occasion was in celebration of the twenty-second birthday anniversary of the club.

The new Era Club also entertained Monday with a guest meeting at the Y. W. C. A., when the feature of the program was a talk by Miss Charity Dye on "The Pioneer Mother."

The New Century Club entertained its friends Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. O. C. Lukenbill, and the Irvington Culture Club held a delightful guest meeting Friday at the home of Mrs. William D. Keenan.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



"Well," says a friend of mine to me the other day, "I'll miss 'em when they've went."

"Miss who?" I said, remembering all too late I should have said "Miss whom," thereby proving I was a high brow.

"The legislators," he said.

"A lot of people heaved things at 'em and missed 'em, at that," I said.

"They have won a place in my affection," said my friend, "and what will the papers be like when they no longer have their doings to record?"

"They seem to have it in for everybody named Bill," I said. "I used to give the papers the once over every day, and there would be a long list of 'Bills killed'—'Bills passed'—now, there are certain names I could never like the people they belonged to, such as Hubert—I never saw anybody yet named Hubert that I could stay on the same side of the street with, let alone get chummy with, but Bill—why, if you hate everybody named Bill, you'd have to go in for regular U-boat slaughter."

"These weren't those kind of Bills," said my friend. "They were something like the kind you get the first of the month."

"In that case," I said, "I wish they'd killed 'em all."

"But what will we do without them?" my friend kept on, all doleful and mournful and full of gloom. "They filled up a place in my young life that will be empty when they have been took away. I could always go over to the Legislature and get a laugh when the last Charlie Chaplin film had failed to show up on time, and now what is there to do except go and hear Lew Shank talk—and mebbe I can't do that after next week."

"I haven't been able to dope out exactly just what they've done," I said. "Have you?"

"Well," he said, "there's the excise tax stuff."

"That's been one of the things that has been bothering me," I told him. "What's the excise tax?"

"Why—er—er—a tax on excises," he said. "It ain't fair, is it, that a person should have a whole flock of excises—taking up room, maybe making a racket at night and keeping the neighbors awake—and not have to pay a tax on them?"

"What is a excise?" I wanted to know.

"Well, I guess it's some sort of cat," he explained, "but more of a cat than usual—they're going to tax regular cats and I guess this is a special one. At least so I figure it out."

"Well, I'm glad I understand that," I said. "What else have they done? I don't know what I'd do without you, old scout, to keep me posted—a lot of this stuff is over my head a mile."

"There's suffrage," he said. "They've give suffrage to the ladies."

"Partial suffrage," I said, "I read it somewhere."

"Well—what more can they want?" he wanted to know. "Men have always been partial to women, and this proves they always will be. Partial suffrage means that if the women are more partial to one candidate than to another, everybody has to vote for him, no matter if he is a Republican or a Democrat or an Elk."

"In that case," I said, "there ought to be big sales in the box candy line along about election day, and the soda water market ought to boom."

"It will," he said. "Just you watch it. The campaign cigar with the red and gold sash will have to take a back seat."

"Things sure won't seem the same after Monday night," I said, and he said yes, and sighed, and said one of his favorite indoor sports during the two months now drawing to a triumphant close had been to watch the legislators from the outlying districts trying to put it over the waiters in the cafes, and also watching the high lights glimmering on various celluloid collars. All this, he said, would now be over, and if we want comedy we'll have to pay two bits at some vaudeville theater box office.

"There's just one thing," he said, "that dims my affection for them, one thing I can't forgive, and which takes the keen edge off the anguish of parting, as one might say, and that is the way they acted about Prohibition. Along about a year from next April," he said, "when I am stacking up in front of a soda fountain, watching the boy in the apron draw a fine frothy stein of coca-cola, then will be the time I will wish the legislators had went before they came."

On to Washington

When I was a kid I used to join a lot of various and sundry Sunday schools just before Christmas in order to get on the shipping list at the Christmas tree, and when I think of the fine trip the Democratic Club is going to take, beginning Sunday morning, it makes me wish I were a happy little Democrat again.

They are going in a special train, as many as can rake up the railroad fare and square it with their wives, and they are going to Washington to

help Mr. Wilson get all inaugurated up, and see that the ceremony is pulled off according to schedule, without any switch being made in the leading characters at the last minute.

Along with this they are going to do quite considerable of seeing America first. I understand that they are going to visit Thomas Jefferson's old home, where he gave the first performance of Rip Van Winkle, and that they are going to give various points of interest in Virginia, including the Yellowstone Park and the Alamo, the once over, to be sure that they are still there. They are going to the place where the president was born, and have some sort of ceremony, as near as I can make out, although the place is said to be now a parsonage, and I do not imagine that parsonages are the most familiar places in the world to the members of the Democratic Club, as I never saw any of them at any of the parsonages that I frequent, although of course their religious convictions may be different, which is nothing to their discredit.

Arrived at Washington, there are going to be doings of considerable height, length, and width, and everywhere the club goes, the Indianapolis Military Band will go, too, like the w. k. lamb. Just what part of the club is going to take in the inaugural doings I cannot quite make out, but from what I can get, there is going to be very little doing on this occasion without a perceptible flavor of Indiana in it and even though, on ordinary occasions, the public has difficulty in remembering the name of the vice-president, this will not be one of those occasions.

It has been decided that the special train, having taken the club to Washington, will at that point be busted up, for when those Democrats get to rambling around the various points of interest at Washington and adjacent territory, some of them may get mislaid for days and days, and it would be more than even the Democratic Club could afford to have that special train down at the Washington depot, all that time, eating its head off.

Leaving out the guide-book stuff, there ought to be some very nifty interviews out of some of the crowd, once they get back.

Candidates vs. Funerals

Of course, the Christmas spirit stands alone, but the nearest approach to it is the spirit that animates the frames of the candidates for various things just before a primary election. After Tuesday this will all be over until they get lined up for the big scrap next fall, of course, and peo-

ple will begin to act more like erring human beings—especially the ones that didn't get the nomination—but ain't it fine while it lasts?

I don't vote very often—at any one election, that is—but it has been very pleasant for me, these last few weeks, and I have seemed to have friends that I wotted not of, as the poet says. The friendliest of the whole lot are the candidates for city judge, and this is easy to understand, for with so many citizens running for this office, there are not more than three or four votes apiece, counting in the one that each drops in the gaping maw of the ballot box for himself, and every little vote may mean the nomination. I will miss all the attention I have been getting from all these candidates, for of course only one can get the nomination from each party, and that will leave a vast population unaccounted for.

I will also miss the gay badinage that has been going on between Mr. Shank and Mr. Jewett—as Mr. Miller, having copped the whole thing, has had nothing to do about getting the nomination, and has wisely saved his breath until the regular election. I love to hear Mr. Shank say that the gosh dinged silk stockings ain't going to put the harpoon into the poor working man, by Heck, if he gets elected, and I love to read about how Mr. Jewett comes back with stuff about how if Lew is elected, they will put in a lot of firemen who don't even know the difference between coal and coke, and that the town will burn up while they're trying to learn how to slide down the pole in the firehouse without landing on their ear.

I will miss not seeing the bill boards all decorated up with campaign promises, in type ten feet high, and it will seem staid and prosaic to have the places of this very interesting reading matter usurped once more by the portrait of a young lady in green silk tights who is appearing at some of the theaters direct from the New York Winter Garden.

I will hate, when I ride in the street cars, and gaze up at the advertising posters, to have to read about baked beans, and shoe polish, and where to get the best funerals cheap, and the Literary Digest, and the fare to Palm Beach, instead of reading about what the candidates have to say about themselves and the other fellows—and say, the candidates certainly seem to hate themselves, don't they?

Things will seem pretty tame after Tuesday, and the only consolation lies in the fact that it won't be but about six months until we are hearing it all over again.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

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Some Things That Hurt

THE outstanding fact of the recent city Primary is the necessity for some effective re-organization of this Community, and this necessity no well informed citizen can deny. The first step toward such organization is the clear recognition of the things that are wrong. Among the other things that hurt in this community is first of all The Indianapolis News. This great newspaper—one of the ablest in all the country—should be so administered that every citizen of Indiana would be proud of it. Its counsels should always be those of unselfish, patriotic wisdom; and it should be a sure defense against things that are wrong. Instead of this The Indianapolis News seems only to know one way of gaining the things it wants, and that is by creating prejudice against the things it does *not* want. The News forgets that some part of the public always believes what it says, and that after its policies have been accomplished or abandoned the prejudice which it has created remains as an hurtful influence of obstruction and distrust. There is probably not a prejudice in this community which cannot be traced back to an attack which the News has sometime made on something or someone.

The public does not discriminate between the policy of a newspaper and the policy of a responsible citizen. If any citizen in private life changed his opinion on matters of importance as often as such a newspaper as the News does, he would soon lose the respect of every good man that knows him.

If instead of creating prejudice against those men and issues which for the moment the News happens not to approve, it would seek to make friends for the men and things it does approve, it would soon become a powerful constructive force here, instead of a source of more poison than otherwise finds its way into the hearts of the men of Indianapolis.

Another thing that hurts is the financial policy of this community. That this policy is fixed by a half dozen or so men of powerful position in the community is, of course, obvious. It is the policy of the money lender and not the banker. Its golden rule is "safety first." A banker cannot be criticised for making safety the first credential that any loan should bear. But there is such a thing as conducting the banking business within such restrictive lines that what under reasonable conditions would be safe, under conditions excessively restrictive become unsafe—and perhaps impossible.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan once shocked the conservatives of the financial world by a statement made to an investigating committee of Congress, which was substantially this:

"A young man who has no capital, but who has a good business proposition, which he knows how to handle, and who is reliable, can go to the Wall Street banks and borrow a hundred thousand dollars without security. But a man worth a million, with a poor proposition, and whose word is questionable could not get a dollar from the Wall Street banks on all the security he would offer."

What Indianapolis needs is a financial policy that is constructive; one which offers welcome, encouragement and opportunity to the man who wants to do worthwhile things. In this connection more than one Indianapolis financial institution has a good deal to learn about the profit to banks of commercial activity. And they have also to learn that there are some millions of dollars that would be in their treasuries if there were more activity, more confidence, and more enthusiasm displayed in Indianapolis public spirit.

These are two of some four or five things that hurt. But if these two hurts were corrected the first great steps would be taken toward making Indianapolis the most comfortable, enterprising and prosperous Inland city of America.

And why should they not be corrected?

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The Protest and the Primaries

After an eight weeks' campaign of extraordinary interest and activity—in which no expense was spared, either of effort or money—and a primary which for its distinguishing characteristics stands alone in the political history of Indianapolis, Mr. Charles W. Jewett has been declared the Republican nominee by the very slender plurality of 806, in a total Republican vote of 29,344.

This most extraordinary event is deeply and seriously significant, and a brief review of the principal facts will indicate where the significance lies.

In January a voluntary committee of five hundred leading Republican citizens, with Mr. S. D. Miller as chairman, put forward as the Republican candidate for mayor Mr. Charles W. Jewett. No man had ever before received such honor and recognition. But the real reason for Mr. Jewett's selection was the belief that he was the only man who could defeat Lew Shank in the primaries, and this reason was frankly acknowledged.

But there was much more to be said of Mr. Jewett than that he was the only man who could beat Lew Shank. He is a young man of brilliant, commanding and exceedingly winning personality. His success in this city had been almost spectacular. In the past four years he had created the most effective political organization this city has ever possessed. He was universally known, respected and liked. And withal his reputation was without one single blemish. Surely no more could be asked for the man of the hour. And surely nothing else was reasonably to be expected than his success by a majority that would do fitting honor to his fine qualities.

On the other hand, his opponent seemed to be everything that Mr. Jewett was not. As mayor of Indianapolis eight years ago he was a consummate and confessed failure. He was illiterate and of a personality that in public life brought to him only ridicule. And the only relief to all of that was that he freely acknowledged these things, with the seemingly empty assurance that if given another chance he would do better.

Mr. Jewett conducted his campaign with a dignity and regard for the proprieties that did him great credit. His organization was perfect in detail and complete in scope. No campaign was ever conducted with greater energy. Neither effort nor expense were spared where effort or expense seemed useful. And the substantial and intelligent citizenship of the city seemed solidly behind his candidacy.

Mr. Shank on the other hand had no organization, very little money, and his candidacy was conducted without any regard to the proprieties. His campaign was opera bouffe. And on the streets down town who could be found that was for him?

This was the situation a month ago as any down town business man would have regarded it. And to predict Shank's success then was only to invite ridicule—if not pity.

But! (what a deeply significant word.) But, two weeks ago it was very evident that things were happening which had not been reckoned on at all. Mr. Jewett's admirable speeches were arousing no enthusiasm and Lew Shank's ridiculous speeches were to big crowds that were fired with an enthusiasm which was outwardly incomprehensible. It could not have been Lew Shank or his ideas that was the leaven at work. But beneath all that was evident or explicable something was at work which was paralyzing every reasonable supposition.

And when the strange marathon was over Mr. Jewett could only claim a pitiful plurality of 806. What an humiliation to Mr. Jewett and the powerful influences that were associated with him! And

be it quickly said that to Mr. Jewett the humiliation was an unmitigated injustice. He had suffered for sins that were not his own.

As the situation now stands Mr. Jewett is the Republican nominee, but it will be hopelessly impossible to elect him if Lew Shank stands as an independent candidate. And dilettante Mr. Dick Miller, who has occupied a front box all through the performance of this new opera bouffe (what fun he has had!) will, as the situation now stands, be the next mayor of Indianapolis without so much as lifting his tiny finger to get the job.

As one considers this extraordinary situation—it is to wonder if it could possibly be made more ridiculous. There seems only one possible suggestion: if the play could be rewritten and Lew Shank substituted for Dick Miller the comedy would be complete. The role of Indianapolis as the fool would have a perfect setting. And how perfectly delicious would be Hector Fuller's criticism of the performance. Even as it is, one is bound to think that Hector is neglecting a rare opportunity.

So much for the comedy—which is all that makes the situation endurable. If it were not for that, an epidemic of disgust would spread through this community that would give the very atmosphere a tinge of purple. But the comedy of the performance has saved the day and given people a chance to think.

And now let us see just what has happened: More than forty per cent. of the voters of both parties who went to the primaries last Tuesday filed there the most emphatic possible protest against what they believed Mr. Jewett's candidacy represented—and that was a continuance of present conditions.

And those present conditions are not at all difficult of analysis. They are first of all an utter destitution of a Big, Generous, Public Spirit in Indianapolis. Do the substantial citizens of this city realize at all that there is no such thing here as enthusiasm for Indianapolis? Well, there is not.

This lack of enthusiasm is due to an unchallenged reign of Selfishness in this city. And this reign of Selfishness has been made possible by the policies of The Indianapolis News, the Financial Autocracy, the Merchants' Association and the Street Car Company. When one considers how these four powerful influences are injuring this city, it is to wish for some lonely spot where appropriate language could be safely used. For there are times when nothing else will take the place of fitting invective.

But there is another way of getting at the situation, and that way seems to have been taken. In his speeches Mr. Jewett frequently referred to this community as a great civic corporation, with assets of a billion dollars, and annual business running into the hundreds of millions and some two hundred fifty thousand shareholders. All this is true—and the shareholders have applied for a Receivership, and they are going to get it.

Now, there is just one thing in all of this not only to learn, but to realize and act upon. And that is that Indianapolis is not some ten down-town city blocks, of which the News building is the citadel. Every one of these humble, obscure, and in times of peace wholly unobtrusive folks of the South Side, the West Side, Brightwood and all the other outlying and commonly forgotten districts are citizens of this great commune. In times of peace they meekly take what they can get, but in times of unrest they have a dangerous method of trying to get what they think they want.

And then, too, it is never safe to reckon very heavily on the inability of the proletariat to understand. In not understanding the real evils that offend them they only belong to a majority that

includes all but an exclusive few. But they do have a dangerous sensibility which feels wrong as wrong without troubling to analyze it. And when they feel wrong deeply enough they act upon it with a serious disregard for just discrimination. And that is what they have just done.

This is the situation. It seems a pity to leave it here, but the length of this article makes necessary the leaving of it for the present. Next week The Indianian will undertake to suggest the only Effective Remedy.

A True World Power

An epoch in the history of the United States—perhaps the greatest in the life of the Republic—was written this week when President Wilson, in his inaugural address, read America into the councils of nations as a true world power. It will be for the historians of the future to record what the tremendous step means.

The great moral force which has sought to administer to humanity by steering wide of the bloody vortex of war may be compelled to change its course. But America is committed now. The nation's duty to mankind has been made plain. Whether the great compelling force, which since the European war began, has tempered the almost worldwide insanity of blood, can continue to stand as a bulwark against the slaughtering of men remains a question that hangs in the balance.

But no matter what the future holds, America has entered the councils of nations and in war and in peace and in the reconstruction following the peace that must come the United States will step forth as a world power—a leading world power.

Internal Revenue

Statistics show that there has been an enormous increase in internal revenue receipts from whisky and beer the last year despite the great prohibition wave. In January this year alone the receipts from spirits were \$15,795,983.11, an increase over the same month the preceding year of \$3,195,481.21. For seven months up to January 31 the receipts from spirits were \$108,849,072.95, an increase over the preceding year of \$15,760,665.78. In January the receipts from fermented liquors were \$6,026,457.88, an increase of \$624,356, while the gain in seven months was \$4,418,977.44. The Bureau of Internal Revenue submits the statistics without comment further than to say the enormous increase in the receipts was due to greater efficiency in making collections.

The general prosperity of the country, it may be suggested, probably has much to do with the heavy revenue receipts. Be that as it may, after April, 1918, the revenue bureau is going to miss that little old \$29,000,000 a year from Indiana.

Boxing Knocked Out

The "brutal" sport of boxing was knocked out in its biennial lambasting. When it was proposed to legalize limited-round bouts under a boxing commission in Indiana the faithful guardians of other people's affairs girded on their legislative armor and went out to whip old King Pug again.

Boxing has its followers who enjoy the sport. If it had been proposed in the bill killed by the Legislature to throw down the man who doesn't care for boxing, take his money away from him and force him to go to the show willy nilly, there would be lots of room for opposition to the commission plan. But as it is the opposition to the plan has the earmarks of plain interference with the wishes and amusements of the other fellow.

The Man Who Went Sane

BY SENYAHNALLA

An American wanderer in quest of truth found himself one evening in the valley of Kerioth. Back of him lay the desert, stretching away to the west until the sand below joined the sky above. And over the wide expanse of sand trembled the shimmering blanket of sun-baked air. To the east lay the Valley of Kerioth with its fragrance of strange flowers. At the foot of the valley was the tiny village from whence he had just come. Beyond and high up the mountain side stood the monastery, the coveted goal of his long pilgrimage. As the traveler, enchanted by the valley, inspired by the almost inaccessible retreat high up the mountain, stood in silent contemplation, a tall figure, robed in royal purple, and of some unknown order, stood before him and asked:

"What do you seek, my brother?"

"I have journeyed almost around the world in search of something—I am not sure just what. Sometimes I think it is truth; sometimes I think it is peace of mind and rest of soul; and sometimes I think I am seeking only for myself—the real and perhaps greater self whom I have never known, and the life my greater self should live. Then when I think it is myself that I seek, I feel like a wandering Peer Gynt and I sometimes ask myself, Where am I? The real man, the true man, the pure man. A priest—purple-clad like you, whom I saw in Spain, directed me here."

"We knew you were coming. The monastery that you see up the mountain is one of the retreats of our Brotherhood, but we are not priests—we are teachers, keepers of the truth—and I am come to you here to show you the way to your own soul. Have you a religion?"

"Yes, I am a Christian."

"Alas, and are there any Christians, if to be a follower of the Man of Galilee means that? But, answer me now, do you believe your religion—do you believe your Bible is the book of God? Do you believe the teachings of your church from the Garden of Eden to the Resurrection day? Do you believe that the mere acknowledgment of a system of doctrine sets you right with your God? Before your own unblemished soul do you believe the things your religion requires you to profess?"

"I suppose, as a matter of real truth, that I do not. No man who dares to think can believe these things; but is not this a Christian age, and one has to have a religion?"

"Who told you that you had to have a religion?" thundered the teacher. "You have yet to learn what religion is. Do you have to paralyze your mind and imprison your heart with a system of pagan doctrines against which every honest impulse of your soul rebels? You say you want the truth. Very well, then, have the courage to stand erect here in this valley and declare your own independence of soul. Until you can find the manhood to believe only that which you are permitted to know, and leave the mysteries and destiny of this universe—yes, the destiny of your own soul—to the unknown God of whom you know that you know nothing at all; until you can do this, the doors of the temple of truth are closed to you. Listen to me! You have been asking those whom you call heathen to throw off their devotion to the ridiculous rites of their worship. I ask you now to have the manly courage to throw off a system of belief which is pagan from its mythical Garden of Eden to its unspeakably hideous caldron of eternal hell. Do you have the courage to throw off your so-called religion and go out into your unknown future with

the resolve to believe only that before which your unfettered mind can make honest confession? Will you do this thing—now?"

"Yes, I will."

From somewhere up the Valley of Kerioth there floated down the melody of a song.

"Then I will open the doors of the temple of truth for you. Listen, my brother: the millions of souls on this planet are only one great family. They are all of two classes—those who have and those who need. And the first truth you need to learn is that among those who have, there is an abundance and to spare for all those who need. The world—this great, wonderful world—is not bankrupt. Society is a solvent institution. And all the want, all the lonely desolation, all the ruin and failure and despair and heart-breaks in all this world might be swept off this planet if only those who have would learn that there is enough."

"And you may learn, too, now, that all your long distracting list of sins is but a catalogue of hypocrisy and selfishness. It is just the things that some of your people do not wish to do, and therefore try to prevent others from doing. There are no really bad men and women. There is just one sin, which has cursed humanity from the beginning of time, and that is the sin of selfishness. And it only exists because of ignorance and superstition. You have thrown off your superstition, and with it the paralysis of mind, which has kept you from finding yourself. Now you are to throw off also your ignorance by learning just one great truth—that in this world of suffering, want, defeat and ruin there is enough—and to spare."

"This is enough. I will go back to my own people and preach to them this wonderful truth—that there is freedom of soul and abundance for every need. I will tell them that society has not fulfilled its responsibility until every child has the comfort and security of home and the opportunities of a useful life."

"There are no preachers in our Brotherhood. And now you may learn the one remaining truth needful for you to know. The world has already been paralyzed by preaching. It is the intellectual drug by which religion has made the world insensible to its own diseases of soul. You will not go back to your people and preach. You will go back to do something and to teach others to perform life's great mission."

"Listen, my brother: this Valley of Kerioth is an allegory of nature. Here in the desert, with the mountain on the east and the burning sands on the west, this fragrant flower-clad valley tells the story of the great city of Kerioth which once stood here. Its people were proud, cultured, rich, content and selfish. They had no thought for anything but themselves. And one day the enemy from the north swept down upon them and made them slaves to the very conditions in which they had lived—selfishness, power and cruelty. And in all the miseries and humiliation of this slavery they fell, one by one. There is a tradition that for every one of these strange and beautiful flowers of purple and white which so fragrantly bloom in this valley, some soul of Kerioth suffered and finally perished in the slavery that was the final judgment upon the once proud city. Only the little village down there marks the place where once it stood."

"Do your people know whither they are drifting? Do they know that some one, some time, must pay the just penalty for every soul that unjustly suffers now? There is no escape from the ultimate

law of compensation. And your commission, my brother, is to lead your people out of the broad highway—so easily traveled because it is down grade—but which leads only to the harvest for which you are planting now—the harvest of cruel neglect and heartless selfishness. Your people are making for others the fetters which they themselves must one day wear."

"And this is your great commission: Go back to your people, the most wonderful and also the most self-deluded people in all the earth. Go back to them with the truth. Tell them there is in the world enough and to spare. Gather together there the men and women of capable minds, tender sympathies, and strong hearts. Since you now have no religion there is no longer saint and sinner to you. You are assembling only the men and women who have and to spare. The Christian, the Jew, the unbeliever, the worldling, the sinner, the gambler, the harlot—all are welcome; there is only one test of welcome and that is strength and sympathy."

"Tell these strong men and women—the army of goodness for which the world has so long waited—to reckon up their problem, in their own city first and solve it there. And then spread the good news abroad to all the world, that want and suffering and despair can be banished from the earth."

"But," faltered the traveler, "is not this program too utopian, too ambitious, to be possible?"

"My brother, you have only one question to answer: Is the world bankrupt? Has its Creator only produced the tragedy of the universe by setting it going on a path which leads only to ruin and destruction for the multitude? The first article in your new faith is to believe in the eternal supremacy of good—to believe that society is a solvent institution, and that all its disaster and suffering are only because of ignorance and neglect."

"But you may speedily know the truth and in your own way. Go back to your people—to the city of your home. Gather together there the men and women of resourceful minds and tender hearts. Then reckon up your problem. Get the exact statistics of helpless want in your city, and then the statistics of those who need only help, encouragement, sympathy and instruction. Do not stop until you know all the facts of your social deficit. And then plan the remedies. How easy will it be for your wonderful American genius to meet the conditions, when they know exactly what they are. Soon your helpless poor will have the care they need. Soon those who need but help and encouragement will be shown the better way. And soon you will have institutions of which you have never dreamed. For your strong American men and women who have will gladly enough give when they know that the problem of their city's need is being met—once for all."

"Oh, my brother, listen: Can you not hear the helpless little children—just as sweet as your own—calling for you? Can you not hear the burdened women with hearts so tired, and tear-stained faces, praying to God to send you quickly? Do you not know that thousand of thousands of defeated men are only waiting for those who have to show them the way of victory?"

"Go back to your people; tell them that only the truth shall make them free. Tell them that the price of peace is duty done. Tell them that a little child shall lead them to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. Tell them that only love and serv-

ce will ever reveal the true religion to their hearts, and lead them to God—go!”

The night had come. In the tower on the monastery the vesper chimes were sounding. From somewhere up the Valley of Kerioth a song floated down. The chimes died away; the song ceased; the Master had gone; and there stood alone in the Valley of Kerioth the Man who went Sane.

Across the desert, far away to the west, lay a new pilgrimage—back home. The soft moonlight lit up the desert with strange and fantastic imagery. And as the traveler looked far away across the sands, the shimmering air, still trembling from the heat of the day, formed the imagery into a new vision.

It was the spires and towers and fair fields of his homeland—but a homeland made. Where ignorance and selfishness had blighted, strength and love reigned now. There was no more want and sorrow, and defeat and despair. The children all were joyous. And the strong men had found the enormous gain of giving. From the Atlantic shores, home told to home and heart breathed to heart the story of peace and plenty, until the sunset of the Golden Gate had told the Pacific to carry the news around the world. “Goodness and power, reign now—and there is enough, enough, enough.”

From the monastery up the mountain side there floated down the chant:

“Beauty for Ashes!”

“The Spirit of God is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.”

The temple doors swung open, and a majestic, purple gowned figure held out the hands of blessing to the traveler homeward bound—the man who, in the Valley of Kerioth, had gone Sane.

Improvements and H. C. of L.

The shrinking dollar keeps bobbing up serenely. It's not coal or eggs or beef now—it's just the old paving you ride over. Indianapolis, which in the last four years has built miles and miles of fine new streets and is planning to carry out a very good campaign this year, has run afoul of the old H. C. of L.

The program as arranged last year will be carried out and many miles more of paving will be laid in the city—but some of the contractors who regarded themselves as fortunate when their bids were accepted may feel like the author of the original hard luck tale. And there will be other contractors who will write their own hard luck tale—“Nothing doing.” On some of the city work contemplated contractors have refused to bid. The reason—high cost of materials as compared with city estimates for the work.

Public improvements as a general proposition increase the value of any property. In the recent years the average property owner has enjoyed the benefit of a large unearned increment in the value of his property. And if the shrinking dollar works as industriously for the unearned increment as it does for the increased cost of materials, there ought to be some plan of striking an average for the contractor—and incidentally his employe.

In fact it all comes down to the employe on whom the burden rests most heavily. In figuring on the increased cost of material the contractor must take into consideration the increased cost of the “material” that keeps up the human machine.

LAWS THAT ARE AND BILLS THAT FAILED

By Ross Common.

Now that the last sad and happy scenes have been shifted from the stage; now that the farewells have been wrung from lips which flowed for sixty days in realms of oratory, and now that the constituency of the state in general has begun its inquisition, the time has come for a balancing of the accounts of the last legislature. The Seventieth General Assembly has passed into history.

To begin a review of the legislature and to actually record what has been accomplished, it becomes necessary to endeavor to put aside every taint of partisanship and to tell the facts so seldom gleaned from the newspapers. There is the debit and the credit side of the account; the debit side containing one big entry and that about \$110,000, the cost of staging the big drama. The credit side contains a record seldom written in any state legislature and never equalled in this state.

Looming on the credit side of the ledger are the state wide prohibition bill, the woman suffrage bill and the constitutional convention bill, all declared laws of the state now through the signature of the governor. These three enactments of the assembly place it in the scale of consequence at a point where no previous assembly has dared to touch. Be they good, bad or indifferent, it must be conceded the very foundations of the state are shaken by these measures and the future holds forth many possibilities.

The Three Big Laws.

The prohibition law provides what have become known as all the “bone dry” features. It will be a crime to manufacture, sell or give away intoxicating liquor and the production or sale of these liquors are not limited to the saloons, but extend also to the pharmacists. The manufacture of pure grain alcohol is not prevented through the law.

The woman suffrage bill is popularly known as the “nine-tenths” suffrage measure. Constitutional limitations prevented the grant of complete suffrage. The women may vote for all city and county candidates. They will vote for presidential electors; they will vote for all state officers with the exception of the governor, the treasurer of state, the auditor of state, secretary of state and the clerk of the supreme and appellate courts, along with the judges of these courts.

The constitutional convention bill provides for the holding of a convention next January in Indianapolis. There are to be 118 delegates to this convention, one delegate to be elected from each district from which a representative to the state convention is elected and eighteen delegates to be elected at large. The convention will be assembled for the purpose of writing a new basic law for the state. The women are permitted to vote for the delegates to this convention and the election of delegates will be held next September.

These three measures were not known as “administration” measures, but the governor offered no opposition to any of them and in fact he was ready to assist the constitutional convention and the suffrage measures. The constitutional convention measure was recommended at two different times by Samuel M. Ralston, former governor.

The State Highway Law.

The important Goodrich measure, also recommended by Gov. Ralston, was the state highway commission bill. It was enacted in the last few minutes of the legislative session, but the final draft of the bill does not contain many features

of the bill which was demanded by the governor. This bill creates a highway commission of men who will not be paid a salary. Under the direction of this commission will be a director or engineer who will be paid a salary. The commission will have power to designate the “main market highways” of the state and will have final control of the improvement of these highways.

The county commissioners are given some power in the final draft of the bill, although in the original bill demanded by the governor their importance did not amount to much. The commissioners may receive bids for road construction, but before they let a contract they must obtain the sanction of the engineer. And if sanction is not obtained, the engineer is permitted to let the contract himself. The bill provides an appropriation of \$100,000 from the state general fund the first year and \$500,000 the second year.

These are the measures of the most importance and to them must be added the many bills of importance to local communities. These bills are of little concern to the state at large, although they must be considered as being of special benefit to particular communities.

The state housing bills were assisted to greater power through the enactment of legislation which gives the health officers power to order the vacation of insanitary dwellings. Another bill enacted will eliminate much of the waste paper which has filled the annual reports of some state departments, as all these reports are to be replaced by the printing of a “State Year Book.” For this bill the governor deserves considerable credit, as it was his idea and his alone.

And then there was legislation to prohibit the operations of fortune tellers or palmistry scientists and various laws amending drainage acts of more or less importance.

Administration Bills Fail.

Marked down to the failure of the governor is the entire program which became known as his “economy and efficiency” program. Under this general heading must be included the bills to transfer the oil inspection department; the bill to combine five state departments under one commission; the bill to make separate departments of the banking and insurance departments now governed by the auditor of state; the bill to turn over to the state legislative librarian the duties of the state statistician; the bill to make an appointive office out of the attorney general's office; the excise tax bill; the bill to provide for the assessment of utilities by the state board of tax commissioners, and the bill to permit a “survey of state departments.”

The excise tax bill became the bill of most importance after the other non-partisan legislation had been enacted. To the governor belongs the entire credit for this bill. It proposed to levy an assessment upon the earnings of most of the corporations of the state. The first draft of the bill placed a high levy upon these corporations, but later the governor in the heat of his battle reduced this levy. It was supposed this bill would produce such a revenue that the general tax levy might be reduced and this statement was expected to make the bill popular.

With all the power of a skilled dramatist the governor staged this fight. It became like unto the fight of the William Jennings Bryan of old, much like the free silver crusade, with every word supporting the bill a word to condemn the corporate interests of the state. But for some reason, the gov-

ernor's shout to the downtrodden did not reach the same spot the old "citizen" cry from the peerless one reached, for the bill got little support.

Selfish Interests Blamed.

There is no doubt the bill suffered much from the color which it derived from other legislation proposed by the governor. And it can be assured the bill lost much favor because of the support it obtained from some of the greatest interests of the state which would have escaped taxation levied upon the corporations.

Most persons in the state have little doubt the effort to charge the corporations something might be right if the same levy was made upon other investors of the state. And the charge should not have been a blanket charge such as the governor proposed, but some charge which would have not restricted or hindered or burdened the corporations, which, after all, are the heart and soul of the state fibre.

Then the tax bill, to cause all corporations to be subject to the state tax commission. This is a bill or a policy which must become general some day. It was recommended by the recent tax investigation commission; it was recommended by Gov. Ralston and it was recommended by Gov. Goodrich. Again this bill suffered from the color of other legislation proposed; it suffered, too, from the activities of the lobbyists and from the knowledge that in years of the past, the present power of the state board has been used as a powerful weapon in an attack for campaign contributions and for campaign privileges granted by certain corporations. With some provisions to protect the public and with the presentation of this bill in the first week of the session, there is little doubt this bill would have become a law.

Legislators Resent Lash.

It is necessary to consider these bills more fully and to explain the cause of the defeat of these measures as they could not have been defeated with good control of the state legislative machinery. And go all the way through every item of the defeat of these bills and there is only one answer and that is the governor decided he could "whip" into line every bit of the legislative machinery; to browbeat and force the members of the legislature to do his bidding. It was poor policy and to it can be marked and credited the entire failure of the program.

Briefly to consider the oil inspection bill. It was insisted through the change of this office to the state pure food and drug commissioner it would save the state \$100,000 a year. Now there is little doubt much money might be saved in this department, not saved to the state, but saved for the state. The state pays nothing or very little to this department and the department pays into the state more than \$100,000 a year. The inspectors are paid one-half of the fees they collect, the other half goes to the state. But through replacing the sixty-nine inspectors with four or five or ten inspectors, some portion of the fees now paid to inspectors might be paid to the state.

The error in the management of this bill came in the campaign of publicity. The bill was drawn rather peculiarly. Regardless of what the governor might contend, everyone knew it would be impossible for three inspectors to examine all the oil sold in the state now. The pure food and drug commissioner, Dr. H. E. Barnard, was authorized to engage as many inspectors as was necessary and to add these inspectors to the number inspecting oils.

Bill Under Suspicion.

A suspicion arose concerning the number of food and drug inspectors to be engaged and this was the first shock the bill sustained.

Then came another shock. During 1916 the oil

companies paid into the state about \$210,000. The new Goodrich bill would have forced them to pay about \$250,000. The oil companies are now fighting the oil inspection law in the courts, contending it is an unconstitutional burden they bear. But even though the additional \$40,000 would have been taken from them, the chief lobbyist of the oil companies went to the governor and told him he approved the bill and then permitted the facts of this visit to become known.

This caused the search for the "nigger in the woodpile," because it has become known throughout the width and breadth of this land that no corporation is seeking \$40,000 in burdens each year. The peculiar thing is the governor did not become suspicious, but continued to try to force his bill through the senate and house. The democratic members of the senate inspected the bill and referred it to the best lawyers in the state and the opinion they received was there was no doubt of the unconstitutionality of the bill. The fact the governor was trying to force an unconstitutional bill through without or with knowledge of its unconstitutionality proved a ready weapon for the democratic senators and was the big wedge through which the entire Goodrich program was driven to defeat.

Gigantic Machine Plan.

From the moment that bill was exposed, the word the governor was supporting a measure was sufficient to defeat it.

Then there was the governor's conservation bill, a bill to combine five state departments without abolishing any department. It was supposed to be an "economy" measure; but later it became an "efficiency" bill when it was shown more money would be removed from the state treasury through the combined departments than is now taken through the five different departments.

That there is a possibility of the co-operation of these departments no one will deny unless he is blinded by prejudice. But why combine the fish and game department with the veterinarian, the geologist with both of these and then chuck in the entomologist for good measure and endeavor to obtain a man who could operate and direct all these lines of endeavor with success? The governor would have appointed the director, the director would have appointed his assistants and the machine would have been complete, the most gigantic political machine within the state.

The state now has the first fish and game commissioner, fully capable of performing the duties of his office, it has ever had. One of his predecessors, under republican rule, had operated the department in a manner that caused universal scandal and the department suffered thenceforth. Despite the earnest and unselfish efforts of Mr. Eugene C. Shireman, the department still bears a portion of that ignominy. But given an opportunity and Indiana will not continue to be listed among the states at the bottom of the list when consideration is being given to fish and game departments.

Officers Are Competent.

There was no reason for endeavoring to remove this man or to place him under the direction of any man in the state. He is an excellent executive and the only man in the state who has spent his life and work in the culture of fish.

In the state entomologist, Mr. Frank Wallace, the state has an officer whose energy and ability gain for him the confidence of all the fruit growers, the bee growers, the nursery men and the florists of the state. To Mr. Wallace must go much of the credit for the efficiency of that state department. He is recommended, supported and praised by everyone who has studied his efforts, be they republican, democrat or progressive. There can be

no good reason for placing this man under the direction of less competent men, and if it is necessary to direct him through a man not acquainted with this line of work, is not the governor ready to do this? It is possible the forestry department might have been placed under the jurisdiction and control of Mr. Wallace with some improvement in this department and unless the scope of the work of the geologist's department is extended, it might be possible to abolish this department.

The conservation bill was a misnomer, as far as efficiency or economy is to be considered; it failed utterly and there was no excuse or reason for it.

The governor had another bill called a bill for an efficiency and economy survey of state departments.

Now this bill for a time was sort of a puzzle. It provided that a survey of the state house be made that the governor might "determine" more efficient and economical methods of conducting the state's business. Apparently the bill was what it seemed to be on the face of it. But it said "determine," not "recommend."

Whisper Balks "Survey."

For a time it seemed this bill would pass and then peculiar phraseology of the bill and the exceptional ability of one member of the governor's staff to whisper loud caused the death of the bill. The bill might have permitted the governor to do most anything of his own accord; he might have "determined" any method of economy or efficiency through the bill, and he was the sole judge of whether any movement would have been for economy or efficiency. And on "determining" any method it was only to be supposed his machine would not suffer by the change.

There is some reason for making the attorney general's office appointive, but the effort of the governor's assistants to create the impression that \$100,000 would be saved annually through making this office appointive was the big cause for failure of this bill. There was never the slightest possibility of doing this; the \$100,000 was a long stretch of the imaginative faculties.

The governor's bill to abolish the office of state statistician was a good one, so far as the state statistical department is to be considered. In the years of the past, it has been little of anything but a joke, and it must be considered a poor joke when the people are paying the price of the joke.

The governor's impeachment bill was far too drastic ever to become a law. Regardless of politics and regardless of his position relative to the governor's office, any attorney of note in the state would give a negative opinion of its worth. The bill would have given the governor power to have ordered the impeachment of any public official in the state and his power in the proceedings would have been unlimited. With some amendments, this bill might have been a benefit to the state. It is too bad it was not amended.

Why Banking Bill Failed.

The governor's effort to create new banking and insurance departments were based on pretty sound business principles and were it not for the fact that the governor is a pretty heavy investor in banking stock at this time and some other facts connected with this stock, these bills might have been regarded with more favor even though they would have added additional expenses to the state governmental machinery.

Some changes were made, however, that gives the governor control of two departments. Under the new law the state bureau of agriculture becomes a unit of the state governmental machinery. Before the department was a distinct government in itself, but now the department, the property and

the personnel of the board becomes a matter subject to the direction of the governor.

"D. S. O. A. L. W. G. T. S. I. O."

Through the appropriation bill we have obtained some economy which was a surprise for the state statistician and the state legislative librarian have been discontinued so far as finances are concerned. Both officials of these departments, Mr. John A. Lapp and Mr. H. A. Roberts, are preparing to fight the measures to oust them, but it is likely neither will succeed. And to Mr. Lapp the measure of economy must be particularly galling, for it was understood he was an author of a great deal of the economy legislation.

There was at one time a club known as the "Lime Kiln Club," over which Brother Gardner presided in the Detroit Free Press. If you will recall, you will remember Brother Gardner believed in the fraternity idea of attaching initials to his club name. And if you will recall again, he had one club called the "D. S. O. A. L. W. G. T. S. I. O." club. At least my boss says it was so. The club will be recommended to Mr. Lapp. It is known as the "Don't sot on a limb when youa gon' to saw it off" club.

Now for a brief review.

The state has spent about \$110,000 to obtain statutory prohibition, nineteenth woman suffrage, a constitutional convention, a state highway commission bill, and various other measures of importance to local communities.

Do the accounts balance? If not it might be well for the constitutional convention to arrange for the holding of assemblies only every ten years or so.

Ice!

Make way for the ice man! The householder who has been congratulating himself on promised exit of the coal man might just as well think again. While the burden of \$8 soft coal is about to be lifted from his shoulders Mr. H. H. needn't begin to figure on putting his summer's savings into a flivver or plan a trip to the lakes—the ice man is coming! And he's not only coming to bring ice, but he's going to bring along with it a bill that will take some of the joy out of life. The ice men held a meeting this week and announced that the price of ice must be advanced—price of ammonia, fuel and all other materials (perhaps water was included) had gone up, etc. We know it! We know it! Why reiterate? That's what they all say and it is easy enough to believe the price of everything has gone up when the householder goes to buy anything.

A Word or Two on Fashions

IN THE EVENING.

By Margot.

If Milady dances, and there are few of us who do not these days—and even into the wee sma' hours, she has the best excuse in the world for dressing up in her best. Of course at the theatre she is pleasing in her finery and at dinner, too, but on neither occasion is she seen to as good an advantage, for the whole of an evening gown must be seen to be appreciated. Then, also, when she dances her partner's nondescript black is a good background for her costume—no matter what the color.

No doubt some of you, having in mind Vernon Castle, Sebastian and others of the dancing partner type, wonder how they can be referred to as a background for the woman who has tried and tried and tried to reduce. Well, of course—not an actual background in such a case, but, even so, a sort of pillar, seen at intervals. And, by the way, do you know that to dance and keep on dancing is one of the few ways to successfully reduce? One of the previously-inclined-to-be-stout people whom we hear about tells us that upon a recent occasion at Palm Beach she and her husband, who had decided to go to any end to learn dancing as it is done today, entered (unknowingly) an endurance one-step—one of those affairs where one dancing couple lacks courage to take their seats before another—and keeps on one-stepping until they lack strength to continue. They danced something like forty minutes without stopping and were sixth to be seated. While the husband couldn't be seen even in his room the next day, she gives us the valuable information that it did her worlds of good, in that she lost twelve pounds before the end of the week.

The woman upon whom all eyes are turned at the dinner dance is not necessarily the prettiest and best dancer present—more often the one with the most unusual gown—for recently at a very important dinner dance, a not-as-important guest compelled the admiring attention of everyone in the room by her gown of blue—and when I say blue, I mean very, very dark blue—tulle. The bodice seemed to be wrapped around the figure and was held in place by a single strap of paillettes—moonbeam in color—extending over the right shoulder. The waist line was a bit above normal (as some of the evening costumes, but none of the street, prefer to be) and the skirt, which must have contained yards and yards of tulle, had promised to at least appear narrow at the ankles, so jet beads were placed here and there about the irregular hem to accomplish this result.

From the shoulders in the back extended an unexpected darker cloud of

tulle, which continued with idle carelessness to ten or twelve inches below the ankle length skirt, and was finished by two jet tassels, for somewhere between shoulders and hem, the couturier had come upon the idea to separate the tulle and form two distinctly different trains—distinctly different because one extended five or six inches beyond the other. The effect suggested mystery, and when, upon taking leave, the wearer was enveloped in a wrap of the same tulle, collared with black lynx and lined with very thin, very flimsy silver cloth, one suddenly was reminded of just what the gown meant—moonlight on the midnight waters.

Jet seems again to be a favored trimming of the evening costume. In some instances it takes the responsibility of forming the entire bodice and is often repeated at the bottom of the skirt. Shoulder straps and bracelets and even the Spanish comb take unto themselves cut jet; also, it forms the frames for the feathered and quilled fans, without which no evening gown is complete.

There seems to be an unusual demand for black in evening wear, even among the younger set, and one sees quite a few of the all black tulle or satin gowns, with which are carried very bright feather fans—emerald, American Beauty or orange in color. There has also been a revival of Chantilly lace and it appears frequently in entire skirts and sleeves—for sleeves will once more take their place, although they do it in a rather small way. Combined with the silver and gold brocade upon a background of black satin or charmeuse gives a pleasing effect. Cascades and petticoats are also attractive uses for this much favored trimming.

Trains may come and trains may go, but there is a certain stateliness and grace about them which brings dignity to the wearer. One usually thinks of a train at the back of the gown, but for this, if no other, reason a gown of orange colored satin took especial care that its train fell from the side, revealing as it did so a lining of the same dull gold that formed the bodice. It is little wonder that the wearer was a tall, dark eyed brunette who must have known she was one of the few women who could dare such a costume.

A debutante of a few months appeared in a gown which seemed to sing its spirit of youth. A skirt of apple green taffeta, embroidered just below the hips with a band of roses cut from the palest of pink crepe de chine, which was in turn edged with silver threads, took its barrel effect by the banding.

Separated and drawn back at the front, it displayed a panel of silver lace, and the more she danced the more one saw—that it was an entire petticoat of the metallic silver, as was also the bodice and tiny sleeves which sprouted out from under shoulder straps of the embroidered banding.

Just above the elbow—on the upper arm—a bracelet of pale pink roses, half-blown, gave the costume the distinction it deserved.

Evening wraps are not infrequently of the same material as the costume and the same color scheme is followed to a trimming, but some interesting contrasts appear now and then. These seem to be one of the few things which have not lost fullness at the bottom.

The high coiffures, made higher by the very new Spanish comb, have placed the evening hat upon the shelf for the time being.

Slippers come in any desired shade to exactly match the costume and can be made of the same material at a very reasonable price by the foremost booteries.

Offices for Women?

Votes for women has developed into women for candidates and, by the same process, perhaps offices for women. Lew Shank who was defeated in the city primaries by Charles W. Jewett for the Republican nomination for mayor in announcing he will run on an independent ticket says he wants a woman placed on the ticket as a candidate for some city office.

The move promises to give a new and interesting angle to the campaign and will test the powers of suffragists as vote getters.

The suffrage vote is not to be overlooked and it is an element that must be considered in the city campaign. Because in other cities the experience has been that the suffragists, in a large measure, voted with the men of their families it does not necessarily follow that the same rule will hold good here.

It is a question what drawing powers a woman candidate on an independent ticket would have among the suffragists, but on the face of the matter a woman candidate certainly should not weaken the ticket. In any event it will serve to stimulate interest in the election and in the political organization among the suffragists. And if the suffragists prepare to get out their independent vote it will be worth the price of admission to listen to the appeals of the candidates who are angling for the votes the women are entitled to cast.

Mr. Shank, of course, will make an asset of the Irish potato, but neither one of the other candidates has a monopoly on the spud.

Mr. Jewett long ago in his campaign came forth with a free market house plan and not only declared war on the high price of potatoes, but included in his crusade pork and beans and the whole list of things that find their way to the family table.

Mr. Miller will have to do some tall thinking to improve on the program. As the matter stands now, however, he will not have to do much of anything but sit tight and let his opponents fight it out on the potato line—a sort of "Let the Women do the Work" proposition, as it were.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



If the modern bride found an Aladdin's lamp among her treasures, its magic could scarcely bring forth any lovelier gifts than those which greet her eyes on the threshold of her new career. The fortunate maid whose fairy godmother at her birth decreed that her path should be strewn with roses, has little left to wish for in the way of personal belongings by the time she arrives at the marriage altar. But for her new home, a wealth of lovely gifts are showered upon her.

Her grandmother probably was overjoyed with her pretty framed sampler (her own handiwork), her supply of woven rag rugs, her store of linen, all perfectly plain and richly woven, but guiltless of any adornment. Probably a pair of dull pewter candlesticks added to her delight, and a simple tea service of china, with a few sets of flat silver completed the list of her treasures.

But her granddaughter has found an open sesame to Treasure Island. Her rugs are of the richest Oriental weave and design, and their price would have furnished the Newlyweds' cottage of long ago. Her linens, which seem endless, are embroidered and cross-stitched, scalloped and edged with crochet in the most elaborate manner possible. Even the simplest bath towel boasts a lace edge and embroidered initial before it is recognized in polite society.

She also has an infinite variety of tea sets. Rare china and colonial silver in quaint design fall to her lot. But for these pretty trifles she must have a tea wagon equipped with numberless accessories. This, too, is among the wedding gifts. Of mahogany or dainty reed, or white enamel, the tea wagon carries a freight of pretty china, silver and crystal.

Her silver, in comparison with that received by her grandmother, seems sufficient to stock a good-sized hotel. Forks and spoons and knives in endless array, all in the same rich pattern and designed with her monogram in tall square-looking letters fall to her happy lot. In addition to the simple store of olden days, she must have salad forks, bouillon spoons, ice tea spoons, berry forks, oyster forks, pie knives, ice cream forks, and various other utensils which are considered a necessary part of her household equipment.

One recent Indianapolis bride received eight lamps, several designed

for library or reception room, and one adorable little boudoir lamp designed with an enchanting Japanese maiden seated under a vari-colored parasol which supported the light. Several thermos bottles also form a part of every up-to-date bride's store of gifts. There are thermos bottles for the auto hamper, and these encased in light blue or pink enamel for the boudoir.

For the guest room, the modern bride receives lovely china sets, including water pitcher and glass, with a slender vase to hold a single flower, all on a rich tray.

Thoughtful friends shower her with rich accessories for her car. Its hamper is stocked with monogramed silver and china and its lovely toilet articles are all silver-mounted and engraved. Crystal vases are ready for the owner's favorite flower.

It would seem a hopeless task to try to add anything to the collection of gifts laid at the dainty feet of the modern bride. But the child of fortune is a veritable human "Want Column," and when the lovely trousseau gowns are safely hung in their new quarters, and the last article is definitely placed in the new home, pretty little Mrs. Newlywed is ready to go forth and "shop."

California is still the mecca of Hoosiers during the winter months. Now that cherry blossoms have started blooming in southern California, the immigration has started towards the North with Del Monte and its marvelous golf course as the goal. Among the Indianapolis visitors are Mr. and Mrs. William L. Elder and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Schaf, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Kahn are at the Casa Del Ray, Santa Cruz, and E. H. Darrach is spending some time at the Mission Inn, Riverside.

An interesting visitor in the city this week was Miss Dorothy Nussbaum of Chicago, who gave a number of piano solos at the meeting of the Matinee Musicale Wednesday. Miss Nussbaum is well known in musical circles in Chicago. She spent several years studying piano in Leipsic and Vienna, going later to Berlin where she remained until the war broke out. Miss Nussbaum was the guest of Mrs. Lafayette Page while in the city.

"Made in America" has a new advocate in the person of Mrs. Charles H. Anthony of Muncie, who is starting New Yorkers with her wonderful gowns which she declares are the work of American designers. Mrs. Anthony, who was known as "the Muncie Sun-

burst," is an authority on clothes. One of her gowns is described as a "creation" in emerald color heavily embroidered and blazing with diamonds. Mrs. Anthony first won renown in the fashion world through her diamond-heeled slippers.

Indianapolis society will welcome a charming bride when Mr. and Mrs. Roy David Hudson return from their wedding trip. Mrs. Hudson was Miss Florence Brown of Chicago, and her marriage to Mr. Hudson took place Tuesday night at the home of the bride in Oak Park. She is a graduate of Holyoke College, Holyoke, Mass., and a member of the Sigma Theta Chi Sorority. Mr. Hudson, who attended DePauw University, is a member of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity. They will be at home to their friends at 2152 N. Delaware street after May 1.

Miss Opal Thurston left today for Nashville, Tenn., where she will attend Ward Belmont Seminary. A number of social affairs were given in farewell to Miss Thurston. Other Indianapolis students at Ward Belmont are Miss Mary Ellen Clark and Miss Dorothy Jones.

Training classes are becoming so numerous there is scarcely an occupation slighted, so it was no surprise to members of the Local Council of Women Tuesday afternoon when Miss Bertha Thormeyer advocated study classes to train women in house-keeping. With the watch-word "efficiency" ever before the women of today, they will soon have no time to carry on their various pursuits, so completely will their time be occupied with their many classes. Miss Thormeyer deplored the custom of keeping house by "instinct," and urged a system of thorough scientific study dealing with problems of the home. Doubtless many such classes will appear on the club calendar in the near future.

The Woman's Press Club of Indiana will have a novel meeting Tuesday, March 13, when the Merchants Heat and Light Company will entertain them at luncheon in the Press Club rooms, giving a demonstration of preparing the menu by electricity. Various electric cooking appliances will be used, and their usefulness fully tested. Covers will be laid for thirty. The new officers of the club are Mrs. Midwell Crampton Wilson of Delphi, president; Mrs. William M. Herschell, first vice-president; Miss Helen Ernestinoff, second vice-president; Mrs. Julian Hogate of Danville, third vice-president; Mrs. William Dobson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. O. I. Dema-

ree, treasurer, and Miss Laura A. Smith, recording secretary.

A flight of 6,000 feet in the air does not fall to the lot of many women, but that is the latest feat accomplished by Miss Ione Booth, who has just returned from spending the winter in Miami, Fla. Miss Booth took the flight with Phil Rader, a well-known aviator of the Curtis School of Aviation in Miami, and the flight included the spectacular "spiralling" which thrills spectators. The aeroplane traveled at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour. Miss Booth remained in Miami for several months filling concert engagements.

Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson has returned from Washington, D. C., where she attended the Council of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. With the other Indiana delegates Mrs. Horace C. Stilwell of Anderson and Mrs. L. J. Cox of Terre Haute, she was a guest at many social affairs given by friends in Washington.

Miss Mignon McGibeny was honor guest at many social affairs during the week, when she appeared in the musical comedy "Very Good Eddie" at the Murat Theater. Miss McGibeny's rise in her profession has been phenomenal, her youth and charming simplicity having won her an enviable place from the start. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McGibeny of this city.

With Europe a closed book for the traveler, the popularity of the western islands has increased. Mr. and Mrs. A. Kiefer Mayer are spending some time in Honolulu.

Washington's birthday was celebrated with a number of social affairs. Clubs and organizations vied with each other in patriotic enthusiasm. At the luncheon given Thursday by the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter D. A. R., the program centered upon famous women in the history of our country, and was one of the notable affairs of the week.

The Indiana Society of the Daughters of the Revolution held their annual celebration at the home of Miss Tarquinia Voss, where the exquisite china owned by the hostess and the lovely table appointments all carried out the colors of the organization, blue and buff.

The Gen. Arthur St. Clair Chapter D. A. R. entertained on Saturday with a delightful party at the home of Miss Gertrude Baker, in celebration of Washington's birthday.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



"Well," I said to a friend of mine, "I'm glad, in a way, that it's over, because now I won't be tempted to bet four bits one way or another according to as how I think the tide of battle is ebbing."

"Whatever do you think you're talking about?" he asked.

"The election," I said. "Taking it by and large, I am glad that it is over. It was a surprise to me to find out that the election had nothing to do with putting the rollers under the legislature, though—I thought, until somebody told me different—that all this hollering of extras, and crowds of up-right citizens hanging around barber shops and livery stables and drug stores and similar low dives, meant something to do with the obsequies of the legislature—that maybe they was vigilance committees or something, going to lynch some upstate senator for the cold-blooded murder of a pet bill, but now I see different. The election and the last rites of the legislature was apparently independent, each to each," I says.

He said that it was a wonder that a guy with a head like mine had managed to keep out of politics so long.

"I am sorry in a way that Lew didn't get elected," I said. "Although I liked Charlie Jewett well enough to write a poem about him. It begins like this:

"Oh, you Jewett—
I never thought you'd do it"—

"That's as far as I have got so far, but I'm gonta finish it up the next rainy Sunday that comes along."

"Well," as I say, "I like Jewett well enough to write poetry about him, which is the highest compliment you can pay a man. He'll make a swell mayor, and he has a fine sense of stratagem—lookat what he done to Lew. Lew gets Tomlinson Hall and lends it to the colored K. of P. with the express understanding that only him and another guy is going to speak, and they speak, and after that the coons ask if they can have the hall for a dance, seeing that they've got it already, and Lew says they can, and beats it, all unsuspecting, and then after he has went, out from under the cavern of the platform comes this Jewett party, and some of his cohorts, and they make speeches right there in the hall that Lew was paying for, which was not exactly ethical, mebbe, but mighty good generalship."

"Yes," I says, "Charlie will make us a good mayor when he moves into the handsome marble bungalow over at Alabama and Ohio street, and if he can just pull the stuff that Lew did, or as good, all will be well—an onion market would be a mighty popular

thing right about now, along the order of the famous spud market which constituted Lew's excuse for going on the stage, and staying there, too—and it made things lively never to know whether your mayor was over at the City Hall or down on the stage at the Lyric. It kept things from getting all one sided and monotonous. Lew's being on the stage that way put Indianapolis on the map, as one might say, and while Charlie would never do a monologue, as that would be stealing Lew's stuff, he might learn to do a buck and wing, or to balance a billiard cue on the end of his nose, and so bring added fame to our no mean city."

"Yes," I says, "I look for a lot of things from Charlie, now that he's mayor. Somebody said that Charlie said he wasn't any comedian, but that the speeches he made proved different, and whether that was a slam or a boost, I could not say. I wonder if he'll use all them secret stairways over at the city hall—which always make me think of the professional magician hiding a rabbit in his hat."

"Now that Charlie is mayor," I says, "it will raise a lot of interesting questions like these: He's a good friend of mine, too—always has been—and I'm going over to the City Hall as soon as he moves his fountain pen in, and ask him to make me brigadier general of the platoon of squee-gees, or something, and he oughta, for didn't I vote for him no less than eight times, when I only voted for Lew five?"

"Well," said my friend, who as perhaps I have said, is a brainy guy who is up on public questions, "You might get away with it, only for one thing."

"What's that?" I asks him.

"Well," he says, "this here affair of last Tuesday was nothing but the primaries, and the real election ain't till way next fall some time, and mebbe Dick Miller will cop the bacon."

"Oh," I says.

Ain't life disappointing?

Joys of the Ballot

Wednesday afternoon I seen a whole flock of lady-like looking automobiles, such as electrics and coupes and such, standing with their noses to the curb in front of our w. k. Chamber of Commerce, and having nothing much to do, having failed to get any free seats for the "Follies," due to the idea of the ticket taker that if I wanted to see the show bad enough I would gladly fork over two meg, which I did not have, I decided to go up in the elevator and see what was coming off, a pink tea or what, because you never can tell what the Chamber of Commerce is going to pull next.

So I went up, and up there on the seventh floor, where the cigar stand is at, I heard a mighty sound of voices babbling, as the poets say—not around the cigar stand, but from a room down the corridor—and I looked in, and it looked like as if all the women of Indianapolis was there.

Well, I inquired around, and found out that it was a sort of a political meeting—that is, they were having this meeting in order to learn something about politics so that they could cast their ballots with education when the time came, and not go voting for the wrong candidate. This was more of an organization meeting than anything else, from what I could gather, and anybody could talk what wanted to, and as I may not have said, there was a couple of hundred women there, and of course they all wanted to talk, and did, and the meeting was therefore pretty long, especially as the agnostics of the room were not all they should have been, and it was a trifle difficult to pipe off everything all the dames said.

They were very much in earnest about wanting to be able to cast their votes in an intelligent manner, seeming to have the idea that there was some sort of a mechanical secret about it and that you had to learn how to run a ballot, same as a vacuum cleaner or something, and they were very much determined that they would pull no bones when the momentous day came, next November or whenever it is, that they are to first exercise their privilege of citizenesses.

There was a lot of talk over the matter of dues. I couldn't make a lot out of it, and I asked a guy I know who was standing around, listening, and he said what they were arguing about was whether they would pay 10 cents or 25 cents a year—that is what he meant, but what he really said was, "They're chewing the rag over whether they'll cough up two bits or two jits." Just how this matter was settled I can't say for certain, but I think the two bitters won—that is, the faction that was willing to pay a quarter.

Well, just about the end of it, there was a big discussion about selecting a committee who would draw up the rules and by-laws—we just gotta have our by-laws, you know—and it was decided, by one voice, that the thing to do was to appoint some dame from each ward, and everybody looked at the one who had made that suggestion, and said, yes, that would be just perfectly lovely, and wasn't it nice to be able to settle it that way, and they all got out their powder rags and prepared to depart.

But wait!

Just as everybody was avauing out the door, thinking all was settled, somebody said she didn't know what ward she lived in—and, one by one, the truth came out—none of 'em knew what wards they lived in! Scouting parties were sent out over the Chamber to round up a ward map, but there wasn't any such animal in the Chamber zoo.

So, as near as I could make out, the meeting busted up without any committee being appointed until these lady politicians find out where they live at.

Sun Worshippers Beware

I see where some of our most fashionable and popular resorts are shortly to be vacated—the court house coping and the state house same. For a good while now these copings have been a kind of Riviera for the sun worshippers who have solved the mighty problem of how to get by without working none. Anybody could see a couple of thousand of these leisure classers any old time, and who has not envied them, as he went about his own affairs?

Well, along comes Joe Rink, and puts them on the blink. Joseph A. Rink is the president of the board of public works, and he must be one of those people who cannot look at one of nature's great forces—like Niagara Falls—without thinking about what a lot of energy is going to waste. Anyway, he must of looked at these sun worshippers, all happy and free, and he couldn't just enjoy the beauty of the spectacle, but he's gotta frame up some way how to use that energy.

So he says that as soon as it gets warm, and the season really opens, that sun worshippers—only he rudely calls them "barrel house bums and loafers"—have got to take their choice of going to jail or going to work, and that is about as generous as giving a guy his choice between drinking carbolic or paris green, or between being hung or shot, the way they do in Utah or some place.

I hate to see 'em go. While pursuing my multitudinous duties, I always liked to go by there and see them. It was pleasant to reflect that in this hurrying and oftentimes too mercenary world, such leisure still remained. Like the lily in Scriptures they toiled not, and I never see them do any spinning either—though their resemblance to a lily comes to an abrupt and violent end. There was something sort of restful about them.

But when Poetry and Progress get in the ring together, I notice that it is usually Poetry that goes to the mat with a shanty over one eye.

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The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

A Journal devoted to the conservation of the industrial resources and activities of Indiana; and to the extension and organization of those sentiments, ideals and convictions in which all progressive citizens are agreed.

Vol. I.

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No. 10

What Are You Going to Do About It?

THE title of this brief article is very personal, and this because it has to do with a program in which every citizen of Indiana is vitally interested who has any stake in the prosperity of this state. The legislature just passed a bill providing for a Constitutional Convention which will assemble in January and for which delegates will be chosen in September. It is now only six months until the election. And the most serious question that ever confronted the citizens of this State is who will be these delegates, whom will they represent, and what influences will affect their actions?

The new constitution which will be produced by these delegates will regulate the industrial and commercial life, and determine the prosperity of the State of Indiana for the next half century. No public consideration could be of more vital and imminent importance.

And the question really is this: Are the delegates who make up this convention to represent such selfish and dangerous influences as political ambitions and special interests—such narrow, prejudiced and unthinking movements as the so-called Dry Federation; or will these delegates be high minded, capable men of character that is beyond reach of coercion or corrupting influences and intelligence, capable and worthy to represent the substantial and permanent interests and best citizenship of this State?

As the situation stands today, the first of these looks dangerously possible, for these influences and organizations are already in the field and at work, while the substantial citizens, who have everything at stake, are standing by in dreamy indifference to what is befalling them.

These same substantial citizens can, as they should do, see to it that this coming convention is made up of delegates worthy to write a Constitution for Imperial Indiana—if they will only wake up, organize, and get to work.

No power in this State, either ignorant, selfish, corrupt or fanatical, can withstand the substantial citizenship of Indiana if the substantial citizens will only think and act together.

If three or four thousand excited men and women, representing only a narrow and entirely emotional issue, could stampede a legislature and drive it to ridiculous performance, what could not be accomplished by a hundred thousand business men whose feet were planted in the solid rock of common sense and right, and who have the courage to demand that which will best serve all the people of this State?

The simple fact is that the business men and substantial citizens of this State can have, for the asking, a convention which will insure the future prosperity of Indiana and secure the rights and liberties of its citizens. It is only necessary that they think and act together.

The vitally important obligation now resting upon every good citizen is to be ready for intelligent and concerted action.

A definite program of action should be developed at the earliest possible moment—and it should be one in which every good citizen could join.

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A Suggestion

In the last issue of *The Indianian* the conditions in Indianapolis, which produced the very significant results of the recent primary, were set out at some length. And in concluding the article it was stated that in this issue of *The Indianian* some suggestion would be made as to a remedy for the existing and most unfortunate conditions. That suggestion is the purpose of this article.

A preliminary word as to these existing and unfortunate conditions: In brief they are the fact that two most powerful influences in Indianapolis have sacrificed the confidence of the public to their own narrow and selfish conceptions of their responsibility to this community. These two influences are the Indianapolis News and the Financial Autocracy. And as an entirely harmonious auxiliary to these two influences is also the Merchants' Association.

Conditions are not right in Indianapolis. There is no enthusiasm in this community for Greater Indianapolis. On the contrary the ordinary citizen is in constant combat with conditions that are unsympathetic, flinty and unreasonable. The much-advertised prosperity of this city means nothing to him. For while his expenses have greatly increased, his income has not.

Now, this average citizen is prone to regard this community as a sort of great corporation in which he is an humble and evidently forgotten shareholder. He has no alternative than to hold responsible for his grievances those who seem to be in control. And he has lately expressed his dissatisfaction by a most emphatic protest at the polls.

Now, as a result of the primary, there are three principal candidates: Mr. Charles W. Jewett, who for every reason should be elected; Mr. Lew Shank, who is no more than the concrete expression of this city-wide protest, and Mr. Dick Miller, whose candidacy is entirely neutral, and whose only hope is that the fortunes of war may leave to him the prize for which the candidates are contesting who really represent something.

A mere protest is not a sufficient justification for the election of a candidate to so important an office as mayor. For when the protest has spent itself we will have left only the man. And the administration of an office of the very greatest importance to every citizen will depend, not on the protest, but on the fitness of the man.

Therefore, it remains for those who want to see Mr. Jewett elected to give these justly dissatisfied citizens a very convincing statement of the reasons why Mr. Jewett should be elected. And to suggest some of those reasons is the purpose of this article.

The first of these reasons is that Mr. Jewett, when elected, will take orders from no one—the Indianapolis News, the Financial Interest, nor anyone else—that Mr. Charles W. Jewett will administer the affairs of his great office according to the dictates of his own conscience and judgment—and nothing else than these. Of course, this is already true, but the people need to be convinced that it is true.

Second, that he will recognize his responsibility to every citizen of this community, and will take the public into his confidence as to all that he is doing and why.

Third, that he will administer the public affairs of this great community with rigid economy and the highest possible efficiency. The operating expense of this vast corporation is more than three million dollars per year. The people have the right to know how this vast sum is expended, and they have the right to expect that every waste and extravagance will be eliminated. The annual statistical report of the city has no practical value to the ordinary citizen. What they want to know is, if the city's work is being done by the fewest pos-

sible employees, and that every man is earning his salary—and this they surely doubt.

If Mr. Jewett will tell the people that after his election he will have a complete survey made of the public offices in this city; that the results will be published no matter whom they may hurt; and then that he will reorganize the official organization of this city, so that the city's work will be done by the fewest possible numbers of efficient employees—then that announcement alone would make Mr. Shank's candidacy entirely unnecessary.

Then for a fourth suggestion let Mr. Jewett promise to eliminate graft from public contracts. Let there be an end to the day when a candidate will find any inducement for spending ten thousand dollars to get an office that pays only three thousand dollars a year. Mr. Jewett can do this thing. He is not only a good lawyer but he has the courage of his convictions.

Fifth, let him promise to carry out his idea of a municipal market and every other practical program which will bring the cost of living within reason and justice.

Sixth, let Mr. Jewett make it perfectly plain that he will use the great powers of his office to awaken and stimulate a spirit of prosperity in this community. Let him make himself the friend of the employee and the inspiration and guide to the employer. Let him create some industrial esprit de corps in this community, for none exists now. And let him initiate a sentiment here that would write the Welcome over every one of our city gates.

Seventh, and finally let the strong men who know Mr. Jewett and whom the people know—men like Mr. Charles Martindale, Mr. Charles W. Miller, and all others of their like—get out during this campaign and make the people understand what Mr. Jewett's candidacy means, and the manner of man they are getting in him for the next mayor of Indianapolis.

What Indianapolis needs is a great evangel of sincerity. There are plenty of high-minded, big-hearted public-spirited men in Indianapolis who mean well and wish well for this city of their homes. But sentiment without action is as dead a thing as faith without works. As has been urged before in *The Indianian* what is needed in Indianapolis is a return of sentimental prosperity. For a long time this city has been in the grip of a sentimental panic. And this campaign affords not only the opportunity but the obligation to restore to this community the spirit of good will and prosperity that is its right. The people want it and they are perfectly willing to be convinced that Mr. Jewett is the Man of the Hour.

But the Indianapolis News cannot convince them. And they will only be convinced by the men whom they know, whose voices will ring true, and whose words will carry their own conviction. If these men will get into the field and talk to their fellow citizens they will find them much more receptive of mind and sympathetic of heart than these important men at present imagine. And they will learn too that this community is one people.

This is *The Indianian's* suggestion. It is made up of a platform that will mean something to the common people of this city, and a campaign that will restore the confidence of these common people in their more exclusive neighbors who have been holding aloof. And maybe it will convince these common folks that Mr. Jewett will be their mayor as well as the representative of the class with which he has been identified.

If this suggestion, or some improvement on it, is adopted and carried out, then there still remains a chance to make Charles W. Jewett what he ought to be, the Man of the Hour. But if conditions remain as they are, then Mr. Jewett will be sacrificed to the prejudices which for years these powerful influences have been creating.

The Constitutional Convention Campaign

It is characteristic of the American public—that is, the substantial element of it—when an important issue is on to wait until everything has happened that can happen before they do anything about it. A law has been enacted providing for a Constitutional Convention which will convene next January. Now, the substantial citizens of Indiana—the men who have everything at stake—will, if they act as hitherto, just wait until the convention convenes. Then by the most feverish and costly sort of effort, they will try to influence the actions of that convention. Just how much this sort of effort amounts to had a convincing demonstration in the efforts to keep the recent Legislature within the bounds of reason—efforts which were condemned to futility from the beginning.

It is amazing how sensible business men who are uniformly prudent and far-seeing in the conduct of their business affairs should consent to procedure so utterly stupid and short-sighted in public matters that directly concern them.

Let anyone try to take one wee hundred dollars away from one of these wise business men in an ordinary business transaction and the adventurer will find himself confronted with commercial defenses of adamant. But that same business man will stand supinely by and allow a legislative body to take away from him everything he possesses, and really lend valuable assistance to the sentimental piracy, and certain it is that he has made for himself no record of sensible defense.

Now the time has come when the business men and substantial citizens of Indiana have got to realize that in the enactment of fundamental and re-constructive legislation they belong to the masculine gender. It is time for them to stand up and think and act like men—and do something—instead of whining about what threatens to be done to them.

The Constitutional Convention is supposedly to be a representative body. And it is not a duty—the matter does not rise to the dignity of duty—it is just plain unadorned common sense, for these business men and substantial citizens to organize and see to it that the delegates sent to this convention are men of sufficient ability and character to write a new constitution for the great Imperial State of Indiana.

Freedom of the Press

Opposition has developed in some quarters to the navy department's request that nothing be published in the newspapers about the time of the departure of armed merchant ships. It is surprising that the least breath of opposition to the plan should arise.

It is the function of a newspaper to publish news, of course, but when the "news" is of such character that its publication amounts to betrayal of military or naval secrets, and places in jeopardy human life, the rights of the newspaper end.

If the worst that could be expected should come and the country should be dragged into war a newspaper censorship would be established and it would and should be rigid. It is well enough to speak of the "freedom of the press," but in times of war the press is not the only institution that loses some of its freedom.

In fact, in times of peace the rights, liberties and freedom of the press have been greatly magnified, as well as abused. The freedom and power of the press stand just like anything else—only so far as the press can get away with it.

CONSIDER THE CONSTITUTION

BY ROSS COMMON

While the citizens of Indiana are pausing in sober retrospection and seeking methods of readjustment of the industrial and economic conditions, which were upset in the recent statutory upheaval in the Legislature, the haze of another civic disturbance is lowering upon them. This time it is not a question of the loading up of the statute books with new laws of various degrees of importance and insignificance—it is the foundation of the State's civic life, the State's basic law, the constitution itself that is to be dragged forth for an overhauling in the feverish rush for sweeping changes which are sometime termed "Progress."

The election will be called, the delegates chosen, the convention held, and the State's constitution rewritten unless the courts decide that the general assembly went beyond its powers in making statutory provision for the convention without submitting the momentous question to the people for a referendum vote.

Of course the constitution eventually will be submitted to the people for them to reject or ratify—after the convention has been held. But there will first be the election of delegates, which will cost almost as much as any other election, with one inspector and two clerks to pay in each precinct. The 115 delegate will be organized on the same basis as the House of Representatives, they will receive the same pay as the legislators, and they may be in session three months.

Then some time after the convention has adjourned another special election will be called and the people then will be asked to register their opinions.

And in all the length and breadth of the State, among the mass of humanity that contributes to the great civic life of Indiana, what thought and consideration has been given to this, the greatest of all civic questions in the history of the State since 1851 when another body of patriots assembled and laid the State's foundation, which the delegates of 1917 will be empowered to cast aside?

What does it all mean and why is it necessary—and is it necessary? The questions arise whenever the subject of making a constitution is broached—which is seldom.

There are only five months in which to conduct any campaign of education. The election is to be held in September and the convention next January.

Only five short months and how little real thought is being given to the question! Step into any street car; visit any social gathering; join any discussion at your club; stop at the work bench in any factory, and you will listen in vain for any suggestion relating to the holding of a constitutional convention. Now and then some attorney or politician mentions the subject, but rarely does the layman speak of it.

The demand for a new constitution originated, or at least was supported, by a body of men in many parts of the State who later became the nucleus of the Citizens' League. Such men as Theodore Thieme at Fort Wayne, and James H. McGill at Valparaiso, gave momentum to the idea with their unending devotion to the cause. But it must be said that the majority sentiment of the State was absolutely indifferent on the question of a new constitution. The minority sentiment demanded the constitution and in making its demand portrayed conditions from which the minority contended the State might shrink but could not dodge entirely.

Primarily, there is the tax situation and it is the tax situation which is the extreme basis of the propaganda which is responsible for the constitu-

tional convention. The taxation system of Indiana was founded in 1851 strictly upon the theory that all taxable property is equal in value; that is, that \$100 invested in a stock which yields a return of 25 per cent. is not of greater value than \$100 invested in real estate which yields only 5 per cent. return. The theory of 1851 was that regardless of the value of the investment as an earning factor, it is \$100 first and last and should only be regarded as \$100 of value.

To enter into a thorough discussion of this question of taxation would require unlimited space, but in brief the constitutional revisionists have made the tax dodger the principal object of their attack.

The theories of 1851 were based to some extent upon the proposition that all men are equal and that \$100 of each man's money must be regarded as a standard of equality. But the theories of 1851 resulted in the growth of a State-wide institution, the tax dodger. The man with \$100 invested in 2 per cent. bonds rebelled against paying the same tax upon this \$100 that he paid on \$100 invested in real estate, so he secreted the investments in bonds. The man with \$100 on deposit in a bank felt no necessity to return the fact of this possession to the tax assessor because it was not producing for him, so he just forgot this possession at tax paying time. And thus, regardless of the beauty of the theory and regardless of its original basic justice, the time has come when a great many persons believe the State must get away from the system under which all classes of property are assessed at the true cash value.

What will be the substitute? Governor James P. Goodrich has proposed in his campaigns the classification of property and this system has been accepted in many other States. Through the classification of property, the money invested in bonds would be taxed in proportion to the amount of returns it yields and likewise the money invested in real estate would be assessed.

The theory of the classification of property may have been based upon justice, but it has been subjected to considerable abuse. Instead of the theory of the value of the investment, the tax assessors soon began fixing any assessment regardless of the value of the investment, just so it was small enough to induce tax payers not to hide their values.

It soon became a fact that the value most easily secreted was taxed the lowest. In other words, a premium was allowed to the most successful tax dodgers to invite them to come out in the open. And with the growth of this evil the classification of property theory has begun to suffer.

The latest idea to gain strength is the idea of income tax now being practiced in Wisconsin. The income tax system means each \$100 of value will be assessed only in accordance with the income derived from this \$100. This idea has become more popular than any one idea of recent days and it will receive considerable attention when presented at the constitutional convention.

And then there is the ever-present and never disheartened "single-taxer." He is an institution which grows each year and which inevitably, it seems, will become the leader of taxation thought in this State and country. He is the man who believes that property alone should be taxed in accordance with its value to the State, to the nation and to life. Property which has attained a tremendous increase in value because of the existence of all of us, would be compelled to suffer an exaction from the State in accordance with its unnatural growth in value.

The single-taxers have established their colony in the East; they offer the plan as the panacea for most of the ills of humanity, and most of the single-taxers really are altruists of the highest order and real patriots.

There will be a change in the taxation system—and that brings into focus the true purpose of the constitutional convention. The constitution of 1851 is one which might have fitted the manhood of that day, but the State has grown, it has progressed. In this day the constitution of 1851 must be considered so conservative the State has become hide-bound. It is a constitution with many limitations to prevent expansion, which is the natural correlative of growth of population and of thought.

The danger is that the constitution makers of 1917 are about to frame a constitution to meet only the exigencies of 1917. Now, the constitution should be so liberal in its views and results that the State will not be bound to any one theory, one form or one practice.

The taxation system, for instance, should not be limited to such an extent, the State can put into operation only the theory of the income tax or the theory of the supporters of the classification of property idea. It should be so liberal that it would be possible to experiment and discard or adopt the plan which is most just to all and which will assist the State to its greatest growth.

The cry for reform in taxation may have been the basis for the cry for a new constitution, but it has received ample support from other urgent demands. There has been the cry for more liberty in government of cities, the cry for home rule, the cry to permit the governed to choose the form of government, and the advocates of the city-manager idea for city government will desire that the constitution offer them assistance instead of repelling them.

The attorneys have had considerable to do with the agitation for a new constitution. Despite the constant wish of the dean of all Indianapolis attorneys, the late Mr. Addison C. Harris, that the constitution remain undisturbed, the great majority of the legal fraternity in the State has desired and demanded the constitution. Through a new constitution the attorneys expect to compel a more careful surveillance of the future members of the State bar. Restrictions as severe and as capable of enforcement as now surround the medical profession will be thrown around the legal profession if the attorneys gain their end. They are demanding a higher plane for the attorneys of Indiana and this plane can only be established through the constitutional convention.

The liberalists are going to make other demands. They will fight for a provision to permit the new constitution to be amended readily from time to time, as the emergency should arise. They will demand that a provision be inserted to permit the people to choose State-wide prohibition or woman suffrage without the slightest effort to dodge the law. In fact, the extreme liberalists of today are more insistent that the constitution be written by a liberalist because there is a fear it may be bound so tightly to prohibition or woman suffrage there can never be a return from these ideas until another constitution is drawn.

And the extreme liberalists will want the majority voice of the people to rule whether it rule for prohibition, woman suffrage or any other idea.

In various quarters there has been discussion of another big question which may come into the con-

stitutional convention, the question of the home, the question of the marriage and divorce laws of the State.

Sentiment is developing rapidly against the laxity of the State's divorce laws and every recent session of the Legislature has witnessed an effort to restrain the impulse of the married to be free once more. Judges, who have been compelled to officiate at divorce trials, are now fixing their own rules to govern these cases and every rule they fix is one to hinder the frivolity of the married. The question is certain to arise, and it also is certain many cures for the evil will be proposed.

These are the intensive questions which must be considered. The extensive questions will be related to some extent to some of these intensive questions.

Governor Goodrich recently broached one of these questions himself at Fort Wayne. Supporting his idea of the centralization of power, the Governor urged that the people are now demanding a step away from the idea of a check and balance government, the idea upon which our government has been founded. The Governor would have a centralization of power and have the only checking influence, the ballot of the people. As it is now the judicial is balanced against the legislative and the executive balanced against both and so on and back around again, but the Governor's theory is that this policy of government is too conservative, too controlling of progress and too depressing of the plans for efficiency.

Peculiar as it may seem, but forecasting a new movement in American political life, a new alignment of parties, the recent statement of Governor Goodrich really is an echo of the statement made by Woodrow Wilson, when he was president of Princeton University. There is a difference in that Mr. Wilson did not demand a centralization of power, but he did seem to sound a triumphant note over the theory of check and balance as administered by a great many of the Presidents of the United States. His declaration was for leadership despite the check and balance system, and while seeming to admit the check and balance system was repelling to progress, his idea was that a real leader could push on, control and lead his nation, his government and his political party, even with a check and balance system.

With all these questions to consider the people must prepare for a constitutional convention. The campaign for the election of delegates will be before the people five months and not until after the election of delegates will the thoughts of the people be concentrated on the constitution itself. Is it not time to consider, for every man to consider?

A Million Dollars

When any proposition reaches the point when the term "million" is used in referring to it, the proposition has a start that promises to get it some place. And when "dollars" is tacked onto the "million" the proposition has an added attraction, for there is power in a million dollars.

That is the sum that has been suggested for an industrial foundation in Indianapolis. The suggestion was made by Mr. J. S. Cruse to the Chamber of Commerce in discussing organization methods of advancing the interests of the city.

Mr. Cruse's suggestion is supplemental to the Chamber of Commerce movement which is providing a \$50,000 fund for the "awakening" of Indianapolis. William Fortune, president of the Chamber of Commerce, in replying to Mr. Cruse's suggestion, did not look with favor on the million-

dollar proposal at this time, since plans for the awakening campaign already have been laid, and he regards the industrial foundation idea as something that may be brought about after the awakening.

The industrial foundation plan is not altogether new. It has been tried in Louisville and other cities with most satisfactory results. The plan of the foundation here is to organize with \$1,000,000 capital to do some of the things other agencies have refused or have been unable to do. The capital to be raised by stock subscriptions would be used in obtaining new industries and in extending aid to the industries already here.

When big ends are sought it is necessary to approach the proposition on a big scale. A million dollars is after all not such an enormous sum when it is considered what results that amount of money might get. The proposition of the organization of a stock company to control the industrial foundation should not be considered in the light of a stock promotion scheme, an appeal in the name of charity, or even a philanthropic movement. It should be regarded as a much-needed business move which would offer the opportunity for an investment that is bound to pay dividends not only in civic pride, but in money as well. If any other view is taken of the matter it is safe to assume it will be by one of the "What's-the-matter-with-Indianapolis" members of the Safety First fraternity.

There is not a reason in the world why a movement for raising a \$1,000,000 industrial foundation fund should conflict with a \$50,000 awakening movement. In fact, it is the logical sequence—almost any observer will admit that it would require at least \$50,000 worth of awakening to prepare Indianapolis for the task of tackling a million-dollar constructive proposition.

But it is really a very good sign of awakening already when the million-dollar movement is started right on the heels of the awakening campaign, and it is evidence that the work of the Chamber of Commerce has begun to bear fruit.

It is a time now for the closest co-operation. The Chamber of Commerce is reviving its work as the city's herald, but it cannot be expected to accomplish all its civic tasks without aid.

It is repairing the foundation for the city's growth, but other agencies must co-operate in the building of a Greater Indianapolis. As \$50,000 may be regarded as a small price for an awakening in Indianapolis, so should a million dollars be regarded as a bargain price for a real industrial foundation—using "foundation" as a figure of speech and not as a fund or a corporation.

The Indianapolis Real Estate Board has pledged its co-operation in raising the million-dollar fund and has agreed to assist other civic organizations in underwriting the expenses of the organization or a foundation stock company, and the movement has received an impetus which ought to preclude the possibility of any further awakening becoming the awakening from an industrial foundation dream.

The Water Question

The Public Service Commission has rendered a decision in the Indianapolis Water Company rate case which settles the question of the cost of water in Indianapolis for some years to come. The commission has been considering this question for some months after it consumed some time in hearing evidence relative to the case, which is an outgrowth of the effort of the city to obtain the approval of the commission to a contract with the city which was to continue for twelve years.

The commission's order approves the reduced rates fixed in the city's contract, but the contract

itself is not approved since the commission held the park land and other concessions made by the water company were not within the commission's jurisdiction.

The commission necessarily had to arrange a schedule of rates to permit a legitimate return on \$9,500,00 of value. The return will not be less than 7 per cent. and a return of this amount on a valuation of more than \$9,500,000 will offer an average reduction of 15 per cent. to the consumers of water in the cost of water.

The great part of the water consumers of Indianapolis pay their charges on a strictly flat rate basis; that is, the charge is based on so much a room or so much a front foot of lawn, and out of this system there has grown some injustice. The water company has proposed to relieve this injustice through the substitution of a meter system whenever the consumer demands it and under conditions which no longer make it almost prohibitive to have a meter installed. And with the substitution of the meter rate many consumers who are careful with their water supply may find a great reduction in their water charges while careless consumers will find an increase.

The average small home owner pays about \$18 a year now for water figured on a flat rate basis. He pays about 18 cents for each 1,000 gallons of water up to a certain point. Under the commission's order the average small consumer will pay 16 cents for the first 1,000 gallons and be given a reduction after he has used 7,500 gallons. The flat rate is reduced to an average of \$15 a year. Any farther reduction in rates would not permit the water company to earn 7 per cent. on its investment and provide a depreciation fund.

Notwithstanding the opposition of one interest which has been trying to gain control of the water company through forcing the commission to fix a confiscatory rate, the Public Service Commission realized the plan of the Indianapolis Water Company is one of the best in the country. Engineers from all parts of the country have testified to this fact, and the only question which has been raised is the question of the value of the canal property.

The "one interest" did not desire an allowance to be made for this property; it has used every scheme of its power to thwart such an allowance, but the commission of necessity had to make some allowance for the canal. It would almost amount to confiscation of property if it had not.

One of the great troubles the commission had was the prejudice which exists against the water company. In the good old days when the friends of the "one interest" controlled the water company and when the public paid rates sufficient to produce returns of 100 and 200 per cent., little was heard from the "one interest." But then the friends moved out and immediately the "one interest" began to bluster and to blow. And immediately the credulous public, listening each night to this "one interest," began to protest. In the "interest" of the "peepul" it was believed it "would finally become necessary for this one interest to take over the water company through a public-spirited corporation." Throughout the hearing of evidence in the water company case the plan was pursued relentlessly and without mercy or justice, for there were millions involved.

This prejudice may cause the members of the Public Service Commission to suffer for it has defeated the desire of the "one interest" and has established a just rate for water service, for through it the "one interest" will lose its fight to gain control of millions in one swoop and the credulous and "deeeer peepul" probably will be asked to rally to the attack on the commission and on the company.

The Universal Brotherhood—A Suggested Program

BY SENYAHNALLA

This article is offered as a brief and suggestive outline of the organization of the Universal Brotherhood. But it should be regarded only as an outline. The program, if treated fully, offers material for volumes. And in subsequent articles some of the principal subjects included in the program will be dealt with separately.

The first step is Union—that is the assembling of those men and women whose sympathies and vision impel them to undertake the problems of their less fortunate brothers into an organization which for the convenience of a name is, in this article, called The Universal Brotherhood.

This Union is effected on the basis of one article of agreement only, sympathy and the desire and readiness to help. No other condition of membership is required. There can be no demands as to Faith, Religious belief, or even what is commonly called Morals. Any man or woman, whether saint or sinner, is welcome, upon one condition only, and that is that he is able and ready to help.

The operating program is based also on a single proposition—that society is made up of two classes only—those who have and those who need; that society is solvent; and that it is not the duty only, but the privilege of those who have, to undertake the problems of those who need.

As the Brotherhood grows in numbers and power its organization will, of course, become more elaborate. It will have its executive officer, its governing council, and its various divisions, corresponding to its several departments of activity. There will also be national, provincial and State organizations and, of course, local organizations. The system of organization will be the subject of a subsequent article and the scope of this article will be confined to the methods of dealing with social problems.

The first step in dealing with social problems is their analysis. In the beginning this will be undertaken by obtaining the facts and statistics of social conditions in a single community, Indianapolis for example. And the procedure is substantially as follows:

The second social class, those who need, is obviously divided into two classes: dependents and those who need only help.

The dependents are such as homeless children, helpless women, and men who are physically, mentally or morally incapable of useful lives. These will be provided for by providing for them—not asylums, but homes.

These homes will be conducted on the single principle that the homeless child and helpless woman are in all justice entitled to the same comforts, privileges and opportunities that are enjoyed by the women and children of those who have. And no other demonstration of this principle is needed than for any man to assume that some cataclysm of adversity would leave his own wife and child helpless and alone.

These homes would be administered, not as an irksome duty, but as a beautiful privilege. Space forbids any discussion of their methods here. But it only need be said that they would be conducted in the same spirit, and with the same consideration for those who occupy them, that governs any private home where the atmosphere is that of love and trust.

Those who need only help will be dealt with through an entirely different sort of institutions. As this article is meant only to be suggestive, let these institutions be for the present called Institutes for Domestic and Industrial Instruction and Help. This title quite well enough describes the

scope and functions of what would be a most interesting social innovation.

These Institutes for Domestic and Industrial Instruction and Help would perform two functions: help and instruction in efficiency in ordinary and non-technical labor. They would teach scientific housekeeping, hygiene and common trades for both men and women. And they would also include industrial departments where immediate employment could always be found.

Preliminary to the operation of these two sets of beneficent institutions there would be the social survey, which would collect the exact facts of the social conditions in the community. The exact number and whereabouts of the homeless children, helpless women and dependent men would be obtained, and the cost of their maintenance and education in the proposed homes would be determined.

The statistics of the survey of those who need only help would be assembled on the basis of the income required to maintain an individual or a family in comfort.

The basis would be something like this, the figures being the minimum annual income required:

For single man or woman.....	\$700.00
For family of two.....	900.00
For each additional member under two years of age.....	100.00
For each additional member over ten years of age	200.00

According to this basis, a family of six, including two children under ten and two above ten should have an income of \$1,500.00. If the income is only \$1,200.00, then there is a deficit of \$300.00 per year to be dealt with by increasing the productive value of the wage earner.

When the survey is completed—say for Indianapolis—and the figures assembled the exact statistics of the social deficit will become the basis of the procedure of those who have. Let it be supposed that this deficit disclosed the staggering fact that absolutely to obliterate poverty and want from this community and put every man and woman who is on the short side of affairs in his life upon a comfortable and self-respecting basis, would require an annual expenditure of *two million dollars*.

Now, let us turn to those who have and see what the expense bill would mean. There are in Indianapolis about 55,000 men. Of this number fully 35,000 are today receiving incomes equal to or better than the proposed basis of operation. And \$60 per year from each of these—\$5 per month—would pay the bill. And this estimate does not take at all into account the men of very large means who would gladly give, and very generously, to a program that would solve once and for all in this community the age old problem of suffering, want and inefficiency.

One thing must be obvious from this outline, and that is that all that has ever been needed to solve the social problem is organization on the basis of a real sympathy and the courage to face the facts of society as they exist. These conditions have heretofore been dealt with precisely as a man would be dealing with his health if he went about with a chronic headache, or a persistent and excruciating pain in the chest, or a daily recurring fever, and never ascertained the cause. Added to this has been the cruel and selfish assumption that there has never been quite enough in this world to go round.

The facts are that society is solvent both materially and in sentiment, and no greater or more gratifying surprise could come to the really good

people of any large community than to know the exact statistics of their own social conditions, and how easily these conditions might be remedied.

Some day—and let us pray that it may be soon—some community—and let us pray that it may be our own—will take the initiative in the most glorious step forward that the world has ever known. And here will be three of its discoveries:

It will discover the exact facts and statistics of its social conditions, and how easily the remedying of these conditions are within the power of those who have.

It will discover how education and proper training will bequeath to the next generation battalions of healthy and well-equipped men and women who will be a different power in society than the men and women who are graduating today from the slums and dives of the great cities. And it will discover, too, that a little help, a little sympathy, and a little discipline in the better way will rapidly reduce the ranks of those who are now on the short side of affairs.

And, finally, it will realize that the great social economy—this big and intricately organized world—which so generously rewards with its riches the man whose genius and industry have made him a conqueror in the game of life, also asks something of the victor. And that something is that the other fellow, who has struggled just as hard and played the game just as fairly only to lose, is standing by waiting for the winner to teach him just a little that he needs to learn about the rules of the game and stake him for another, and, this time, more successful try. Then there are those who could not play at all—the little ones and their mothers. And every good gamester is a chivalrous and tender-hearted hero!

All of this is but a play on words to suggest the one great truth, which is this:

Life is a game in which all may win. For when it is played right and honorably and in a big way, earth and air and sea all give up their treasures. For God, who made this earth, put enough away in its great storehouse to provide for all His children—for surely He loves them all equally—so that there need never be a starving child, or a despairing woman, or a defeated and disheartened man in all this world, that should be so beautiful.

The Red Cross

That the Red Cross Society in Indiana is efficiently organized has been proved again by the relief work accomplished by the society among the cyclone sufferers at Newcastle, where a score of lives were lost and property valued at \$500,000 was destroyed by a wind storm last Sunday. The catastrophe was so appalling and the relief work was of such magnitude that it was impossible for local agencies to cope with the situation. It required no appeal or invitation for the Red Cross Society to step into the breach. After a survey of conditions the work was placed in the hands of the Indiana branch of the society and at once the work of rehabilitating the city and caring for the storm victims was started with a completely organized effort. Not only has the Red Cross proved its efficiency but the people of the State have responded with characteristic generosity to the appeal for financial aid for the sufferers at Newcastle.

Civic organizations from nearby cities also hastened to hold out a helping hand. Among the first to arrive on the scene were representatives of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce and officers of the Indiana Manufacturers' Association.

A Word or Two on Fashions

(By Margot.)

The artist's palette has always played an important part in the world of fashion, but color harmony has never before received the study given it today. Foreign artists, particularly those of China, Japan and the Orient, have pleased us with their color combinations for many a year, but the American artists have not been, in years previous, as successful in producing color harmony. This is obvious in contrasting, for instance, domestic and oriental rugs, which we all but mortgage the home to own, and partly responsible for the demand of the article with a foreign stamp.

The Chinese and Japanese artists, without the least effort, seem to combine almost impossible colors into perfect harmony.

For a long time after the European war decreased the importation of materials in their own secret colorings, we were repeatedly told that it was impossible to secure certain shades of colors and were further informed that those from which we could have our choice were of American dye and not guaranteed to be fast in color. Today there is a wider range of shades on the market than we have ever seen before and we are no longer told that the colors are not lasting. This goes to prove that American dye concerns have the ability, art and application of their competitors across the water. The opportunity for demonstrating it occurred in a way of an emergency and this emergency has been met with huge success.

It has been said by foreign countries that American women are not careful in their selection of colors—that their wearing apparel is chosen on the impulse of the moment, copied from a passing garment, one that sits beside her in the theater or is suggested from across the footlights, when, as a matter of fact, none of these types is her own. The result is, of course—dissatisfaction.

When Milady has been fortunate enough to find a modiste who thoroughly pleases her, this means that the modiste has discovered the personality of her patron and is expressing it in the garment she creates. Everyone of us possess a personality of our own and one's dress should accentuate it. In the selection of any garment there is nothing more important than **color**, or, to be more explicit, **suitable color**.

Generally speaking, blue in all its shades is for the blonde; purple for the auburn haired type, and red for the one with the midnight in her hair, yet in every instance the complexion must be considered. Imagine a golden haired, florid complexioned lass in Copenhagen blue—an utter failure.

It is not difficult to learn one's most pleasing colors—try them in a strong

sunlight and those that are "impossible" will readily speak for themselves. But to go still farther, one must find what shades are best suited to her particular self.

If she be very blonde the softer shades are more pleasing and she should strive to limit herself to few color combinations to obtain harmony. Red was never meant for the blonde although some wear it with fairly good results. Rose and pink are two of its shades which meet with some success. Gray in a taupe is an interesting contrast. Purple, when not too vivid and all its shades, are not objectionable. Brown and green are less interesting.

While the blonde has quite a choice, it is the titan or auburn haired type that must consider and then reconsider before she takes unto herself any color. Brown in all its range of shades, from *teche de negre* (African brown) to old gold belongs to her alone; navy, Copenhagen, delf and once in a great while turquoise are agreeable. For evening it is well that she forget everything but pastel shades; never, never red, cerise is worse, seldom rose, but pink, if it is flesh pink, is permissible. Purple, lavender and violet that have with in them somewhere a touch of blue, not red, are extremely good. Green if ill-chosen is fatal to this type, although it seems from the time she is a tiny tot with ribbons on her hair someone insists upon her wearing it. Shamrock green (or Shadow Lawn green to be strictly U. S. A. and everybody is these days) against hair that is red is almost a tragedy. Yet it is being done; but then—so is war in Europe. Not that green is impossible—a dull olive and a very, very dark leaf-green are more than beautiful; the palest of apple green for evening.

When the brunette sometimes wishes she were not brunette 'tis well to remember that she is often envied by the other types because of the ease with which she wears colors—colors that the others must content themselves to gaze upon. Rose, cerise, the brightest green, royal purple, turquoise and peacock blue; in fact, any vivid colors are all extremely good. Browns and grays are as a rule too somber to be entertained.

There is another feature important in good dressing, which seldom occurs to the modern woman whose mind is too busy with tango-teas and a course in Red Cross nursing to be bothered, and that is the art of blending different shades of one color. There are many shades which, while belonging to the same family tree, fairly scream their differences when combined together, and extreme care should be taken when using more than one shade of the same color; for instance, a red-brown beside a yellow-brown is in very "bad taste" and the effect is out of harmony.

One of the most interesting color combinations one sees up and down the avenue at the present moment is the always proper blue suit with boots of gray suede, which are the more noticeable because of their vamps and heels

of dull, black kid, gloves of exactly the same gray, heavily stitched in black, a smart hat of black or purple straw and about the shoulders a cape of mole, gray squirrel or the strictly new gray fox. If one chooses to wear tan shoes then, of course, red or cross-fox is more in harmony.

For evening wear one's choice of colors covers a wider range, but nevertheless they must be in perfect harmony, and the evening coat, if not of the same material as the gown, must be of a harmonizing color. Find the art of color harmony to yourself and you have the key to "good dressing."

Speaking of Potatoes—

Time was when potatoes we had with us always. Even today we have with us potatoes—if we have the price.

The arrival of St. Patrick's day, sometimes observed in Indiana unofficially as potato planting day, brings the almost forgotten tuber up once more as a topic of current interest and serves to remind the hard pressed householder that somewhere in some dark and lonely cellar or some cold and clammy storage den there IS such a thing as the one-time familiar kitchen vegetable.

It is unnecessary to go into the painful details of the rise of the erstwhile lowly spud to its proud position as the aristocrat of the menu card. It's there all right and we all pay tribute to the honorable potato just like the followers of all the other honorables that soar to the place at the top. If the potato can gain the proud distinction on the menu card, is it any wonder that it should be chosen as an emblem and a slogan in a political campaign?

Now it is not the intention to run this question into politics—the big idea, the subject as it were, is "The Potato and How to Get It." The plan is purely theoretical—a proposition of "Every Man His Own Potato King."

It all resolves itself into the old scheme of cultivating the vacant lots and the home garden plot. The cultivation of vacant lots has been established as a practical gardening work. The only big handicap that may mar the success of the plan is the stealth of the nocturnal gleaner who may beat the industrious planter to the crop when it is ready to be garnered.

With this intensified cultivation in the backyard at home to reduce the high cost of living—well, it's different. It can be done, but—

If the space in the family garden is not larger than can be turned over in two or three back-breaking evenings, well and good—the cost in cash is only the price of a new spade. And at that you might borrow the neighbor's.

If you are a land owner with a regular garden plot, you've got to hire some teamster to plow it. (No prices will be quoted on this work.) Then after the ground is broken you must prepare the soil for the seed. This

may be done expeditiously and perhaps with some degree of pleasure if you develop the necessary powers of imagination. For example, just imagine the handle of the hoe or the rake is a golf club, a tennis racket, or, if a feeling of lassitude is stealing over you, just dream you are dallying with a croquet mallet.

Every exponent of the eternal war on the high cost of living should, in every way, encourage any movement for greater production of the necessities of life—the old law of supply and demand in its relation to prices is supposed still to be in force. And every single spud from every little garden may be needed. Prices, too, it is predicted, will continue to uphold their honor. The experts say they have discovered a new disease among potatoes, a sort of a spud hoof and mouth disease—and look what the hoof and mouth disease has done for the price of steaks—even of soup bones! That ought to be encouraging for the family gardener.

But we haven't finished planting the garden this spring—with the ground broken and pulverized you must now plant the seed.

Now here's where we pass it on to the reader. If you have the price of seed potatoes why make a garden when there are so many other ways for a plutocrat and his family to enjoy themselves?

Oil

In the lull between the adjournment of the General Assembly and the outbreak of the campaign for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention, the old State House is witnessing the merry little process of pouring oil on the troubled political waters. When the Democrats steered clear of the Republican submarine which sought to sink the old oil inspection bureau they simply saved the cargo for the Republicans.

Now that the Republicans have libeled the old oil boat and have requisitioned the cargo they are preparing to spread the oil. The first plan was to use it as a balm to heal the wounds inflicted on Mr. H. A. Roberts when his State statistician appropriation was removed. But Mr. Roberts complained that he was not the only member of the family that had suffered from the operation that separated him from the State pay-roll and Governor Goodrich at once seized the alibi that would justify him in claiming the office for Nick Bardash, in payment for some Marion county political debt. And there the matter stands.

It has now become a question whether there will be oil enough to still the troubled waters. The oil inspector alone is not the only problem—there is the long list of deputies clear down the line. And each appointment must be considered in the light of a stroke of political diplomacy—in which Indianapolis is the first consideration. Rather a strange situation, isn't it—the State at last for Indianapolis first!



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



The feminine world holds one continuous quilting bee. The family socks may go undarned, the three meals a day may hail from some convenient delicatessen shop, and the daily household tasks may suffer a total eclipse in the light of modern feminism. But where lives the woman who can resist the lure of the quilting frame? She has a number of reasons for clinging to the fascinating task, chief of which, she will tell you, is that the old arts can never be equalled by machinery, so the lovers of the old handicraft must keep alive interest in them. This sounds so entirely logical and in keeping with the up-to-date trend of woman's work that even the most ardent advocate of the "new woman" will feel perfectly justified in spending all her spare minutes cosily tucked away in a comfortable rocker, with a pile of gaily-colored materials at hand, and numerous patterns holding out rival attractions from the sewing table.

"Just Quilts" would make a very fascinating story. The old patterns all have a meaning, and many of them tell their own story. The Irish Chain is one of the oldest patterns known, and is made in a combination of green, yellow and Copenhagen blue, its graceful spirals being quite difficult to fashion. Another old pattern which is extensively copied today is the Broken Star. Its modern counterparts are in exact duplication of the one which used to grace the four-poster in the little attic bedroom years ago.

The Tree Pattern in royal purple, or perhaps green, may easily have been the invention of some royal quilter, for we are told queens were rare needlewomen, and wrought quilts deftly. Most aristocratic are the Rose of Sharon, which has many duplicates in Indianapolis today, and the Blue Bird, which is not so common.

It is said the Middle West boasts more beautiful specimens of quilts than any other place. When steamboats first began to make their way to the gulf, the settlers often brought back from these voyages quantities of silk and satin pieces which their wives made up into the most elaborate quilts. The patched quilt was really the aristocrat among quilts, most beautiful patterns being designed. Many of these

rare coverlets are still in existence through the Middle West, especially in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Indianapolis has its share of quilting enthusiasts and some of the most beautiful quilts are to be found right in our midst. There are many precious heirlooms rescued from the attic trunk, and there are as many more modern copies of these old coverlets which are just as beautiful, and of as intricate design, though they lack the romance of age.

A rare specimen of quilting was completed recently by Mrs. Henry D. Hamilton. On a white background the French baskets filled with gorgeous flowers stand out in colorful relief. The tall handles of the baskets are tied with bowknots, the design being a duplication of the dainty cross-stitch basket, done in glowing rose, leaf green, and old blue. The basket is applied onto the white and the quilting is a marvel of needle work.

Mrs. O. J. Jameson has a collection of handsome old quilts and Miss Charity Dye is another who owns a number of rare specimens. Miss Bernice Orndorff possesses a beautiful quilt, in yellow and white which she designed and made herself, and Miss Margaret Gilday quilted an effective specimen in rose design, with big pink petals and green leaves.

Mrs. Maria Watson has one of the old oak leaf patterns in green and bright red.

Even the simple little nine patch is not to be despised, and the young seamstress who hesitates to undertake one of the more elaborate applique quilts, is busily stitching alternate little squares of pink or blue and white, as happily content with her task as was her grandmother when she fashioned the "Ostrich Feather" or the "Twinkling Star" for her hope chest.

A young Indianapolis girl, Rosemary Pfaff, who has spent the winter studying vocal in New York, has won recognition among well-known artists in musical circles in the East. She recently appeared in two private recitals at the Bismarck Hotel, where her remarkable soprano voice was heard to great advantage. She has returned to Indianapolis, where she will remain for several months before continuing her study in the East, under the direction of Chabrier Aftolfo Pestia.

A membership of one thousand is the goal toward which the Indianapolis branch of the Drama League is working, and Miss Mary Holliday, chairman of the membership committee, is enlisting many workers in the effort to realize this ambition. Mrs. Oliver Willard Pierce, with the educational committee of the College of Musical Arts, recently presented an entertainment which attracted many new members to the organization. Mrs. Tarkington Baker was reader for the evening, and the musical program of old English, Scotch and Irish ballads given in costume by Miss Leona Wright, vocalist, and Miss Jean Harter, harpist, was a delightful feature. The Drama League has been represented by two members in the Washington Square Players of New York this season, Maxwell Perry having recently returned from a tour with the road company. Miss Elinor Cox is with the New York company.

A wedding of interest to many Indianapolis friends is that of Miss Helen Lee Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Jay Wright of Chicago, to Leslie Wallace Rouzer of this city. The wedding will take place at the home of the bride, 3717 Pine Grove avenue, Chicago, Tuesday, March 27. Mr. Rouzer will take his bride to Lafayette for residence. Miss Wright has many Indianapolis friends, having frequently visited Mr. and Mrs. Ralph B. Waddington.

The other side of the kitchen door was presented to a number of professional women Tuesday when the Woman's Press Club of Indiana was entertained with a luncheon in their club rooms, prepared under the auspices of the Merchants' Heat and Light Company. The meal was cooked and served on an electric range, the mysteries of which were afterward explained to the members. The electrical way of cooking made a hit with the members, who are far more familiar with the typewriter than the kitchen stove. Miss Katherine Heron of Connersville was elected to membership. At the next meeting of the club, April 10, a trip through local newspaper plants will follow the luncheon.

Nothing has done more to foster an appreciation of Indiana artists than the art department of the Woman's Department Club. The picture loan committee, which is a branch of the art department, opened its third exhibit this week, showing the canvases of Wayman Adams. Included in the exhibit are many of the artist's most noted portraits, including the portrait

of Alexander Ernestinoff, which was signally honored in the winter exhibit of the American Academy of Design three years ago. The exhibit will continue until May 1.

One of the truly artistic programs heard this season was that given by Mrs. Helen Warrum Chappell this afternoon at the musical tea at the home of Mrs. Lynn B. Millikan, in charge of the Martha Hawkins Society. The rooms were fragrant with spring blossoms, and the appointments were in St. Patrick design, dainty little green-covered bonbon boxes being the work of members of the society. Mrs. Chappell delighted her audience with a number of vocal numbers ranging from arias to simple ballads. It is one of the few times she has been heard in public since she retired from grand opera.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Kershner have gone to Tucson, Ariz., for residence. Mrs. S. E. Perkins received informally Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Kershner, many friends being entertained. Mrs. Kershner was registrar of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, D. A. R., and an active member of the Woman's Department Club for many years.

Sunday afternoon is becoming quite a popular day for informal entertaining in Indianapolis. The recently organized Artists' Club has formed the plan of receiving informally each Sunday afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock in their club rooms on the fifth floor of the Union Trust building. Miss Marie Todd will be hostess tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Myra J. Richards acted as hostess for the opening tea two weeks ago, and last Sunday Miss Ernestine Reinsenberg was hostess.

Indianapolis has been well represented in Washington, D. C., during the festivities attendant upon the inauguration ceremonies. Miss Kathryn Wood, Miss Berthelda Klausmann, Miss Betty Pfeiffer, Miss Betty Moore and Miss Arthella Carter, who attend National Park Seminary, were among the guests at the ball given by Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall at the Hotel Willard for the Culver cadets.

Miss Margaret Jean Gilmore is spending several weeks in Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Blair have left for permanent residence in St. Louis, Mo. A farewell party was given in their honor Tuesday evening by a group of friends.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Say—it's a mighty fine thing, after somebody has slipped a lead half dollar over on you, and you've vainly tried to collect six bits somebody owed you, and had about as much success at it as the Germans entering Paris, and when you've been stung on a fake mining scheme, and found out that the poor beggar you gave a dime to owns four houses and has money in the bank—and you've come to the conclusion that the main idea of everybody is to get hold of a dollar any way they can and never let go—it's a fine thing, I tell you, to have something like this Newcastle disaster come up and show you how awfully human people are after all.

Not that I would choose to have such a thing happen, but seeing as how it did happen, it certainly does help a lot to see how generous people are. Have you read the papers? It seemed to be a race between all the towns in the State to see which could come across with the biggest sum of money for relief purposes quickest; people let go of dollars, and five-dollar bills, and twenty-dollar gold pieces, and checks for all kinds of sums, as if they were nothing at all—the combined rattling of all that money in the collection plate would have made a noise like the Brightwood car taking a curve on high.

It takes something like that to show how generous people really are and how much they really do care about their neighbors. Maybe you know somebody you think is pretty "hard boiled," but I'll bet if you look at the subscription lists you'll find that old chap down for a sum big enough to keep some poor Newcastle citizen who lost everything he had, in coal and food for a month. That's the way it goes! Look at the way all those actors and actresses just fell all over themselves to take part in the benefit performance at English's theater Friday afternoon—and most of them are on the "two-a-day," when an extra rehearsal and extra performance means something.

Some of the big firms gave as much as \$1,000, and the contributions went right on down the line—and a lot of those little contributions, of a half a dollar, or a dollar, meant just as much to the people who made them as a hundred dollars would to somebody else. It's a mighty fine thing to consider, and it makes a person get renewed faith in humanity at large. By heck, I got half a mind to go over and contribute a dime myself.

The Melting Pot

Well, I'll bet six bits there is a lot of traveling done between now and Saturday night, or Monday night, or whenever it is the railroad strike is going to bust.

Me—I intend to take a trip. I had no idea of taking a trip until I heard that there was danger of not being able to go any place, and then, of course, I immediately decided I had to go some place on the train. I'd got along a good while without going any place on the train, but as soon as I learned that perhaps the trains were going to quit running, that settled it. I had to take a trip, and I'm going to. Where to, I have not decided yet.

A lot of people feel the same way about it. As soon as people think they can't have a thing they immediately begin to believe that they just gotta have it, or the sun don't shine. Now, I hate a prune worst of anything on this earth, but I'll bet that if the price of prunes raised so that you could only get four for a quarter, I couldn't be happy unless I had a couple of prunes. That's the way people are.

I can't quite dope out just what the strike is about, but that's neither here nor there. At present it looks like there was going to be one, whether I understand the situation or not. And then I got to imagining Indianapolis cut off from the world!

That had an awful sound to it—cut off from the world. I've managed to get along all right for quite a spell without going outside Indianapolis at all—and in fact, have not saw quite all there is to be saw here, at that—but the idea of being cut off from the world! Like when you just leave a dog to himself, he'll stay in his dog-house, but when you tie him to the dog house, and he gets the idea that he can't get away no matter how much he wants to, he sets up a horrible yelping. It's the knowing you gotta stay.

It's hard to imagine what life will be like—if they strike—when we are deprived of going down to the station to see the Big Four and the Pennsylvania come in, and to pipe off who is going where and why. It will be horrible for those folks who have got into the habit of going calling up at Chicago every day or two, or down to Cincinnati.

And I see they're talking about putting an embargo on things. I've been reading a lot about embargoes lately,

and for a good while I did not know what they were, having an idea an embargo was some sort of a disinfectant or something—but I have since learned that when an embargo is put on anything, the thing it is put on stays where it is. I wish somebody would put an embargo on my collar button, then, for I never can find the darned thing.

An embargo, it seems to me, wouldn't be a bad idea at all. Maybe if there was one, the feller who cooks eggs in the dairy lunch wouldn't be put under \$5,000 bond, and maybe we could once more waft the sweet perfume of liver and onions, and such things, to which we have too long been a stranger. Maybe the prices of potatoes and alligator pears would draw somewhat apart, if everybody who was in the habit of shipping stuff out knew they couldn't ship it out.

There are a lot of things to consider as well as a lot of things to worry about. Oh well—mebbe there won't be any strike after all.

Wonderlust Up-to-Date

"Well," I says to a friend of mine, "I see that I've been mistaking history all these years."

"How so?" he says.

"Well," I says, "up until now I always thought that St. Patrick was an Irishman, but I see he ain't. And here I've been believing all this time that he was Irish, and, being kind of Irish myself as one might say, it'd be a good deal of a shock."

"What do you mean, he ain't Irish?" my friend wanted to know. "I'll bet he is—why, I've heard all my life about how he chased all the garter snakes out of Ireland by playing on the ukelele and making the snakes slide out into the ocean to get away from the music, or something like that—some of the stories call him the Pie-Eyed Piper of something, I forget what."

"You're barking up the wrong tree," I says. "That wasn't St. Patrick at all. Evidently not."

"Well, I'll bet he's Irish at that," he said, "because nobody but an Irishman would ever pick out the name of Patrick."

"No," I says, "he can't be Irish, and I've got the best reasons for thinking so. Just now, mebbe you know, they hold the St. Patrick's day celebration today."

"Hooray," he says, "any color just so it's green—that's the stuff. There's nothing I'd rather watch than a St. Patrick's day parade. What do you mean—St. Patrick ain't Irish?"

"Well," I says, "it's like this: I used to think he was Irish, too—as Irish as anything—until I got to looking up the dope. Every place in the country it's the same way. Give any of these here March 17 programs the once-over—pipe the names. Max Hasenpfeffer is going to sing a song; Hans Schmiercase is going to make a speech; Heinrich Baumbauer is going to do some stunt; the Misses Buddenberger are going to give a pianny duet. I see something is down about their singing the song, 'The Wearin' of the Green,' and right alongside it is 'Die Wacht am Rhein!'"

"Well, mebbe those guys are Irishmen at that," he says. "Names is nothing."

"Names is everything," I says. "We've been mistook all these years. That ain't a harp St. Patrick's been packin' around with him. It's a pretzel—the great German national instrument."

Well, we argued a while and he insisted that there was some mistake—that he knew St. Patrick was Irish, and that March 17 was an Irish celebration, and I admitted to him I'd always thought the same way until lately, when I'd begun to have my doubts about it.

But—be that as it may, as the guy says, it sure does strike me as funny to see these German gents celebrating St. Patrick's day. Somehow the idea of a German wearin' a shamrock strikes me as being kind of curious, same way as the sight of an Irishman smoking one of those pipes that look like these here saxophones would have a queer effect.

I still stick to my original idea—that history has been wrong all this time and that St. Patrick was a German gent.

The Weekly Alibi

Another alibi in the case of the H. H. vs. H. C. L. was presented this week when the shoe men of the State held their convention. It may be consoling to know the reason why the old \$3.50 shoe costs \$8 or \$9 now. Of course, it's the war. Soldiers are wearing out lots of shoe leather now, when some of them used to go bare-foot—lots of them who used to go hungry must be well fed on beef now, and—

Well, it's the same old story, just like coal, potatoes, bread and ice and every old thing. Perhaps they'll all get to the place after while when they will not even take the trouble to present the alibi. And it may be just as well—perhaps better, really a bit restful.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

A Journal devoted to the conservation of the industrial resources and activities of Indiana; and to the extension and organization of those sentiments, ideals and convictions in which all progressive citizens are agreed.

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 24, 1917

No. 11

The Sleeping Giant

*I*T IS UNMANLY, unworthy and a display of weakness to criticise either an individual or an institution for a preventable offense. And there is nothing the matter with Indianapolis that is not preventable.

Attention has often enough been called to the conditions that discredit and hinder Greater Indianapolis. The two most conspicuous of these is the "Rule or Ruin" policy of the Indianapolis News and the Village Bank policy of the dominant financial institutions. But back of these two, and all other conditions that hurt, is a paralyzed state of public sentiment. And this last is the responsible cause for every other thing that is wrong.

The Indianapolis News pursues its mendacious, selfish "Rule or Ruin" policy because it knows that it has the community bluffed into servile inaction.

And the Indianapolis banks keep to the methods of the village money lender because the average business man regards a banker as a sort of junior edition of the Lord Almighty—whose dignity, wisdom and authority is above question or criticism.

It is told that the Nez Perc Indians, out in Idaho, once organized a bank and installed as cashier the best educated and apparently the best qualified man of their tribe. These Indians were prosperous farmers and soon the bank had very respectable deposits. Well, after the cashier had run the bank for a while, a committee of the tribe called on him one day and told him they had changed his name. Before that his Indian name had been "Standing Bear." But his neighbors had changed it to "Rabbit-Afraid-of-His-Shadow."

What the financial fraternity needs in this community is to lend a less willing ear to gossip, a deaf ear to prejudice, a strong and willing heart to public spirit, and then to exercise the courage of their convictions—in briefer and better words, to be bankers and not money lenders.

But all the ills of which this community complains would be corrected if the intelligent, sympathetic, public-spirited, strong men of this city would just wake up and begin to feel, and think, and act together. As it is, they display all the weary indifference of a sea-sick passenger on an ocean liner. He knows something is the matter, but somehow he feels that the only happy remedy is for the ship to sink.

And as for civic pride, enthusiasm for Greater Indianapolis, or any intelligent conception of how Greater Indianapolis can come to be—well, such sentiments as these do not exist. And hence, among other things, the rise of Shank and the humiliation of Mr. Jewett. Lew Shank has decided upon a basket of potatoes as his campaign emblem. What an illuminating inspiration! Now if he will just complete the picture, let Mother Grundy lug the basket, across her petticoats inscribe "Lesser Indianapolis" and then label the biggest potato Lew Shank, the job will be a real work of art.

When will the Spirit of Greater Indianapolis—the Sleeping Giant—wake up?

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THE INDIANAPOLIS WATER COMPANY

Beginning with this issue The Indianian will publish a series of articles on the Indianapolis Water Company. This has been made necessary by a state of public opinion in this city which has permitted to go by unchallenged the persistent attacks which the Indianapolis News has made on this company for now more than two years. These articles should interest every citizen of Indianapolis for at least two reasons. The first of these is the influence which such a public sentiment and newspaper policy has in discouraging foreign capital from coming to this community. The second is the position in which the News has sought to place the public service commission. In respect of this last it can briefly be said that if the public service commission is as utterly destitute of either capacity or regard for public welfare as the News would have its readers believe, then the sooner Governor Goodrich removes Chairman Duncan and all of his associates, except Mr. Corr, the better.

The story briefly is this: On March 24, 1915, the water company filed with the public service commission a petition for authority to issue \$650,000 of additional capital stock for its surplus, which was somewhat in excess of that amount. The city at once filed objections to this petition, and on March 30, the city filed an intervening petition asking that the commission make a valuation of the property of the Water Company on the ground that the rates charged by the company were excessive.

Immediately upon the filing of this last petition the News took up the issue and for two years now the situation has not been that of a controversy between the city and the Water Company, but has been a systematic series of attacks by the News on the Water Company. And from the beginning those who have at all understood the situation have believed that back of this newspaper campaign lay some ulterior purpose that would only be discovered if the News campaign succeeded.

For instance, there was a report that when the petition for valuation was filed an attorney at that time connected with the city administration, and by curious coincidence also basking in the sunshine of the News' approval, intimated to Chairman Duncan of the public service commission that if a valuation sufficiently low could be obtained, a syndicate was ready to take the property over and this syndicate would later on transfer the utility to the city on favorable terms.

A further interesting coincidence was the timely appearance of an adventurer from the provinces, who was new to Indianapolis high finance, Mr. Adams of Vincennes. This ambitious young promoter, who was frequently found around the office of this same attorney, hesitated not to indicate a modest willingness to form a syndicate for the purpose of acquiring the property of the Water Company.

And then another rumor gained some currency—made difficult only by the lack of newspaper assistance—that a group of local gentlemen had journeyed to Chicago and had interviewed there Mr. Delevan Smith. This adventure was thought necessary because these gentlemen believed that a satisfactory valuation of the Water Company's property could not be obtained without the co-operation of the News. Upon the return of these envoys they reported that they had found Mr. Smith a high-minded gentleman; that he was unwilling to participate directly in their patriotic undertaking; but that the News would lend every possible assistance to the obtaining of the Water Company for the city of Indianapolis, in which Mr. Smith had only a lof-

ty and unselfish interest. Of course, the foregoing is but the barest outline of a great ambition which was undertaken with far more zeal than skill. But what it lacked in finesse it made up in assurance, and incidentally provided the material for a most interesting narrative which will be published later on.

Now, with this bit of strategy the campaign began; in fact, it was two campaigns with a common purpose. One was via the processes of the public service commission, the other via the columns of the News. And these two paths were supposed to unite in one triumphal march to victory. But as so often happens in the complex game of life, unanticipated difficulties arose.

The public service commission is made up of lawyers, engineers and accountants. Of all professions the law is perhaps the most logical. And these lawyers, just because they were lawyers, were bound by all their training and all the ethics of their profession, to reason their way rightly to just conclusions with respect to the values of the properties of the Indianapolis Water Company. And everyone knows that engineers and accountants possess a regard for facts that amounts almost to reverence. Now, what more difficult medium could have been chosen than this combination of lawyers, engineers and accountants, through which to get something really worth say ten million dollars valued down to "five million dollars or less" (Mr. Corr).

The investigations of the public service commission occupied months. The work was done with a thoroughness and conscientious accuracy only possible to engineers and accountants to whom their professional reputation means everything. And then the findings of these scientific gentlemen were gone over by the lawyers who make up the commission, the chairman, Judge Duncan, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Clark. All the legal questions were examined with the painstaking care of a court of appeals, and the findings of the commission were set out in a report of one hundred pages that is a remarkable exhibition of legal and technical skill and a comprehensive judicial survey of the whole complex situation.

Put in the terms which a layman can comprehend the commission valued the property of the Water Company as follows:

A. Land (860 acres).....	\$2,500,000
B. Transmission and distribution equipment	3,234,238
C. Buildings and structures.....	1,260,194
D. Plant equipment.....	1,207,759
E. General equipment.....	65,097
F. Paving	80,000
G. 13% in B. C. D. E. & F.....	760,146
H. Materials and supplies.....	74,167
I. Going value.....	300,000
J. Working capital.....	75,000
K. Additions and improvements in 1916	96,807
L. Warehouse	16,793
	\$9,670,191

In this report the commission stated that this property could not be reproduced for less than \$12,500,000, and they arbitrarily valued the property for the purposes of rate making at not less than \$9,500,000.

Adopting the opinion of Mr. Volney T. Malott and Mr. John P. Frenzel, who testified before the commission, that the owners of the Water Company were fairly entitled to a return of 7 per cent. on their investment, the income necessary to produce that return, as determined by the commission, is as follows:

Operating expense.....	\$ 224,465
Reserved for depreciation.....	76,000
Reserved for taxes.....	158,000
7% on valuation of \$9,500,000.....	665,000

Total necessary income.....\$1,123,465

The operating revenues of the Water Company for last year were \$1,064,187.14. But in July, 1916, the company made a new contract with the city which, according to the estimates of the commission, will produce a revenue of only \$937,362.58. So as the situation now stands the return on the investment in the Water Company, after deducting \$458,465.00 for operating expenses, depreciation and taxes, will be \$478,897.58, of which about \$275,000 will be paid for interest on the outstanding bonds of the company, leaving only about \$200,000 available for dividends on the capital stock of \$5,000,000 and for which Mr. Geist paid \$4,000,000 in cash. This means a return to Mr. Geist of only 4½ per cent. on his investment. Does anyone think that foreign capital would regard Indianapolis as an attractive field on the basis of an interest return of 4½ per cent. plus the constant attacks of the Indianapolis News?

But even to these results Mr. Corr objected. In his opinion the property of the Water Company should be valued at "five millions or less," and the rates should be so adjusted as to reduce the operating revenues of the company by one-third from the estimated returns under the new contract; that is, to \$624,908.42. After deducting \$458,465 for operating expenses, depreciation and taxes, this would leave for return on the investment \$202,423.42, which would not even pay the interest on the bonds of the company. And a valuation of "five million dollars or less" would render the stock of the company entirely worthless. Somehow, to read Mr. Corr's suggestions recalls a certain verse somewhere in the Scriptures which reads: "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib."

It is said that when Governor Goodrich heard that Mr. Adams of Vincennes was the promoter of the proposed enterprise to take over the Water Company, after Mr. Geist had been tired out by continued attacks and criticism and forced to sell at the best price he could get because of a low valuation on his property—he said that Mr. Adams could not raise any money. This whole situation may be quite a compliment to Mr. Adams' shrewdness. He would have no need to raise money on the basis of Mr. Corr's figures, because there would only be a liability to sell.

Now, this, briefly outlined, is the situation. The report of the public service commission was signed by the chairman, Judge Thomas Duncan, and by Chas. A. Edwards, and Jas. L. Clark. The minority report, which has the endorsement of the News, was put forward by Mr. Corr. The difference in these two reports has been sufficiently well indicated.

The charges made by the News are that the public service commission has been "strangely gracious to the Philadelphia crowd," which, of course, amounts to a charge of collusion between the public service commission and Mr. Geist and his associates.

The News further charges "that the majority report of the commission (fixing rates and tolls for the company as had the Bell-Geist contract) had left the people of Indianapolis to carry the same rate burdens as in the past." This is only a reiteration of the familiar charge that the rates charged by the Water Company are excessive. Chairman Duncan says, on the contrary, that the only criti-

cism on the majority report of the commission is that it fixed the rates to be charged by the Water Company too low. And Judge Duncan is obviously right. A schedule of charges which permits a return of only 4 per cent. to the owners of the company is manifestly too low. Moreover, the News knows very well that citizens of Indianapolis are enjoying as favorable water rates as the citizens of any city in the United States, similarly situated. This last fact will be the subject of a subsequent article.

The News further charges that the commission has valued the property of the Water Company more than \$3,000,000 too high, and the News adds: "This money Corr would lop off the total granted the Water Company by the majority opinion, and his argument in favor of such action is sound." In other words the News recommends the confiscation of more than \$3,000,000 of the property of the Water Company.

It only remains to be said that if the public service commission had followed the guidance of the News and Mr. Corr this action would have forced the Water Company into constructive insolvency. And the reasons for this program seem obvious. Fortunately for the business interests of Indianapolis, and its reputation for fair dealing, the public service commission had the courage of their convictions, which is not always easy in this community.

But enough for the present; this first article is intended only to be an outline of a situation which will require many articles for the full exposition. But enough has been said in this article to suggest two very important considerations:

One of these is the necessity for public opinion to put some restraint on a newspaper policy which is so dangerously misleading, and so wickedly productive of prejudice, as has been the policy of the News in this and many similar instances.

The other consideration is that of the policy of this community toward foreign capital. Four years ago Mr. Geist paid to Mr. L. C. Boyd and his associates four million dollars for the capital stock of the Indianapolis Water Company. That transaction added four million dollars to the working capital of this community, which was certainly worth while. Now Mr. Geist finds himself confronted by a very cleverly arranged plan to confiscate his investment.

Do the business men of Indianapolis realize just the sort of reputation this city is getting as a field for investment? If not then this incident may help. Not long ago a New York capitalist, who had been the means of bringing a good many million dollars into this city, said to an Indianapolis banker: "I want you to know this: I shall deem it my duty hereafter to warn my monied friends to keep their money out of Indianapolis so long as the Indianapolis News is allowed to run the State of Indiana."

And right there is the crux of the whole situation in a phrase "as long as the News is allowed to run the State of Indiana." To oppose the News has hitherto meant to be pounded, and harassed until all human endurance had been exhausted, and the victim either surrendered, left the community, or retreated into inactivity. The experience of the late Col. Eli Lilly—one of the most useful citizens this community has ever possessed—is a familiar example. And when the situation is analyzed to the bottom it is to find that the trouble is not with the News, but with a paralyzed state of public opinion which permits such a newspaper policy. If the business men of this community had the courage to publicly proclaim their disapproval and disavowal of such a newspaper policy the repentance and reform of this great newspaper would be instant. For the News does not lack wisdom.

What is needed in Indianapolis is two things:

First, information complete and impartially set out on matters of public concern. And then this community needs the Spirit of Greater Indianapolis, which will only declare itself when the men of Indianapolis display the courage of their convictions.

The American War Policy

Events have progressed rapidly these past few weeks in the readjustment of relations between the United States and Germany, with the result that these two great nations are now practically at war. Whether or not America now makes a formal declaration of war against Germany is little more than a matter of form. Be that as it may happen, the situation is as it is, and there is now no turning back on the part of the American government. But some review of the causes that have led to present conditions may be worth while.

The great war between the Allies and the Central Powers had not gone far until there began in this country the development of a very emphatic sympathy for the Allies and a very pronounced prejudice against Germany. As time progressed this prejudice became more and more pronounced and highly colored until even before diplomatic relations with Germany had been terminated it was next thing to disloyalty to the Stars and Stripes to profess sympathy for the Germans. Today it might be called by an uglier name than disloyalty.

This pro-Ally sympathy and anti-German prejudice was just a little hard to understand at first. The German element in the American population was a very numerous, substantial and in every way creditable section of American citizenship. American development owed much of its ballast to the substantial Germans and their descendants who had made this country their adopted homeland.

To England, on the other hand, America owed nothing at all—except the memories of 1776 and 1812—now much softened by time. The English element in American citizenship was a negligible quantity everywhere. And American history failed to record any English contribution to American progress. In fact, the only part that England seemed ever to have had in the making of the American nation was the part it had in the writing of the Declaration of Independence.

But despite these obvious facts, the pro-Ally sympathy and the Anti-German prejudice existed, and not only that but were being most industriously cultivated for some reason which those behind the scenes were not making public. Finally, to those who kept an ear close to the ground the explanation came. It was the whirl and grind of mills busy at a new and enormously profitable occupation. The American nation had suddenly been turned into a producer of munitions and other war supplies. Mills which just the other day were peacefully and at a moderate profit producing their ordinary products were now with furious energy and at enormous profits producing the products which war consumes.

Now, there is one thing to which American character has never proven itself equal, and that is sudden, unusual and very great gain. The promise of sudden fortune is the siren song which unflinching turns the American Ulysses into a pig every time he hears it. And the song was being loudly trumpeted—from England, of course. The fabulous fortunes were to be had just for the taking and there was no thought of refusal. No other consideration was even given a hearing. The opportunity—such an one as had never come before—could not be sacrificed to any sentiment, either patriotic or humane.

Presently it became more than obvious that these huge profits were benefiting only a very small part of the American business community. Of course not! For who could be benefited by such unnatural

conditions except those whom fortune had placed right in this new and hitherto unknown Golden Way?

No one was being benefited by it except the manufacturers of munitions and war supplies and the banks. The former were the direct beneficiaries of this flood of gold that was flowing into America. Millionaires were being made over night. And the great banks were finding their treasuries swollen to the bursting point.

But there was something unnatural about all of this. This new prosperity was not general. The ordinary business man and the ordinary laborer was finding for himself no advantage whatever in this war prosperity. And then a new result followed.

The Tenth Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet, etc.," was not written down in the Decalogue without a reason. Its occasion lay deeply planted in the heart of man. And it was about to find a new violation in America. The American manufacturer, who was not prepared to make war supplies, coveted the golden gain of his more favored neighbor and began to look about for his own opportunity.

The paper industry was the first to find it. South America had been getting its paper supply from Germany. But England, that does not manufacture paper for export, had driven German shipping from the seas. The South American paper market was moved from London and Berlin to New York, and this is what happened: American paper mills were not prepared to supply the South American demand on call. So the buyers from Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro and elsewhere—who had to have paper—began to bid up the price. And as the bidding went up, the barometer of American cupidity went up also, until finally both reached their zenith, the hammer fell, the American consumer and his southern competitor paid the top price, and a stream of gold began to flow into the treasuries of another American industry. But this time American consumers furnished the money. And with this development began the expansion of a new idea.

Now, cupidity does not indulge in any refined discriminations. The man who is suddenly getting a fortune is not going to trouble much as to where the fortune is coming from—whether his neighbor or some alien across the seas. To the ranks of the war beneficiaries had been added one other branch of manufacturing—but only one. And the cupidity of all the rest—whetted to an exasperating eagerness—remained unsatisfied. And then a new thing altogether happened.

Someone said: "Everyone must eat—let us raise the prices of food—there's millions in it!" And then began a tale which reads far more like fiction than truth. Eggs went to 60 cents a dozen, potatoes to \$7.00 a bushel, hogs to \$15.00 a hundred-weight—nothing was omitted—and explanations failed utterly. Some said in the beginning that the potato crop was frozen—hence the price. But the hog crop was not frozen, and the hens were cackling as merrily as ever.

But a serious result was on now. Wages was the only thing that had not soared. And when the prices of food went up to five and sometimes ten times the normal figures, the poor people began to starve and there were hunger riots everywhere.

The way has been fast and furious. But while the average American has seen in the great war only a wonderful business opportunity, Germany has been busy at something else. That nation has also been cultivating prejudice, but unhappily of a sort which, now that war is on, will surely involve in great embarrassment some of her most worthy sons. And by a series of offenses—no one of which has been perhaps of any great national importance—but taken altogether they have aggravated this

nation to long past the point of exasperation—and has brought America into the war.

It will be many years before any accurate and analytical account of this war and America's final participation in it can be written. And when it does, the three concurrent influences—each operating independently and with amazing effect—will probably be found to be the marvelous genius and personality of Lord Northcliffe, the establishment of America as the world's bankers, and that astonishing combination of German resourcefulness and organization on the one hand and petty intrigue on the other.

This is the Water Deal

(By Ross Common.)

Back of all the discussion and criticism of the Public Service Commission's order fixing a valuation on the Indianapolis Water Company's property for rate-making purposes there is in question no petition for the floating of a large amount of stock, watered or otherwise, no plan for a merger and no request for permission to issue bonds. All questions relative to the issue of stocks and bonds were discarded from the considerations when the water company refused to consider longer the contract originally entered into with the city. The valuation fixed by the commission was for rate-making purposes alone, and, as has been published, the rate determined by the valuation will result in an average reduction in the cost of water of 15 per cent. for the small consumer.

In fixing its valuation the commission not only considered the reports of the State's engineers and the water company's engineers, but went into the history of the Indianapolis Water Company, which showed that the Water Works Company of Indianapolis, organized October 7, 1869, was sold at sheriff's sale in 1881 to the Indianapolis Water Company, the corporation which now operates the plant.

The new company, under the efficient management of prominent business men of the city, began to prosper—there were times when it prospered to the extent of from 100 per cent. to 200 per cent. dividends and from an initial investment of about half a million dollars grew into a property for which its owners finally received about \$9,000,000 when the water company was sold in January, 1913, to Mr. C. H. Geist.

The men who made the \$9,000,000 sale and retired from the water business had built the plant out of the earnings accruing from the rates the company charged the consumers of water, but Mr. Geist paid for the property \$4,000,000 in cash, assumed outstanding bonds to the amount of about \$5,000,000 and then made improvements until he had an actual investment in the Indianapolis Water Company of \$9,740,758.15.

In fixing a valuation for the water company the commission was not confronted with the problem of determining what had become of the enormous dividends declared by the former owners, nor how they obtained the valuable property. The sole question was to determine what was Mr. Geist's investment and to fix a valuation on the investment which would permit rates that would give a reasonable return on the investment and not operate as a confiscation of property.

The Public Service Commission, through its engineer, first fixed a value of \$8,460,696 on the property of the water company. That was the estimate of the cost of reproducing the property. It said the present value of the property was \$7,794,833.

Mr. H. O. Garman, chief engineer of the Public Service Commission, directed the fixing of these values.

Mr. Garman had a theory. He said the canal property was useless, obsolete and that it was not

worth what it would cost to reproduce it. So he decided the plan would be to erect a mythical, modern water plant and value it. He conceived a valuation fixed upon an "economic theory." He decided the reproduction value of the water company's plant should have been \$8,252,435 and the present value should have been \$7,625,114.

Leonard C. Medcalf, chief engineer for the Indianapolis Water Company, and as capable an engineer as is Mr. Garman, as Mr. Garman will tell you, surveyed the company's plant and decided the reproduction value was \$12,538,153 and the present value was \$11,782,908. To these totals Mr. Medcalf added certain "disputed items," which brought the reproduction cost up to \$14,275,200 and the present value up to \$13,464,800. Included in these disputed items were amounts allowed for "pavement not cut," overhead, labor, water rights at Noblesville and other items.

But the commission paid little attention to Mr. Medcalf and turned to Mr. Garman, because Mr. Medcalf was engaged by the water company. It was conceded that certain additions should be made to Mr. Garman's figures, additions of \$300,000 for going value; of \$75,000 for working capital; of \$96,807 for additions to the plant; of \$16,793 for a warehouse which had been omitted and of increased real estate values amounting to \$596,100, which Mr. LeGrande Marvin, engineer for the commission, after consulting real estate experts, admitted should have been included and added to Mr. Garman's total figures. Mr. Garman was making his total after he had considered the original estimate of Mr. Marvin relative to real estate values.

Thus to Mr. Garman's value of \$7,794,832 must be added a total of \$1,084,700 and the final total is \$8,879,532. From this amount, deducting the \$75,000 working capital allowance which has been questioned, Mr. Garman's economic valuation would total \$8,630,000 in round figures.

The Public Service Commission says the total value of the plant is \$9,500,000, or about \$200,000 less than was actually paid for it. This total of \$9,500,000 is only \$800,000 more than Mr. Garman's figures under any consideration. Mr. Medcalf says the value should have been at the least possible amount \$10,532,908, so the commission says the value is \$1,032,908 less than Mr. Medcalf's figures.

To allow the company 7 per cent. on its investment it is necessary that revenues of \$665,000 be obtained each year. The company has been forced to pay out to the employees each year \$224,485. Every company is allowed a certain amount, known as a depreciation fund, which is not high at \$76,000 a year for the Indianapolis Water Company. If the depreciation fund were not allowed, twenty years from now the consumer would be forced to pay ten times this \$76,000, or in other words, be forced to pay the debts as consumers of today. Then the company must pay taxes each year of \$158,000.

Thus it is shown it would be necessary for the company to get \$1,123,465 a year in revenues from those who used water.

Now, the fixing of a rate that would return \$1,123,465 a year would bring about such an increase that the consumers would rise in their might. But the figures were there and the commission was confronted by a deep problem. The solution came in the contract signed by Mayor Bell and the company. The contract would give the company revenues of only \$937,362.58 each year, but the company had agreed to the terms and the commission took that way out, fixing a rate that would bring the company revenues of only \$937,362.58 a year.

Now, if there has been any injustice in the fixing of the water rates, figures show that the water company rather than the consumer has grounds for complaint. The consumer gets a 15 per cent. re-

duction. As for the company, the \$937,362.58 which it will earn figure against the \$9,500,000 of valuation will give the company each year a return of only 5.4 per cent. To capitalize the earnings allowed by the commission at 6 per cent., the valuation on the company's plant would be only \$7,981,624.

Mr. Edwin Corr, member of the commission, says the rates should have been reduced one-third. Reduce the revenues one-third and the company would earn each year in revenues \$624,908. Mr. Corr says the value of the plant of the company is \$5,000,000. Mr. Corr's own figures as a basis, allowing the company taxes, operating expenses and depreciation, show the company can earn only about 4½ per cent., with Mr. Corr's allowance of \$624,908 in revenues. Mr. Corr's other figures or valuation of \$6,603,402 would allow the company to earn only 3.06 per cent. on its investment.

This is the water deal.

The Russian Revolution

With the action of Emperor Nicholas in renouncing the Russian throne one of the shortest and most bloodless great revolutions in history has accomplished its end. It is true the actual revolution—so news of the outbreak that has reached this country discloses—was short, but the bloodlessness of the revolution can only be gauged by the Russian blood shed on the battlefields of Europe and Asia. Had it not been that the great war was raging the conditions that led up to the revolution could not have been, all the military power would have remained safe in the control of the old political regime and the autocracy could not have been overturned without appalling sacrifice of life—that is, a sacrifice that would have been regarded as appalling before the world's greatest slaughtering of men began.

Can the people follow up their advantage?

Lack of initiative and natural submission to leadership, the inborn characteristics of the Russian, have been the bane of the great nation whose immense latent power has long been recognized by the more progressive nations of the world. These characteristics of the people made it possible under the rule of Czar Nicholas, the mouthpiece of the autocracy, to perpetrate in Russia government frauds so astounding they have made the graft kings of other nations gasp.

The junk navy scandal of the Russo-Japanese war would have taught a free nation a lifetime lesson in graft. But Russia, accustomed to take her lesson from the genius of foreign leadership in her own big affairs, suffered again when the great world war started. Sawdust-filled shells that fitted the bore of the big Russian guns at the front and explosive shells that fitted only the bore of German guns—shells that fell into the hands of the enemy when the Russ armies began to fall back—showed to what extent the graft might be expected to go again even in warfare. Still the graft was progressive.

If these conditions can exist under a monarchy what might come to pass under a republican form of government for which the Russian has not been schooled?

Russia's progress for the last twenty-five years has been due to foreign influences and the foreign industrial and commercial influence was largely German. It was to throw off that German influence, which was held responsible in the Russian graft, that the recent revolution came. And it was other foreign influences that took the initiative for the Russians in this great step.

On the bloody battlefields the Russians themselves under fire have gained something of the initiative that may make them a self-governing peo-

ple. May not enough leaders have been developed to help lead their nation? That will be a problem of peace. Russia may be ready for nothing but a monarchical government, without a monarch.

But the Czar has lost his crown and the great Russian empire, in the throes of war, is deep in the mighty task of reorganizing the government on a constitutional basis and the success of the Russian people in readjusting the government from an autocracy to a constitutional form will have a great influence on the outcome of the war.

If the mass of Russian people can make this great readjustment and continue with renewed vigor in the military butchery without "The Little White Father" slogan, but with a battlecry of freedom, what effect from the Russians' liberty-inspired enthusiasm may not be expected among other warring nations?

That the Russian revolution was bound to come after the war, if not before, was forecasted by the social and industrial conditions in the empire before the war began.

And there were conditions somewhat similar confronting the other nations that have sent millions of men to the front. Socialism in Germany had gained such an ascendancy that the present form of government was menaced. Industrial unrest and socialism troubled France, and England was facing a grave industrial crisis at home.

It was not reasonable to expect that the millions of Russian men who gave up their families, faced death and endured all the torture of battle and hardship of the trenches, would march meekly home, pick up their shovels and go to work in an attempt to pay off an almost unbelievable war debt under the government that oppressed them before they carried rifles and failed to save them from the treachery of graft at the front. The "bloodless" revolution saved Russia from a bloody rebellion.

Already the Russian revolution has had international effect. It has brought promises of more political freedom in Germany. France, already a republic, will be engrossed in reconstruction after the war and her man power has been so wasted in battle that industrial conditions in France may readjust themselves for some time to come. England will have the greatest after-the-war problems of all to solve—industrial, financial and colonial.

And in the industrial readjustment that comes in the wake of the war it will not only be the crowned heads, but the hard heads as well, that will be in danger.

Policing the City

The abolishing of the justice of the peace courts in Indianapolis and the establishing of petit courts with jurisdiction over the smaller civil suits and the extension of the city courts have frequently been advocated, and recent events furnish another argument to sustain the contention. Constables conducting so-called "raids" have been in conflict with the police and the activities of the constables have not been confined to "raids" alone. One constable, charged with arresting an automobile driver accused of violating the speed laws, has been fined heavily for carrying concealed weapons. The conflict between the police and the constables probably would not exist were it not for the fact that the city administration and the county administration are of opposite political faiths. The country "squire" is the sole arbiter of justice in his own township and the constable the only guardian of the local peace, but in a city like Indianapolis with all its court machinery and police organization the "constable" as a peace guardian has no field of usefulness while the "squire" should have the dignity an office of a judge promoting co-operation instead of friction in the policing of the city.

Remember the Constitution

Activity on the part of women who have gained their end in obtaining the vote and must perforce transfer their energies to other fields of endeavor is about all that is showing on the surface of the campaign for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention. It seems that the general public simply can't get excited over the situation, but it would be well to bear in mind some of the facts about the convention. Delegates to the number of 115 will be elected in September, the convention will open in January and a date will be fixed during the convention when another special election will be held and the constitution will be submitted to the people.

And another important feature is that in the convention, on petition of any forty-five delegates, any proposition in the new constitution may be submitted separately for a vote in the special election.

But unless the general public begins to manifest greater interest in the revision of the State's basic law there will not be forty-five delegates agreed upon submitting anything other than their own views to a popular vote and the people will have to accept the new constitution as a whole or reject it altogether.

War Insurance

Considerable concern in some quarters has been manifested over the future official activities of former Senator John W. Kern, who is to be appointed a member of the International Boundary Commission. Of course, the occasion for the concern is the fact Mr. Kern will succeed former Representative Tawney, a Republican.

The secret of all this concern lies in the additional fact that a berth on the commission is regarded as something of a roost for lame ducks.

Be that as it may, it cannot be denied that with all the long boundary line between the United States and Canada there has been no hint of warfare for the last century.

No matter if the duties of the commissioners are light, the expenses of the commission cannot be regarded as heavy when each commissioner's salary is only \$6,500 a year. At the price it certainly seems pretty cheap for insurance against war.

If a few \$6,500 a year commissioners had been on the job on the borders of Belgium and Poland instead of trusting the matter to war lords and diplomats about 10,000,000 men who are dead, wounded or languishing in military prisons might be in the bosoms of their families now.

The Eight-Hour Day

The Supreme Court in upholding the eight-hour law simply supported the government's recognition of an eight-hour day as adopted by law and formally disposed of the matter as the common sense of the country would have it disposed of. There was a dissenting opinion as a matter of course. That is customary. It is not the intention here to discuss any little legal quirks or tangles in the question. They might be found, it is true, as in even an argument over such a matter as why doesn't the biggest pumpkin grow on the longest vine?

The eight-hour law was enacted by Congress, signed by the President and submitted to the Supreme Court. The court held that the law was constitutional and the eight-hour day question for railroads is settled for some time to come. These facts sustain the railroad employees' contention for an eight-hour day and the public may as well accept the situation as a common-sense matter of fact.

A Word or Two About Fashions

(By Margot.)

The little things in life that count may be ever so small but if they are those things necessary to a woman's dress, then they are most important. Perhaps one does not fully realize this until the spring of the year for then collars that have hidden themselves beneath heavy coats all winter, peep out to get a breath of air. Like budding trees, it seems the sunshine fairly coaxes them to show their colors, and colors they are this season. Already one sees georgette, crepe de chine and organdy coat collars bordered with the same material in contrasting colors. There are quite a few gold and Chinese blue, rose and blue, green and black, but numbers prefer to have the collars white, going to the extreme with either vivid or dull colored borders to please their wearers.

The white collar has too long been a symbol of spring to lose its popularity, but insists on doing something different every year. Filet lace plays an important part in adorning the spring suit. The collar is either of all filet or, rather than be partial, takes organdy or voile for its background and uses filet for inserts and sometimes a tiny edging. Going a bit farther they find themselves attached to a "vest" which more often extends to the waistband in length and to width enough to suggest its being an entire blouse. The vest is, of course, the exact pattern as the collar that is worn outside the coat. The high collar with jabot is yet noticeable.

Going inside the coat and attached to the blouse, we find them in many interesting varieties. One of the newest is a tiny strip of organdy that encircles a rather low neck and must stand upright to be smart and carry out its purpose. Here and there is seen the "frill" collar, which we were afraid had disappeared a season or so ago. A few of the cover-all collars are being worn, which are just what the name implies—a blouse made of a collar—or at least that is the effect—for the collar extends both front and back almost, if not entirely, to the waistline. The sports collar has found nothing better than the stock in yosan silk in bright stripes, but when worn with the sports suit, we think them more than good enough.

The Oriental fad has found new expression in necklaces of beads in various colors, some extending in width from one-fourth to one inch and many wooden beads are seen in vivid colors. Jet and carved ivory are for the more conservative.

If one thinks the necklace a new venture, she will surely be surprised to find repeated at the waist a girdle of beads or chains that fall from four inches to eighteen inches below the waistline and then end with what everything else is doing—tassels. These girdle chains appear in many combinations of beads and ornaments and some are strictly Japanese in their designs. They are sufficient trimming for a gown or suit that is ever so plain.

And still there are more beads—the more the better, for the fad of the beaded bag is just under way. Very similar in shape to the velvet and silk bags we have been carrying, but oh! so much smarter. Here, too, one color seems to associate itself with every other color to give an Oriental effect and some even pattern themselves into beautiful designs. More exquisite than the silk bag was one shown in dull gray leather, which, after being almost covered with taupe colored beads, in different patterns, decided that was not enough and asked that a tassel of the same beads finish it at the bottom and a generous supply be added to the draw strings at the top.

Inside this bag was found not the conventional white handkerchief of old, but one of rose-colored linen with border of black stripes.

THE HERO

BY SENYAHNALLA

From the beginning of time the stream of spiritual thought has moved slowly down the ages in two currents—often running parallel, but now and then widely parting on the rocks of conflicting opinion. These two currents have been Deism and Egoism—the worship of God and the worship of self.

In the numerous religions of the world two systems are fairly representative of these two widely divergent streams of thought—the Christian religion and its Ishmaelitic cousin, Mohammedanism, are the great representatives of Deistic thought.

Brahmanism and the later phases of Hindoo religion are the great examples of Egoistic thought. And in these days of spiritual unrest and religious unbelief it is well worth while to see if some reason can be found for the waning in the western world of the Deistic system.

The Jewish religion required of its followers belief in Jehovah and obedience to His laws. The Christian religion as expressed in the Pauline theology added to this requirement belief in the Son of God and His vicarious sacrifice.

But back of the Pauline system was something else with which mankind parted company when it accepted a system of theology. And that something else was mysticism.

Mysticism may be defined as the process of getting into communion with God, or getting a revelation from God, without the help of a mediator. The mystics see no need of church or priest—some of them not even of the Christ or Buddha.

Any comprehensive statement of the rise and retreat of mysticism would be the work of volumes. And the most that can be undertaken here is the merest suggestion of its history. From the dawn of time there have been those who not only believed in the super-normal, but claimed a first-hand acquaintance with it. Of these were the prophets of Israel—the Apostolic church—and the Alchemists and Rosicrucians of the middle ages. Except for the first two of these neither the Jewish religion nor the Christian church would ever have existed.

But the mystics of every age have known what they could not explain, and that is that those who are not spiritually developed cannot understand or even know the things that mysticism reveals. And so long as no such thing as a church existed, mysticism could go steadily forward, recruiting its ranks from the rare Samuels and Davids and Daniels, while the multitude revered but did not presume to intrude.

But when in the early centuries the idea of the organized church was put forward it became necessary that a system of belief be developed which all could understand—from the wisest down to the humblest. This was impossible of mysticism, and therefore a system of theology was put forward with the claim that it contained the complete and changeless truth concerning God and His relation to the world. It would seem impossible to conceive an idea more presumptuous.

But Mysticism and Theology were hopelessly incompatible. And therefore with the advent of Theology, Mysticism disappeared and with it mira-

cles and all else that had made possible the religion which Theology sought to define.

And now the Deistic system asks the believer to accept a definite theology—and one so limited in its scope as to be almost juvenile—concerning an absolutely unknown God who for nineteen centuries has spoken not one syllable to His followers who have believed in Him, tried to love Him, and have cried to heavens of brass in times of their distress.

Well, the tax on Faith was too great, and it wavered, weakened, loosened its hold and finally surrendered to the persistent demands of Reason that even Faith must have some anchorage in the knowable.

Now, this about describes the position of the average man of today. In the utter absence of any proofs he just fails hopelessly in the effort to believe in the God who spoke to Jacob often enough, but seemed to have abandoned His world altogether two thousand years ago. But rare is the man who knows that what destroyed his Faith was his Theology.

The Egoist, on the other hand, has always at hand his temple of worship—at the shrine of his own soul. Away to the center is some majestic power that says "I." And this king claims dominion over all else. With the assurance of divine right it says *my* body, *my* mind—*my* life. And then it declares its own immortality.

And as the powers of this almost unknown king unfold and develop it is to widen the horizon of life and to deepen and magnify its powers. And after all the greatest charm the soul of man can know is life—wonderful, joyous, conscious and ever-expanding life—the life that knows no limitations save those which the faith of him who lives puts upon it.

While Deism commands the believer to look up, and believe, Egoism commands the believer to look within and discover the powers and beauties of his own soul.

While Deism proclaims that to know God is life eternal, Egoism answers from the depths of human consciousness that to live as God is life eternal.

While Deism promises a heaven of golden streets, Egoism promises the power to know the universe, heaven and all the rest.

But best of all Egoism has a place of beginning within the reach of every man—whether by his fire-side, at the bench, or a hopeless wanderer on the street—wherever he may be, and whoever—he may bow at the shrine of his own soul and find the God whose companionship, inspiration and power is his very own forever.

And then what infinite possibilities become his own. Let him lift up his eyes to glories of the night. The light that greets his gaze from that star in the north began its earthward journey before Cain was banished from the Garden of Eden. The centuries of time and infinity of space are but the playthings of that soul of his with whom a thousand years are as one day and one day as a thousand years.

Let memory swing open to him the door of the past and the triune mystery of time pay homage to his soul.

"Threefold the flight of time from first to last,
Loitering slow the future creepeth,
Arrow swift the present sweepeth
Motionless forever stands the past."

And in the midst of this eternal processional he is himself "with yesterday's seven thousand years."

What a glorious thing is this self-discovery. What a kingly realization it is to know something, in this daily grind of trial and defeat, of one's one eternal supremacy. For the crown of victory is to know that one is the victor.

One may not be able to change much the environment in which he finds himself. But that does not matter if one can realize that whether at the bench or on the throne he is nevertheless a king.

And however little one may be able to alter the conditions of life that surround him, there are no limitations placed on the changes he can make in his own soul. And therein is "the peace that passeth understanding"—just to know that this "I"—this royal presence at the center of life—is beyond the reach of all the powers of evil or earth or air, and that the eternal years of God are its very own. And with this realization a new and wonderful mysticism appears. If God will not come down from heaven and greet the soul, then the soul can ascend from earth and demand admittance to His presence. If the spirit of earth and air will not speak to the soul, then the soul will, by its own divine right, speak to them. If today gives but grudgingly, tomorrow will be claimed with all of its riches. And if defeat is the heritage of this hour, victory is the right of another and greater hour. And finally from its mysteries the secret of life is wrested. Why were Napoleon and Cromwell and Lincoln the makers of civilization? Because they dared to believe in their own divine kingship; because they sought for the mystery of life at the shrine of their own souls; because the spirit of this was the triumphal hymn of their lives.

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

Municipal Revenues

The municipal revenue question has arisen again. Following steps planned by the school board to raise money for the school fund, when revenues derived from saloon licenses in the First and the Fourth wards were cut off, the city controller is wrestling with the problem of police department funds. A reduction in the size of the police force, already too small to cover the city properly, may be the only solution. If it becomes necessary to reduce the police force materially because of the loss of revenues from saloons now, tax provision will have to be made to take care of the situation in another year when there will be no saloons. Of course, there remains the argument that a city without saloons will not need so large a police department, but the fact still remains that some other source of revenue will have to take the place of the liquor revenue license that is lost.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Are fluffy ruffles about to be sacrificed on the altar of patriotism? Will woman, imbued with the fervor that sends our men to the front, relinquish her dearest possession, her frills and furbelows? Such is the suggestion of one Indiana woman who wrote to the headquarters of the Red Cross Society in this city asking that a plan be launched whereby the women of the country shall discard their feminine frills and adopt a uniform similar to that worn by our soldiers, the money saved in this manner to be devoted to the cause in case of war.

It is hard to imagine a feminine world minus its foolish little frills and flounces, and yet with our minds turned to more serious things, who is going to sew on the yards of lace, hemstitch the miles of ruffles and embroider the thousands of stitches in frivolous garments? A severely plain khaki uniform might be bought ready-made, or at least could be fashioned in the home sewing room in no time. And woman is returning to simplicity in dress in a number of instances. She has discovered there is a lot of comfort and convenience in masculine attire, particularly in the much-despised overall.

Housekeepers, servants and women who do work where skirts are at a disadvantage have enthusiastically adopted the overall as their chosen uniform. It has become as popular as the bungalow apron.

Especially now that house-cleaning time again approaches is the overall being sought by hundreds of feminine shoppers. For climbing a ladder, cleaning a floor where skirts would trail in soapy water, or running up and down stairs in the endless pursuit of dust, skirts have been found a nuisance and the overall a most comfortable substitute. There is no lace to catch on stray nails, no fullness to get in one's way, and no filmy material to tear at the slightest strain.

Zouave bloomers would be a more correct name for the feminine overalls, and they are not at all the kind that workmen wear. They are made of chambray, soft cotton, khaki or lustrous sateen, and they come in all colors. There are overalls of blue, rose, stripes or checks, and all white overalls are lovely for the amateur cook. It looks so immaculately sanitary—as long as it remains white. And with a close-fitting white cap it is eminently becoming.

In fact, overalls owe their popularity largely to the fact that the feminine world saw her reflection in the mirror and found it good. A pretty slip of a girl in belted blouse and bloomers of dainty chambray, with her hands thrust into big loose pock-

ets, smiles back a very enticing reflection from the looking-glass of fashion.

The little tots have long been bloomer enthusiasts. Gwendolyn is just as apt to spend her happy play days in cunning little pink and blue bloomers as is her brother. She, too, revels in the pockets and delights in her freedom from ruffy skirts while exploring the mysteries of the sand pile or baking mud pies.

If woman can take the lowly overall and turn it into a thing of beauty, what may she not accomplish with the khaki uniform suggested? Whatever happens, she has no intention of making a fright of herself. She well knows how to turn the slightest opportunity to her advantage, and when the khaki uniform appears, look for the feminine touch. Doubtless it will boast big white pique collar and cuffs, which may be quickly and easily laundered, but will relieve the plainness of the garment. Perhaps a touch of one's favorite may be worked into the uniform chosen, or the design may carry out one's pet fashion. It may be plain and it may be inexpensive, but it will be becoming.

Leave it to the women themselves.

Clubs, organizations and private individuals all over the city are taking up the work of the Red Cross Society and needles are busily fashioning hospital supplies these days. The Woman's Department Club, under the direction of Mrs. Clyde J. Roach, has responded to the call, and the latest innovation is a Red Cross shop opened this week for the purpose of making hospital supplies and to be used as Indianapolis headquarters for non-perishable supplies in case of war or disaster. The shop at 124 N. Pennsylvania street is open each day from 9 to 5 o'clock, and visitors are welcome. Workers are needed to aid in the immense amount of work undertaken, which includes the making of pajamas, bath robes, bandages, comfort bags, sheets and pillow cases, and linen covers for trays, and other necessities of the hospital. Mrs. Philemon Watson is chairman of the committee in charge, Mrs. Douglas Jilison and Mrs. Hugh McGibeny are vice-chairmen, Mrs. William L. Elder secretary and Mrs. George C. Hitt treasurer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman Elder were house guests of Vice-President and Mrs. Thomas Marshall in Washington, D. C., during the inauguration festivities and were among the guests at a brilliant luncheon given at the White House inauguration day.

Indiana women will have their hands full trying to live up to the

standard of dress set by one of their own number, Mrs. Charles H. Anthony of Muncie, who is spending some time in New York. Just now it is her jewels which are holding their place in the spotlight of fashion. Her latest is a dinner ring, rectangular in shape and nearly two inches long, set with three three-karat diamonds and thirty other smaller stones scattered in the platinum setting. An armlet of diamonds is also among her latest jewels.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Williams have returned from spending the winter in Florida. Mrs. Williams' sister, Miss Nora Doll of Lafayette, who occupied the Williams residence during their absence, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Fauvre, who have been spending the winter in Florida, have returned and are at the Claypool Hotel, where they will remain for a few weeks.

A club program especially interesting to the "eternal feminine" was a talk on "Dress," given Wednesday afternoon before the members of the art department of the Woman's Department Club by Mrs. Ernest Kneffler. Mrs. Kneffler has given a great deal of study to dress design and made a plea for originality, taking up a discussion of materials, color harmony and simplicity of line.

The Woman's Department Club will present the opera "Martha," April 30, at Caleb Mills Hall for the benefit of the Red Cross fund. The People's Chorus, under the direction of E. B. Birge, has offered its services and rehearsals are under way. This will be the first affair of the kind given here for the fund, though it is quite a popular manner of raising money for the cause in the East. The general committee in charge includes Mrs. Samuel E. Perkins, president of the Department Club, Mrs. George C. Hitt, Mrs. Edward B. Birge, Mrs. J. F. Barnhill, Mrs. Lewis N. Poyser and Mrs. H. B. Heywood.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maude Clarke Griggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Talbott Griggs, to Russell King Thayer, the wedding to take place in June.

Mrs. Eli J. Shields has left for Buena Vista, Va., to spend the spring vacation with her daughter Miss Martha Shields who attends Southern Seminary.

Miss Ethel Payne of Greenville, Miss., who is the guest of Miss Doro-

thy Goepper, is the center of much social attention during her stay. Miss Carlesta Minesinger entertained Tuesday with a sweet pea luncheon followed by a matinee party at Keith's theater; Miss Gertrude Spiegel gave a dancing party Tuesday evening, and Thursday a number of Indianapolis guests went to Muncie to attend a luncheon given by Miss Elizabeth Perkins for Miss Payne.

Spring vacation is calling many of the young people home from college. Miss Arthella Carter and Miss Berthelda Klausmann and her room-mate, Miss Tuirman of Florida, arrived yesterday from National Park Seminary. Miss Lili Lieber has returned from Chicago University to spend the vacation at home. Miss Sarah Frances Cooper, who attends Ogontz, accompanied by her mother, will spend the spring vacation in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. James E. Roberts, Mrs. John W. Holtzman and Mrs. William H. Coleman are at Asheville, N. C., for a short time.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Jessie Mae Holcomb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Irving Holcomb to Dr. R. C. Strickland, the wedding to take place in the early fall.

One of the oldest clubs of the city celebrated its thirty-second anniversary Tuesday afternoon when the Fortnightly Literary Club entertained with a guest meeting at the Propylaeum. A program of songs was given by Mrs. James Lathrop Gavin, accompanied by Mrs. S. L. Kiser. An informal tea followed the program, the committee in charge including Mrs. Macy W. Malott, Mrs. Quincy A. Myers, Mrs. Frank Fowler, Miss Helen Eaton Jacoby and Mrs. William R. Zulich.

The wedding of Miss Annabelle Voorhees, daughter of Mrs. Charles Stewart Voorhees, to Austin H. Brown will be one of the notable social events of the spring season. The ceremony will take place Tuesday evening, April 3, at the home of the bride, 630 North Meridian street. A number of social affairs will be given for the bride elect. Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson and Mrs. Caroline Vajen Collins have issued invitations for a luncheon at the Woodstock Club Tuesday, March 27, and the members of the bridal party will be entertained at dinner at the Country Club Friday evening, March 23, the hosts being Walter W. Hubbard, Jr., and Joseph J. Daniels, Jr.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Maybe you do and maybe you don't know Captain Tom Halls, who is the big chief of the secret service, and if you happen to know him you're probably glad of it. There are one or two exceptions to this, of course. Certain parties I could name who just will make money the way the government makes it—by hand, that is—don't care a lot for the Cap, but most people do. The thing about Cap Halls that impresses you the most vividly is the way he loosens up and tells you all the inside workings of the government.

I heard the other day that he was looking for German spies, or something, and I thought that I would like to have the real dope about it, so I goes over to the Federal building and waylays Cap Halls from behind one of the marble pillars, and to him I then did say as the song writers put it:

"Well, Cap, I guess you're pretty busy these days."

He said no, not so very, as the shovers of the queer kind of curled up and lay low when they know he was around; so I said, I didn't mean with counterfeiters, I meant German spies. I came right out—just like that—and said—all careless like, "Have you nicked off any German spies yet?"

"Well," said Cap Halls, "I wouldn't call the weather unusual for this time of year at all. Not at all. You've got to expect it in March. Next month ought to be fine."

"How many have you got so far?" I went on—referring to the spies.

"I used to have an overcoat like that," said Cap Halls, "and it wore as well as anything I ever owned. Some one stole it off me, though."

"Do they seem to have their eye on that ammunition in the State house?" I went on, very encouraged at the amount of information I was getting.

"I never told you about the time I arrested a burglar down in Vincennes, did I?" said Cap. "And when he saw me he just said, 'Well, if Cap Halls has got me, that helps some.'"

"They're pretty well organized, ain't they?" I continued, referring to the spies.

"No," said Cap Halls, "I hardly thought we'd actually have a strike—when you came right down to it. I hardly thought so."

"You haven't by any chance found out whether they've got a bunch of guns hid out some place, have you?" I proceeded.

"Well," said Cap Halls, "I paid fifteen cents the other day for five little onions, and everything is going up so high I wonder where we're coming to, anyway."

"I understand," I said, "that the

government actually has its hands on several of the leaders."

"But the high prices can't keep up forever," said Cap. "The people won't stand for it. Fifteen cents for five onions!"

Well, we talked a while longer and then I bade Cap Halls a fond farewell. It's great to be able to go to people who are on the inside of things and have them come across with everything you want to know, instead of stalling around the way some people do. And I understand the spy situation, and the manner in which the government is dealing with them, perfectly since that fine talk with Cap Halls, when Cap Halls explained it all to me.

The Canned Strike

Well, I guess we'll all be living on canned junk and cornbread for the next six months on account of the railroad strike.

Up where I board at they got the idea, same as everybody did, that all the grub in Indianapolis would give out as soon as there was a strike and the lady that runs the boarding house's husband went down town and bought all the canned goods he could get his hooks on, and when they wouldn't sell him any more he got us boarders to go down and buy all we could—the boarding house paying for it, of course, as the boarders would not stand for being held up coming and going, that way. So we got canned soup and canned beans, and canned corned beef, and all that sort of thing, and I never seen so much cornmeal in my life before at one time, and the place looks like a commissary, and they had to move the piano out of the hall to make room to stack up the grub, and now that there is to be no strike, we gotta eat the stuff up.

And the same way with coal oil and candles and stuff like that, as we thought perhaps the lights would go on strike, too—although somebody said that if the electric lights went blooie we could always burn gas, until somebody else pointed out that the gas would be among the list of the missing, too, if the strike was on. It was also pointed out that probably none of us could get a bath, either, and I had an awful time trying to figure out what I'd do with my Saturday nights in that case.

However, the danger now is over, although how they fixed it I don't quite see, each side claiming they got the best of it, as people will do, and the only person I got in a real argument with turned out to be a railroad engineer, and he was about four times as big as I, and so I let him have the best of the argument, being always

for peace at any reasonable price.

But I am not so very keen at the idea of living off of that canned stuff for the next twenty years, what with spinach just beginning to show up in the markets, and young onions, and things like that. The lady who runs my boarding house, though, says if I don't like it I can move, provided I pay my board first—she's a mercenary kind of old dame—and as it is not convenient just at present I will stick where I am.

Which Wagon?

When it comes to which is the most embarrassing—having the patrol wagon back up to the front door of your wickey-up, or having the delinquent tax wagon do it—it's about fifty-fifty. If anything, I'd rather have the patrol wagon. There's something a little gay and devilish about the patrol wagon, and its gong has a lilting melody all its own, as one might say, and the neighbors are crazy over it—but the tax wagon!

Say!

In the first place, the tax chasers who go out seeking the tax dodger in his native haunts pick out the biggest wagon they can get—an overgrown moving van is the most popular—but do they let the name "Moving Van" stay on the sides and thus let you maybe kid the neighbors into thinking you're moving out on North Pennsylvania street some place? They do not. They cover both sides of the wagon with a sign, with letters three feet high, "DELINQUENT TAX WAGON"—so big that a blind man could see it six blocks off.

They haven't the decency to edge up to the back gate and ask you will you please pay your taxes—no, that is not the tax wagon's way. It pulls up at the front gate, at the time of day when everyone is around, and the operatives are selected for having the loudest voices in the world, and they yell.

They yell, and yell, and make the engine snort and growl, and by that time all the neighbors are hanging out the front windows, or are draped over the front gate in their shirt sleeves, and saying "Haw haw!" The tax wagon is like a hat blowing off—funny as all get out if somebody else is involved.

The tax wagon drivers sometimes give their victim a chance to come across with his taxes—but if he does they seem disappointed. They appear to smile fiendishly if he does not. In that case they enter his abode. They disregard the piercing screams of the kitchen cabinet; their hearts remain unmoved by the plaintive appeals for

mercy on the part of the base burner; the anguished sobs of chairs and tables and phonographs and dressers and the like fall upon deaf ears. All are taken away.

I never was quite able to figure out where they take this junk, or who eventually gets it, or if the owner of it can ransom it by beating it down to the court house and paying his taxes, or if the furniture ever recovers from the stigma of having been made out a criminal that way. I do know, though, that as long as the tax wagon is in the neighborhood you can't get anybody in the neighborhood to leave for any reason whatsoever. It's too good for the neighbors to miss—especially if the victim is one of those proud and haughty souls who has gone around bragging that he never pays his taxes, and what's more never will, by heck! You know the kind of gent.

So all the neighbors snicker and giggle when he gets his, and the tax wagon gets his furniture.

April 1 and May 1

I see by the papers that another popular sport has been all shot to pieces.

The open season for gunning for post offices used to come around every four years and was one of the best little concerts after the big presidential show, but it's going to be crossed clear off the calendar.

Never having been a P. M., nor having made a record as a marksman when it came to plum shooting, the season open or closed or one way or the other—it's all right with me.

As I make a one-handed stab at the dope as they shoot it at me it's supposed to be a sort of quick relief or first-aid to our noble statesmen, representatives, senators, et al., to relieve all their appointive troubles.

Well, maybe so, maybe so, but voicing my own uncouth opinion it seems to me that this new "until death do us part," etc., stuff that's going to bind first-class and second-class postmasters forever to their jobs (we've got a first-class postmaster) is a sort of dope like chloroform just to get the future statesmen in shape to take an awful wallop in the patronage.

I got reasons and I don't mind giving said statesmen a tip—President Wilson's going to put the thing over on April 1!

I asked Postmaster Springsteen about it and he says it's not like that at all—the real thing will be dated a month later when "I'm to be the King of May, brothers, I'm to be the King of May."

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

A Journal devoted to the conservation of the industrial resources and activities of Indiana; and to the extension and organization of those sentiments, ideals and convictions in which all progressive citizens are agreed.

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, MARCH 31, 1917

No. 12

Announcement

WITH this issue The Indianian has somewhat altered its policy, and a brief explanation is in order. For now three months The Indianian has addressed its weekly message to the Commercial Aristocracy of Indianapolis; that is, in addition to its subscribers, to members of the principal Indianapolis clubs. But its voice has been lost in the audible repose of its congregation. And The Indianian prefers an audience that is awake. Therefore it now turns to the "common people."

With respect to matters of public concern there are two classes of citizens in this community; the first is the class of which the members are so obsessed, each in his own affairs, that he has neither time nor interest for anything which does not present some personal appeal. These men are all to be found in the Commercial Aristocracy.

The other class is the so called "common people." Now the personal concerns of this class of citizens compel them to take an active interest in public affairs. And what they are likely to do was pretty well demonstrated in the Shank-Jewett campaign.

And one thing stands forever to the credit of these "common people;" every great public movement originated among them, and was carried forward by them.

Now there is a movement which is mightily needed in this community—it is the realization of Greater Indianapolis. And Greater Indianapolis will never be a reality until the Commercial Aristocracy has awakened to the individual responsibility of its men, until the "common people" have been educated in civic and community ideals—and until all the people have united in one citizenship that expresses in its sentiments the Spirit of Greater Indianapolis.

And there is more to do than this. There are conditions in Indianapolis that are wrong. The people need to understand why and wherein they are wrong. And then these wrongs will disappear, because wrong can not last long when it is known to be wrong. Public wrongs are like certain germs. They can not live in the sunlight.

One of these wrongs, The Indianapolis Financial Policy, will be the subject of an article in The Indianian of next week. Every citizen of this community should read this article if only for the information that it will contain. And its careful perusal can also be cordially recommended to the Financial Autocracy.

Then there are Constructive policies to be developed and adopted. But all of these things await the Awakening, and Education, and Organization that must come first. And to these necessary things The Indianian pledges again its obligation of service.

The Indianian is now an institution in this community and may be regarded as a fixture. Beginning with this issue The Indianian will greatly increase its circulation and will address its message to the "common people," to the uncommon folks too, if they will listen.

And in order that every citizen may become a subscriber to The Indianian, the subscription price has been made one dollar.

The Indianian will employ no subscription solicitors and will depend upon its readers to become subscribers by sending their subscriptions direct to The Indianian office.

Now will the readers of this issue who believe that the message which the Indianian bears is worth the cost of the magazine, and who would like to be a part of the rapidly forming reorganization of this community make their sentiments a reality by each sending one dollar to The Indianian office and becoming subscribers.

Only one thing more remains to be said; Indianapolis will be the most prosperous and progressive city in America when its few conspicuous wrongs have been remedied, when its citizens are one people who have learned to feel and think and act together, and when the spirit of Greater Indianapolis has awakened.

And joining The Indianian movement is a first and important step in that direction.

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The Indianapolis Water Company and the Charge of "Excessive Rates"

The history and apparent purpose of the attack of the Indianapolis News on the Indianapolis Water Company were reviewed at length in the last issue of The Indianian. The story, retold briefly, is that in March, 1915, the water company filed with the Public Service Commission a petition for authority to issue \$650,000 of additional capital stock for its surplus, which somewhat exceeded that amount. The city at once filed objections to the petition, and a few days later filed an intervening petition asking that the Public Service Commission make a valuation of the property of the water company on the ground that the rates were excessive.

The capital stock of the water company is \$5,000,000, its outstanding bonds amount to \$5,732,000. The assets of the company are about \$11,500,000, and in 1916 its operative revenues were \$1,064,187.14.

After a most exhaustive investigation the commission, in a report of one hundred pages, valued the property of the water company for rate determination at \$9,670,191, stated that the property could not be replaced for less than \$12,500,000, and made such a revision in its rates as will reduce the operative revenues of the company to \$937,362.38, or about 15 per cent. from the revenues of 1916. The fixed charges of the company for operating expense, depreciation and taxes are \$458,465, and the new revenues will therefore leave a balance of \$478,897.58 to provide for the bond interest (\$275,000) and dividends on stock—which would net somewhat less than 5 per cent. dividends to the stockholders. The present capital stock of the company is just about the cost in cash of the property to its owner, Mr. C. H. Geist.

This report was signed by the chairman of the commission, Judge Duncan, and Commissioners Chas. A. Edwards and Jas. L. Clark. But Commissioner Corr put forward a dissenting opinion in which he held that the property of the water company should be valued at "five million dollars or less" and that the rates of the company should be further reduced by one-third—that is, to \$624,908.42. After deducting \$458,465 for operating expenses, depreciation and taxes, Mr. Corr's recommendations would leave the water company a net income of \$202,423.42, which would not even pay the interest on the bonds. And a valuation of "five million dollars or less" would render the stock entirely worthless and would force the company into constructive insolvency.

Mr. Corr's dissenting opinion had the cordial support of the Indianapolis News

and was quite in harmony with the persistent attacks upon the water company by that newspaper during the past two years. But back of these attacks was the very apparent design to get the water company valued down to an insolvency basis—wear the owner, Mr. Geist, to the point of disgust by persistent nagging and abuse—and all this for the purpose of obtaining this great property for a favored syndicate who were ready to take it over when the attacks had accomplished their purpose. But this last is another story which will be told later.

The attacks of the Indianapolis News have all purported to be based on the charge of "excessive rates." The purpose of this article is to throw a little much-needed illumination on that charge. And before any facts are put forward let it briefly be said that the cost of water to the citizens of Indianapolis is LOWER than in any other city in the United States similarly situated—which fact the Indianapolis News very well knows—of course.

The American Water Works Association has collected and compiled the water statistics of 307 American cities. These cities are supplied by either plants municipally owned, or by plants owned by private companies. In a very few instances certain cities supplied by municipally owned plants have water rates which *apparently* are lower than the rates of cities supplied by plants owned by private companies. But the difference is *apparent* rather than real. And this for the reason that the municipal ownership of utilities makes possible every conceivable sort of rate juggling, for political or any other purposes.

Two of the most usual of such devices are to conceal a part of the cost of the water system in the general tax rate. Another is to distribute some part of the expense of the water department to other departments, such as the street department, engineering department, or fire department. A third device is indirect charges, such as taxing abutting property for the laying of mains. Another universal expedient is to relieve the water department of taxes. Yet another device sometimes resorted to is for the city to pay the interest on the bonds of the water department out of its general fund. And a final method of modifying the apparent cost of water to the consumer is to make by taxation every piece of property in some degree a customer of the water department. (Only about 70 per cent. of the property ever pays revenues to a privately owned water company.)

It will be apparent that any or all of these expedients merely amounts to rate manipulation. The people are, of course, paying all the cost of the water supplied to them, whether in one charge or many. And the only real effect of rate juggling is to make it impossible for the ordinary consumer to know what water is really costing. Municipal ownership, whatever may be its advantages, amounts to an invitation to rate manipulation for every conceivable political purpose.

As an example of this, the water department of Cleveland has been a sort of political foot ball for twenty years or more. Cleveland has—for obviously political reasons—a very low water rate to the small user and a comparatively high rate to the large user—with the result that of seventy-five thousand water users only about thirty-five hundred pay one-half the water bill of the entire city of Cleveland.

And in cities where the water plants are municipally owned it is not unusual for one-third or more of the actual cost of water to the public to be concealed by some sort of rate manipulation.

A private water company, on the other hand, is a water merchant, and must charge openly and directly against the consumer all that it gets for its product. But with all the possibilities for manipulation and concealment which municipal ownership affords, only five or six important cities in America have water rates that are even *apparently* lower than the Indianapolis rates. And every one of these cities has an immediately adjacent water supply which makes piping or storage and pumping for pressure purposes unnecessary. Among these cities are Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Portland. In every instance the indirect charges to the public fully make up for the difference in rates.

The American Water Works Association has adopted as a basis of comparison of rates two units of charges—a six-room house with bath, toilet, etc.; on a thirty-foot lot, with sprinkling privileges; and the minimum rate per one thousand gallons charged to large consumers.

The following table will illustrate the comparative rates:

	Six-room house.	Minimum rate.
Indianapolis	\$14.75	.04
Average rate in 307 cities supplied by private companies or municipal plants	18.08	.09
Average in cities supplied by municipal plants...	17.49	.09

Representative cities situated similarly to In- dianapolis and supplied by private companies:	Six-room Minimum house.	rate.
Los Angeles	15.34	.09 1/3
Denver	19.40	.10
Des Moines	17.50	.10
Kansas City, Kan.	18.60	.07
Kansas City, Mo.	17.00	.07
Louisville	18.00	.06
Boston	18.00	.10 2/3
Newark	20.00	.13 1/3
Omaha	24.15	.08
Cincinnati	14.71	.10 2/3
Toledo	17.50	.05
Pittsburgh	28.50	.12
Providence	26.00	.10
Memphis	19.50	.10
Nashville	27.00	.08
Spokane	19.20	.10

The foregoing list omits five or six cities having municipal plants and where the rates are so complicated with general taxes, indirect charges and the expense of other departments, as to make it impossible to determine the actual cost of water to the consumer; also cities employing the meter system exclusively, where the cost of water depends entirely on the consumer.

The statistics given above disclose the interesting fact that only one city has a rate to the small consumer as low as Indianapolis. And it is well to add that only one other city (Detroit) offers as low a rate to the large consumer.

But much more remains to be told of the Indianapolis water system. The water distributed by the Indianapolis Water Company is filtered, purified and served pure and wholesome to the consumer. Water is distributed at an average pressure of forty-five pounds, making lifting plants unnecessary even in the highest buildings. The water pressure is raised to eighty-five pounds (100 pounds in the business district) at every fire alarm, giving Indianapolis the most perfect fire protection enjoyed by any city of its class, and especially favorable fire insurance rates—despite the fact that Indianapolis is a wooden town. And finally the minimum rate of 4 cents per thousand gallons affords Indianapolis a most valuable inducement to manufactures.

The foregoing is only an outline of the situation. But enough facts have been set out to show the people of Indianapolis that in this case again the Indianapolis News has included in its statements only that usual attenuated proportion of truth which it allows to any cause that it espouses.

Fortunately for the people of this community a courageous and capable Public Service Commission has made impossible the apparent conspiracy against the Indianapolis Water Company. But the commis-

sion should have the sympathetic approval of the good citizens of Indianapolis. And the water company is justly entitled to a measure of appreciation which only an intelligent understanding of the situation makes possible.

And while there is no better place to look for prejudice than in the columns of the News, that great newspaper can scarcely be regarded as a bureau of accurate and impartial information.

The Indianapolis Water Company is a great institution. Its success has been conspicuous, and its long career, from the days when Thomas A. Hendricks and Albert G. Porter were directors, down to the present day, has been a career of honorable and efficient usefulness. It is serving this community as well—indeed better if statistics are to have regard—than any similar utility elsewhere. And it is fairly entitled to the recognition from the public which the facts of its career and its present day policy justify.

Two conclusions are evident from the foregoing: One is the conviction which every right-minded man must possess, that the spirit of Greater Indianapolis will never allow any such purpose to succeed as has evidently inspired the attacks of the Indianapolis News on the water company. The other is that such facts as are set out in this article should be known to every public-spirited citizen in this community. Public opinion is always based on one of two things—information or prejudice, and the welfare of Greater Indianapolis depends upon the extent to which the intelligent citizens of the community are informed in matters of public concern. One of the great needs of this community, and a prerequisite to the coming of Greater Indianapolis is a great propaganda of civic education, of which this is only one brief lesson. And may that propaganda come soon.

Asleep at the Switch!

That is where Mr. Jewett's managers seem to be. Until recently Mr. Jewett's organization held the record in Indianapolis for political efficiency. And then Mr. Shank and his cohorts—which far more resembled a rabble than an organization—administered to Mr. Jewett's wonderful political machine a jar from which it seems not yet to have awakened.

And from the results of the primaries one conclusion is very evident: The people are going to decide who will be the next mayor of Indianapolis with but very slight regard to party obligations, personal prestige, or any such like consideration. And the people are moved by a conviction which has slowly evolved from long-continued dissatisfaction and unrest.

This conviction is that conditions in Indianapolis are not right. The much-adver-

tised prosperity has not reached the wage earner at all. His employer has displayed no uncontrollable enthusiasm about raising his wages. Washington street seems just as selfish and self-centered as ever. But what did strike him was an unprecedented increase in the cost of living. While his pay envelope did not grow, the price of potatoes did. And back of all was the gloomy feeling of unrest that seemed to have possessed the whole city. Some one was getting the money, but it was not this wage earner. He was quite unable to analyze conditions sufficiently well to determine just what was the matter. So he had left only one remedy, and that was a change. And Lew Shank certainly did promise that. So the wage earner, and all the other dissatisfied elements of this community, rallied to Lew Shank, and everyone knows what happened.

On the other hand, back of Mr. Jewett appeared the shadows of the same long-endured conditions: the News, the Merchants' Association and the Financial Autocracy. And no one was telling the people that Mr. Jewett did not directly represent these interests. It appeared that he did. And there was no effective denial.

As the situation now stands Lew Shank or Dick Miller (more probably Shank) will be elected unless Mr. Jewett's friends reorganize. A political machine will avail them but little. The only sort of organization that will avail anything is for the well-known citizens of Indianapolis, who understand conditions (if, indeed, they do) and who want to see Mr. Jewett elected, to get out and explain the real situation to the common people of this city and make them understand it also.

They must be made to understand just what it will mean to have Lew Shank for mayor of Greater Indianapolis for the next four years. And they must by all means be made to understand that their real hope for the correction of their just grievances is in Mr. Jewett.

And this result cannot be obtained by political oratory that is evidently perfunctory and self-seeking. Nothing but a great campaign of sincerity, in which those who have so long held aloof will come down from their lofty, self-appointed estate and be friends with the common folks—in so many ways their superiors—will ever elect the man who ought to be the man of the hour.

The Commercial and Industrial League

The business men of this State have no time to lose in the formation of the Commercial and Industrial League of Indiana, for the purpose of securing the selection of capable delegates to the approaching constitutional convention.

War

(By Hal Seer)

While millions of men in Europe have carried on the bloody butchery of militarism the United States has been able to stand aloof for more than two years in "splendid isolation" and escape the republic's inevitable part in the slaughter—but the inevitable is here—the hour has struck at last. What active part the United States may play in the actual warfare is a military question the future alone will answer; but in any event formal entry into the world struggle will bring to the United States changes in economic and industrial conditions almost immediately.

The terrible wastage of man power and the devastation of countries in Europe have in the last two years made it clear to the eyes of the world that war is—WAR! No matter what the insanity of the situation—it exists.

What American a few months, a few weeks, or even a few days before the outbreak of hostilities could have forced himself to believe that there ever could be such a world catastrophe? And after the first few months of war who believed that the slaughter could continue into the third year after 5,000,000 men had been slain? But it has—and who now can foresee the end?

Lulled to a sense of smug security in the country's "splendid isolation," taking profits in war munitions and supplies for the belligerents, bestowing in return sympathy and some of the country's wealth on the unfortunate victims of war and overlooking no opportunity for exploitation at home, the United States has attained the commercial and financial supremacy of the world. But that is not enough—the great republic must now show its military and naval prowess.

No event other than the end of the world could overshadow the enormity of the present war and from the beginning it was inevitable that the United States at last must be drawn into the conflict if peace did not come quickly. It could not be expected that this nation with its great commerce and world-wide interests could continue on its mercenary way without becoming entangled in the meshes of militarism.

The war is none of this country's making, but no matter who is guilty of the greatest crime of the ages, the fact is the war is here and it would avail as much for a child to stand and shout defiance in the teeth of a cyclone as for the nation to seek to evade the issue now.

Thus it becomes the mission of the United State to restore peace at any price and by any methods, and to prepare for the great readjustment when the world war ends.

Presumably America's armed conflict is to be against Germany, but the great war has surged far beyond the stage where it is the battle against any race, nation, or people—it is the battle for civilization, humanity and the universal brotherhood.

It has not been so very long ago that a man frequently acclaimed as a statesman dismissed the war question with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "It's merely a war for markets and real estate." It may have started as a commercial war that was planned as the greatest mercenary stroke the world has ever known, but it has grown into the war for world freedom. And when the United States takes its place in the whirlwind of bloodshed, started by man but now guided by destiny, it will be to throw its weight into the balance that will mean freedom for the nations that have been called upon to make the bloody sacrifice.

As for America at home, should it be that events are so cast that the United States may escape great losses in the slaughter, the country yet will be called upon to bear a heavy burden—a burden of debt.

In the meantime commercial and industrial changes are bound to sweep over the land. With the life and honor of the nation at stake, the United States, taking its cue from war-torn nations of Europe, will not tolerate the continuance of the system of speculation and cupidity that has given birth to "war babies" and has hatched food manipulators in America. Reasonable profits determined by the government, regulation of food supplies and the conserving of the country's resources will take the place of the wild scramble for gold.

And out of the war will come in a measure for America what is bound to come for Germany in the lessons learned by the people—and that is that methods employed to promote the killing of men may be adopted that men may live when they have "beaten their swords into plowshares."

"What Is Going Value?"

The Indianapolis News asks this question in its editorial of the 28th on the water company. Of course, the answer is obvious. "Going value" is the difference between the value of an institution which has no business and a similar one which has. In furtherance of its attacks upon the water company the News in this editorial takes up again Commissioner Corr's contention that no "going value" should be allowed in appraising the property of the water company, and in support of its arguments the News cites the decisions in the Terre Haute electric case and also the Cedar Rapids gas case. But the News makes the mistake of quoting the decisions in each of these cases, neither one of which have any application to the value placed on the property of the

water company by the Public Service Commission.

In the Terre Haute electric case "the court said that the physical property was to be valued as one in successful operation." The court held that "the value of the system as completed and earning a present income, is the criterion." In the Cedar Rapids gas case the court held that the property had been valued "upon the basis of a plant in successful operation."

It is perfectly obvious that neither of these cases have any application to the valuation placed on the property of the water company. The Public Service Commission stated in its report that the property of the water company could not be replaced for less than \$12,500,000. And upon this the commission placed an arbitrary valuation, for purposes of rate determination, of \$9,500,000, which was \$3,000,000 less than the reproduction value of the physical assets. Moreover, upon the valuation determined by the commission the company cannot possibly earn, out of its present revenues, an income of 5 per cent. on its capital stock, which fact demonstrates that in reality no "going value" has been allowed at all. In other words, the physical property of the water company has been arbitrarily valued by the commission at \$3,000,000 less than its actual reproduction value, and then to this reduced valuation \$300,000 has been added under the head of "going value." In reality this item is a sort of apology for a valuation which is admitted by the commission to be too low.

The Indianapolis News is itself a good answer to its own question. Exclusive of its real estate and building, this property has been valued all the way from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000—for the reason that the News is believed to earn more than a half million dollars per year. Now, the physical property of the News could be reproduced for much less than \$500,000—its presses, linotype machines, stereotyping equipment, type, paper stock, and all else. And therefore a valuation of \$2,500,000 would be made up about as follows:

Physical property — machinery,	
equipment, stock, etc.....	\$ 500,000
"Going value"	2,000,000

Of course, this valuation is perfectly reasonable, and the News is properly entitled to it. But the News would really be hurt if some sort of a commission, made of Corrs, would compel it to "lop off" this "going value" and, say, 20 per cent. of the reproduction value of its physical property as well.

"What is going value?" Well, the best possible answer to this question the News can get from Mr. Delevan Smith, owner of the News, who owns more "going value" in Indianapolis than anyone else.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE AND THE SONG

BY SENYAHNALLA

The only religion which has any value is one which the believer practices in his daily life. And obviously a religion which is merely professed, but never practiced, is degrading, both intellectually and spiritually.

It is quite natural that just about the only practical definition of Religion should have been given by the great apostle of works. It is this: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction and keep himself unspotted from the world."

There is nothing new about this definition. It is one of those statements of the obvious which puts into definite form something which everyone knows. But right here is where the average man has need to revise his whole program of life. And by right here is meant the attitude of this average man toward the obvious.

There is a Scotch proverb which runs: "Believe your beliefs and doubt your doubts; but do not believe your doubts and doubt your beliefs." It would seem strange at first to declare that the muddle and inertia of life is due to this confusion of beliefs and doubts. But any thoughtful man realizes that his intellectual life is a state that has the qualities of a trance, a paralysis, and a fog.

When this average man tries to think outside the daily routine of life it is waken himself from a sort of trance, to find his mental faculties semi-paralyzed, and then when he really begins to think at all it is to find himself in a sort of mental fog of which he soon tires, and the return to the commonplace of daily routine is a relief. The mental fibre is not accustomed to this strange exercise of thinking.

When this average man tries to think outside the daily routine of life! Well, just how much thinking does he do within this daily routine? Practically none. For the routine of life consists mainly of habits. The mechanic at his bench goes through the routine of his day's work by habits which have become the cunning of his hand and brain. The professional man follows rules and principles which have been the slow development of centuries. The successful business man is the one who practices addition and multiplication more than he does subtraction and division. Wherever this average man may be found he is toiling along some path that has been made instinctive by long years of repetition. And to pull him up suddenly and make him really to think is to propose almost as great a difficulty as to ask a cat to do a tango.

But we were talking of Religion. Now, this average man goes to church now and then—and why? Does he believe the doctrines and theology of his church? Certainly not! Does this average man believe that the friar within the chancel rail believes in his soul the doctrines he declares? Again, certainly not! But right here a peculiarity of the mind is encountered which explains a good deal. When a kitten chases its tail—when a little girl plays with her doll—and when the friar recites his service—they are all doing precisely the

same thing—playing at make-believe. And it is a delightful occupation. Life would lose enormously if all was reality; if there were no make-believe; if the kitten never chased its tail, and the little girl never sang to sleep her doll, and the friar never crooned into dreamland his congregation.

But why not realize just what one is about in all of these things? Is not realization one of the privileges of intellectual maturity? Surely! Then let this average man just realize that his orthodoxy and ritualism have been a sort of necessary spiritual play, in which he has been very unnecessarily serious. And if he can just realize this he will have made a tremendous step forward, and perhaps will have made acquaintance with a somewhat strange possibility in his own field of mental action—and that is intellectual honesty.

And intellectual honesty—perhaps the rarest and most beautiful quality of mind—is after all chiefly a matter of courage. It is not quite easy to realize that it requires a lot of courage really to believe one's beliefs and honestly to doubt one's doubts. But this courageous believing and equally courageous doubting is the sine qua non of intellectual honesty. And right here is where the comedy of the average man's thinking is enacted.

This average man fears that the existence of heaven and all the eternal verities depends somehow in his belief in their existence. Now, is it not comical that away back in the dark and unexplored corners of one's mind there should be the lurking fear that heaven and all that it holds would vanish out of the universe if he should cease to believe—or pretend to believe—in this heaven and the orthodoxy that leads up to it?

Now, it happens that the green-curtained door through which one must pass into eternity is never held ajar. What lies beyond is known only to those who are on the other side. Few, indeed, are the messages that ever come back to those who are waiting here, while the summons to pass on into life's greatest mystery, tarries. And the bravest heart is his who has the courage to trust to the honesty of "Him who inhabiteth eternity" to do justice to the stranger from here when he is bidden to enter.

But the Hero of the Honest Heart cannot do otherwise than trust—and while he is trusting do his simple and obvious duty here. And then it is to find that all along he has had a Religion which has only been awaiting discovery. Sir Isaac Newton once said of his long life in the study of science: "I seem to have been but as a child playing with the pebbles along the seashore, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

And so it has been in this Religion of Make-Believe. While the believer has played with the pebbles along the shores of experience, the great sea of life lay out there all undiscovered before him. But it is there and has always been there—waiting—waiting—waiting just for discovery.

There is an old Creole legend that when there is a storm at sea all the lost souls of the past rise from their watery graves and shriek and howl the symphony of destruction. And then the wind gathers the sea in his arms and dances to the music of this orchestra of death.

But the Roumanian gypsies have a legend of another sort. They tell how the heroes through all the centuries have told the tales of their heroism to the fierce winds of the Northland, and how the lovers of all the centuries have whispered their dreams and longings to the soft winds of the Southland. And then the fierce winds of the North told the rocks and mountain sides, and the soft winds of the Southland told the sighing leaves and the little birds. Then came the priest of song and symphony. And he could understand the tales of the fierce north winds and the sighing of the gentle south winds, and so he wrote down what he heard in the Rhapsodies of Norway and the Noces of Italy, and this was how music came into the world.

And now let our dreamer of today—this earnest soul that wants to think and then wants more to do, lift up his eyes from the pebbles along the shore of experience and hear the song that the sea of life would sing to his soul. And it is this: When love awakens in the heart of man—all the suffering, and struggle and defeat of all the years—unites in one great symphony of pleading hearts. Those who need are calling to those who have for help. It is the cry of all the hungry children that ever wept themselves into unguarded sleep. It is the pleading of all the helpless women that ever cried to heavens of brass for help. It is the plea of all the defeated men who ever received a stone when they asked for bread.

And then from the mysteries beyond comes the message, "There is enough and to spare. The unknown God has not created a bankrupt world. He only wants His sons to realize their own power. They can, if they will recreate this broken family and turn the desert of life into the Garden of Hesperides."

But this Symphony of Experience has not been told by the north winds or the south winds. It is only this: it is just telling one's self what everyone has known; it is gathering into one world-encircling chorus the song that has been in every heart—always—that the Real Religion—the Universal Belief—is Faith in the eternal supremacy of goodness, and the unconquerable power of love—And this Religion of Humanity is only waiting for the day when the good men and women everywhere will have the courage to turn away from life's play and take up life's song—the song of joy that rises from the heart that has the courage to be honest with itself—the Faith to believe in its own power—and the Tenderness to do the little act of gentleness and love which lifts the blighting spell of want from that other's heart that needs but does not have. For there is in the inexhaustible treasure house of life enough and to spare.

A Word or Two on Fashions

(By Margot.)

When attending the dressmakers' show last week I was asked which gowns were the more impressive and why they were accorded this distinction. This question was a bit baffling and I found no direct answer could be given for it was one apparently simple thing about one gown—a cuff, a collar, or a tiny bit of trimming that impressed me with the entire garment. This led me to believe that a discussion of the little points that lend individuality to the gown might be of interest to others.

There are so many little things that we can do ourselves to give individuality to a garment that a perfectly plain gown easily becomes one of distinction. Decidedly new and smart this season on the tailor and sports suit is the manner in which some buttons are sewed on. The thread is brought up through each of the four needle holes and sewed over the edge of the button with thread in contrasting color. One tailor depends upon this for its sole trimming. Machine stitching of heavy thread is also seen in abundance on the spring tailor and coat dress as well. This I am told is easily accomplished by the use of a different machine "foot," a different needle and a heavier thread.

Now and then appeared a coat dress or sport suit of jersey cloth with pockets, collar and buttons of knitted yarn. An eton suit, which otherwise would have been only noticeable, used a girdle sash of blue and white striped Yo-san for trimming and fringed its ends. The short jacket was lined with the same material and the lining extended to form a small, square collar at the neck.

The afternoon gown is a veritable playground for things different. A collar may go to any extreme, the sleeve may assume any shape and the waistline is left to the wearer's own choice. An afternoon gown in gray taffeta was put in the class of "originality in dress" by sleeves of Georgette, which were tight fitting, but shirred at their seems. A vestee treated in the same manner and of the same material was interesting. A few blue buttons, hanging on a light weight cord of blue, suggested a bit of color combination. Pockets lined with the same shade of blue satin served a double purpose for the pockets were large enough at the top to give the wide-at-the-hips effect.

Another afternoon dress of black satin had narrow inserts at unexpect-

ed places of peacock blue suede. This material also served the purpose of lining a square cuff that extended well over the hand, facing the bottom of the bodice where it turned up a little way in front, at a slightly raised waistline. The hem was also faced with the suede cloth and took an irregular course, in keeping with the waist, being about two inches shorter in front than the back. Did the designer wish to emphasize this fact when she placed buttons from neck to hem at the back?

A blouse of white taffeta, bound around the outer edges in black satin, used a tiny cerise velvet tie and small buttons of red and black alternately. What kind of a skirt? One of cerise sports satin—a new material delightfully soft in texture and even more lustrous than costume satin.

A summer dress of buff colored voile sewed three ruffles, beginning about fifteen inches above the bottom of the skirt, and extended to a point about eight inches below the belt on its two-yard-wide skirt, thus achieving the new barrel outline, but not content with this, the ruffles were sewed on upside down, standing upright as they did so.

That ruffles will play an important part in the summer wardrobe was further announced when a summer gown of white voile with a line stripe in pale blue, running very close together, appeared with ruffles of about one and one-half inches in width, running up and down its skirt from hip to hem. Of course, the stripes here ran the opposite direction. There were in all seven of these, two on either side of the front, giving a narrow panel effect, one in the center back and two on either side between front and back, at precisely the same distance apart.

Another summer dress showed a thin checked organdy in rose and white with a deep hem of handkerchief linen in white which was fastened to the upper part of the skirt by hemstitching. Collar and cuffs were also of the handkerchief linen. A strip of velvet ribbon, whose either side was picotted, encircled the waist of one frock and fell in a streamer at the side front, to the top of the hem. Here a cluster of pink, blue and purple apples with contrasting centers brought this streamer to an abrupt finish. A garden hat of leghorn bound its brim with the same velvet ribbon and the cluster of apples were repeated wherever the hat drooped most. Here, too, the streamer appeared and made one feel like "rushing" summer.

A three-piece costume of brown and white check gingham with brown of exactly the same tone as that found in the checked material was made up in such a manner that one thought the entire costume was brown, but behold! When the very young lady removed her jacket a waist of the checked material appeared and the same material formed the upper part of the skirt and also lined the jacket. A gingham jacket lined with gingham—imagine that! Even the narrow

straps which held the jacket tight to the figure in the back were tipped at the ends with brown, just where they reached the brown gingham of the skirt. An attractive and different costume indeed! But the designer did not stop at this. She added a parasol covered on the outside in the plain brown gingham and lined on the inside with the checked material.

This goes to prove that wonders can be done with any material. The art lies in doing just the right thing with it and the right thing is that which has not been done before—the little things that bespeak originality, distinction and individuality.

There are some new hose just received which will delight the feminine eye. They look and act like our last year's striped silk sports jersey. Gay colored, vertical stripes on a background of white or oyster Italian silk find immediate favor.

The veils, it would seem, have done all that is possible when they combine such delightful effects as chenille in more than one color upon a silk-like mesh in any color suited to the complexion of the wearer.

It is interesting to note throughout the shops the different accessories which are to be had in sets, so to speak. A black satin bag that by some inexplorable method was made flat on either side for the very good purpose of displaying two separate, although exactly alike, Chinese dragons in blue and gold, was only one of a three-piece set. A black satin scarf to be wrapped carelessly (if one could wear anything so chic in a careless manner) about the throat—not forgetting to display a touch of the turquoise lining at the chin, finished either end with the same gold dragon upon turquoise blue motif. And last, but not least, this motif formed the crown of a hat which would otherwise have been of black lisere straw. Another interesting set was of heavy white moire silk—a bag with tortoise-shell handles and a vest for the tailored suit.

The Voting Women

Votes for women—that's easy. But voting places for women—that's different.

The influence of women in elections already is being felt and the election commissioners are getting the first taste of it. If all the suffragists in the city who are entitled to vote exercise their franchise in the city election there will be too many voters for the number of precincts now in existence, the commissioners find. Each voter has one minute in which to vote and the voting machine will be a novelty for the big majority of the suffragists who make their first trip to the polls. It is safe to gamble they will not cut down the average time much below a minute. The polls are open twelve hours—60 times 12—120 voters, the limit. In some precincts already there are almost 700 male voters. Unless separate voting places

are provided for suffragists in the various precincts there will have to be more precincts and the commissioners say separate voting places will double the expense of the election.

The situation on the constitutional convention election has been met by a plan to provide the Australian ballot for women, while men use machines in the precincts as they are now apportioned, but the city election problem is yet unsolved.

The Servant Problem

Despite all the "isms" of the present day the servant problem is still an absorbing topic among women. Indianapolis clubs are turning their attention to the solving of this difficult proposition, as well as the study of topics of civic interest. At a meeting of the civics and social welfare department of the Woman's Department Club recently the discussion of the servant problem formed the topic for the day. Mrs. Arthur S. Hurrell, who was one of the founders of the Housewives' League of Buffalo, N. Y., and is honorary chairman of that organization, presented to her audience an ideal plan for the domestic servant, wherein the hours were limited to eight a day and the work put upon exactly the same basis as that of the woman in the business world. Members of the club who were trying to find a practical solution to the problem presented many objections to the plans outlined, and the resulting discussion was more spirited than any over the ballot for women or the new constitution. After all, whether women vote or not, and whether or not we have a new constitution, the home is likely to remain for some time, and it is up to the women to solve its problems. There is no doubt that the new trend of woman's activities has not succeeded in changing the fact that she is a home-maker first, last and always.

Indiana Also Awakens

The awakening movement started in Indianapolis has spread over the entire State, as the banquet of the Indiana State Chamber of Commerce at the Claypool hotel recently bears witness. The occasion was celebrated as the opening of the second century of the State's history and it was made refreshing by the spirit of progress that was manifested by the hundreds of manufacturers, bankers and business and professional men who voiced their confidence in the State's future. The pride in the history of the State as recounted in the centennial celebrations of last year was not forgotten but the keynote of the gathering was "Forward." The close relation of interests was recognized and the necessity of the spirit of co-operation was acclaimed with such forcefulness and far-sightedness that none but the poorest pessimist could but see the possibilities of the State organization which has the future of Indiana at heart.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



The clinging vine is certainly out of fashion in Indianapolis. If every society woman in town were to be suddenly thrown upon her own resources, it is safe to say they would all make good within an incredibly short space of time, for each could just go on pursuing her particular fad, for profit instead of pleasure. There isn't a drone in the busy hive of workers, and many local women have achieved success along quite unusual lines. The beaten path held no attractions for these modern devotees of the feminist movement, and all sorts of attractive occupations have sprung up through their clever management.

Of course, at present, work for the Red Cross is uppermost in every woman's mind, and the way Indianapolis women have risen to the demands of the situation is a joy to behold. The Red Cross shop, under the management of a number of society women, is a model of efficiency. With the return of those in charge of the surgical dressings the first of the week, that work was taken up in earnest. When the work was first undertaken in the East, it was said the amount of gauze spoiled in poor dressing would have filled New York harbor. To avoid any such mistakes, Mrs. Philemon Watson, Mrs. Thomas Eastman, Mrs. Meredith Nicholson, and Miss Sara Sheerin went to Chicago and spent a week in studying to make surgical dressings, and work under their direction will fulfill all requirements.

The Peacock Tea Shop, conducted by society women, is a new departure in woman's work. Gifts out of the ordinary, gowns and blouses designed with an eye to individual style, and a practical little "mind your mending" department makes this a most attractive place. Tea is served in the afternoons, and a pretty large field of work is covered by those in charge, Mrs. Clarence Winter, Mrs. Ernest Kneffler, Miss Irene Taggart, Mrs. Owen Mothershead, Miss Clarissa Wells, and Miss Emily Winters.

Dress designing has caught the fancy of several young Indianapolis women, and Miss Rhoda Madge Porterfield adopted for her particular work last season, the designing of dainty neckwear, making the articles herself. Pretty little cuff and collar sets formed a fascinating stock in trade.

Mrs. Janet Payne Bowles has achieved great success in designing jewelry. She was at one time com-

missioned to design some handsome pieces of silver for the late J. P. Morgan.

A number of women find their chief joy in making attractive baskets and lamp-shades. A group of young society girls established quite a business in the sale of lovely baskets which they designed themselves. The baskets are shaped rather like the square cornered market basket. Painted white, and decorated with pink or blue rosebuds, it makes a most charming receptacle for sewing in the boudoir, or as a paper or magazine basket. Lamp-shades hold such an important place in the modern home, it is inevitable that numbers of women give much of their time to designing and making them.

In the world of art Indianapolis women are achieving fame, and sculpture has its devotees. Mrs. Myra Talbott Richards has a remarkably life-like bust of the late poet James Whitcomb Riley to her credit, and has also made a bust of Meredith Nicholson which has been highly praised. Mrs. Rena Tucker Kohlmann has been very successful in her sculpture work, her figure of "Little Orphant Annie" being the best known of all her work.

"What is the matter with all the women," asked a mere man last evening. "Why in the world are they all taking it into their heads that they must do something?"

"Just for the joy of doing it," replied his pretty companion, and that seems to be the most satisfactory answer to the question. The feminine world is about the busiest place imaginable these days, and if all the workers aren't accomplishing something worth while, at least they are getting a lot of fun out of the experiment.

* * *

Students at the eastern colleges are home to spend the spring vacation, and social affairs for the next week center around them. Miss Ruth Hubbard, Miss Margaret Lucy Gardner, Miss Julia Lilly, Miss Margaret Rowe and Miss Elizabeth Hearle arrived today from Smith College. Miss Helen Clark and Miss Helen S. Beck have come from Vassar. Miss Filomena Manly and Miss Gertrude Shideler will arrive next week from Ogontz to spend their vacation at home.

* * *

Miss Anna Belle Voorhees, whose marriage to Austin H. Brown will take place next week, is receiving much social attention prior to her wedding. She was honor guest at a kitchen shower given Monday evening by Miss Clarissa Wells and Miss Anna Marie Gall. Mrs. Henry Lane Wilson and Mrs. Caroline Vajen Collins enter-

tained with a luncheon at the Woodstock Club Tuesday, when the table was arranged to represent a garden blooming with spring flowers. Sprays of the blossoms attached to the place cards made a charming guest favor. Miss Mary Beatty Herod, Miss Martha Henley and Miss Lucyanna Joss entertained with a luncheon Wednesday at the Woodstock Club, when masses of spring flowers brought by Miss Henley from the conservatories of Laurel Hall, the home of her sister, Mrs. Stoughton A. Fletcher, made a lovely decoration for the table. Mrs. William J. Brown entertained with a dinner Wednesday evening at the Woodstock Club for her son and Miss Voorhees.

* * *

An Indianapolis girl is singing her way into southern hearts this season. Miss Dorothy Talbott, who has spent the winter in Palatka, Fla., has appeared on the program at a number of musicales, and recently took a prominent part in the musicale given by the Woman's Club in Palatka. Mrs. Henry A. Beck and son, who are spending several weeks in the South were Miss Talbott's guests recently. Mrs. Beck will go to Washington soon to attend a convention of the D. A. R.

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The Indianapolis Council of Jewish Women has been actively engaged in work of relief since the great war started abroad. Several affairs given this week netted a substantial contribution for the Polish war fund. A card party and dance were given Tuesday evening at the Hoted Severin by members of the council; and Mrs. Isaac Born gave a musicale Monday afternoon at her home, when the silver offerings were donated to the fund. The program was given by Mrs. Irma Lehman Schnitzer, soprano.

* * *

Mrs. James P. Goodrich, wife of the Governor, was honor guest Thursday afternoon at a tea given by the women of the Second Presbyterian Church at the home of Mrs. Charles E. Kregelo. An enjoyable musical program was given by Charles F. Hansen, pianist. The hostess was assisted by a group of friends.

* * *

Club rooms and private sewing rooms hum with the busy whirr of sewing machines these days as women all over the city gather together in small groups or meet with their various clubs to sew for the Red Cross Society. Hundreds of garments and miles of bandages pass through the busy fingers of Indianapolis women as they add to the supply in demand. The Woman's Department Club has given three days of each week to sewing for the cause, the work in charge

of Mrs. Clyde Roach. The Woman's Research Club donates a day each week, and many clubs have adopted this plan. Mrs. Lawrence White George has asked a small group of friends to meet at her home each week to sew, and several groups of D. A. R. members have set aside a certain time each week for this service. There isn't an idle sewing machine in the city at present, and there certainly isn't an idle woman. Society is no longer spelled with a capital S, for rich and poor alike are spending their time working for the cause of preparedness.

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Henry D. Pierce is the guest of U. S. Senator Brady at Washington, D. C.

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In line with their enthusiastic interest in civic affairs, the members of the Civics and Social Welfare Department of the Woman's Department Club have been investigating the way in which various departments of civic government are carried on, the results being given in reports at the regular meetings. A talk on "The Mayor and the City Council," by George L. Denny, was a feature of the meeting Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter is spending some time in New York and will go later to New Orleans, La., to attend the council meeting of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. McWhirter is Indiana's director in the national federation, and has charge of the transportation for the council. She will leave on the personally conducted train which leaves Indianapolis April 6. Mrs. Eugene Cowles, president of the general federation and a former Indiana woman, will preside at the council.

Navy Open to Women

Women who have gained recognition in the political arena will have the distinction of serving their country as enlisted members of the United States navy. Women will be recruited in the actual naval service if the emergency arises. Secretary Daniels has ordered commanders at shore stations and recruiting stations to be prepared for the enlistment of women and the judge advocate has held that women can be enlisted under the existing laws. Already a number of women have been enlisted. They will be placed in shore duty in connection with the coast defense work and will be given grades corresponding to the yeoman class. Their work will be clerical and if the emergency comes they will take on shore the places of men who have been called to sea duty.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



What's the Use!

My goodness, Mag, ain't it awful the way they treat us girls?

I just read something in the paper that sure does bring home with great emphasis the fact that it sure is tough to be a woman—here you work and work for something, and you get it, and before you exactly get it, they take it away from you.

I refer to the pitiable case of Mrs. Margaret Fitzgerald, who pleaded guilty to a charge of petit larceny in the criminal court the other day. She admitted lifting various articles from the house where she worked at, and there wasn't anything for it but to send her to prison, and so the judge did.

The worst of it was, though, that the judge not only sent Mrs. Fitzgerald off to the bastille, but he disfranchised her, too, at that, in addition, as one might say. Meaning that while she never could vote before, she certainly can't vote when she gets out, which will be some time within the next eight years.

It's bad enough to have something snatched away from you like that after you've had a nibble at it—but to have it rudely grabbed out of your longing mitt before you've even had a chance to sample it—! It seems to me that comes under the head of what the law books call "cruel and unusual punishments."

Here us girls have been working for years to get the vote, and after much battling and maneuvering around we get it, and we plan to prance over to the ballot box next November, or whenever it is, and chew our pencil, and make cute little marks on the ballot—just's good as any doggone man in the place!—and before we get a chance, along comes a heartless judge, and—blooie! Where is our vote? Gone where the woodbine twineth!

One can picture Mrs. Fitzgerald sitting in her cell, making tatting, or whatever that stuff is the women prisoners make, and saying, with a sort of a scornful sniff.

"Well, I always was an anti, anyway!"

It reminds me of the sad little story of the boy at the Thanksgiving dinner, when there were a lot of guests there, and he sort of got overlooked, and finally his father asked him would he have some more turkey, and he said,

"More? I ain't had some yet."

Yessir, it's a hard world, by heck!

Cyclone Cellars

Well, I think I will take that \$17 I was saving up to buy me a new spring benny and invest said sum in a cyclone cellar—nothin' fancy, you understand—no effort at interior decoration, or any outside stuff to make people goin' by in Fords say, "Oh, John, isn't that the darlinest little cellar you ever saw"—no, just a plain old cellar in some secluded nook.

This tornado business is getting too frequent.

It's getting so we pick up the paper every day, and we saw, casual-like, over the grape fruit, "Well, what burg has been wiped off the map of our great commonwealth today?"

The weather sharp says that tornadoes never hit cities—he told me why, but I can't dope it out, but after many years of dragging an umbrella around when he said it was going to rain, and having the sun shine all day, and of not carrying an umbrella when he said it was going to be fair, and gettin' drowned before night, I've lost faith.

One of the greatest outdoor sports these days is looking for "funnel-shaped clouds." Let things get to lookin' the least bit stormy and people begin viewing the far horizon, lookin' for funnel-shaped clouds. I never saw one myself, and that ain't all, either. The nearest I ever come to it was seein' a funnel down in the cafe where I hang out at that the bartender uses in mixing drinks, and it's gettin' so the sight of even that makes me feel all nervous and upset. I think it's a tornado cloud.

I can't even go by the window of a phonograph company without gettin' nervous. The phonograph horn has what I have heard called an ominous look, and I know of lots of people that feel the same way about it. The sight of one of them things fills them with strange forebodings. I shouldn't wonder if the phonograph business has fell off considerable, because people don't want to have nothing to do with nothing resembling funnels, in no particular, whatsoever.

The other afternoon when it got so dark all at once everybody in the place was goin' around sayin', "Well, I guess we'll have a tornado of our own," and there is a great deal of earnest discussion as to whether it is the best policy to go down in the cellar and let the rest of the house fall on you, or stay out on the street, and run the risk of taking a free and speedy trip into the next county, accompanied by all the telegraph poles and kitchen cabinets

and dead chickens in the township. There ain't much choice one way or another.

It's gettin' so that when there's a tornado, and people come across so generous with the money to help set whatever town got hit right-side up again, that before the subscription lists are closed, another town has been handed a left hook, and the town that the subscription was originally got up for is donating funds to the new one. About the only good thing about it is that it's giving the National Guard a fine chance to see its own State, for the way they have kept those lads waltzing around in the wake of various windstorms is a caution.

No, I don't see no reason why Indianapolis shouldn't get mixed up in one, too, in spite of what the weather-man says about tornadoes not likin' big cities. It would be just my luck to be walking by when the wind tipped the monument over, or to get hit in the ear with the dome of the State House.

So, as soon as I can locate a good one, I am going to get me a cyclone cellar, and live in it. Watch these columns for change of address.

More Potatoes

"I am going to fight it out on these lines if it takes my last potato," says Lew Shank, referring to the question of is he or isn't he going to run for mayor in spite of such little obstacles bein' placed in his way as having been left out in the back yard at the primaries, with apparently nothin' to do but peek in the window and see Charlie Jewett sitting down, accompanied by friends, to a nice large nomination roast.

Now, that is what I call a fine and extravagant statement.

Awhile back, it wouldn't have meant much. "To my last potato!"—them words would have aroused not a thrill, none whatsoever. The simile would have been devoid of punch, as one might say. That was back in the days when a dollar was a dollar and a potato was only a spud.

But now!

To even suggest fighting out any kind of a battle with potatoes as ammunition is like these stories we read about what tell about these shells that the gunners in the navy use, and that cost something like \$25,000, or \$2,500, or \$250, or whatever it is, per shell per each. It is the kind of thing that appeals to the imagination of the public, like lighting cigars with a \$20 bill, with a careless "money is naught to me" gesture.

If prices keep going up, it will be worth sticking around for, to see Lew start off with his munition trains loaded with potatoes, each potato a high explosive for the enemy. There has always been a pronounced potato flavor in Lew's operations, even way back when potatoes and the Hope diamond were in comparatively different classes, and the fact that he still clings to the old brand of ammunition shows that he is not a fickle gent to be led astray by fads and fancies.

"To my last potato!"

The late unlamented Czar got off something like that, too—only he said he was going to keep on fighting "to my last Moujik," and though I do not know what a moujik is—whether it is something to eat, or a new kind of submarine, or the name of a town along the banks of the winding River Bug—whatever a moujik was or is, that statement could have nothing on Lew's plan, when it comes to sheer romance and dare devilry.

"To my last potato!"

These words will—mebbe—go down in history, along with other famous utterances, such as Caesar's, "I come, I seen, I walloped 'em," and others. Maybe the time will come when a statue—with unpressed pants, the way statues always are, for some reason that I have never been able to figure out—will adorn one of our public parks, and the statue will be in the likeness of Lew, and his brow will be crowned with a potato wreath, and below will be the words:

"Shoot if you will the onion bed, But spare your country's spuds," he said."

The Gate for John?

Listen, stranger! Just a few words about our erstwhile hero, the champion of ages—old John Barleycorn. War is lurking in the offing and you know what Sherman said about war. Them may be old John's sentiments, too—but that's neither here nor there.

Here's the big idea—with war right on our heels they're talking about interning old John Barleycorn.

Just think of it! Time to fight and they're trying to give the gate to the fightinest, rippinist, wreckinist fightin' figure the word has ever known.

No man, warrior or scavenger, ever went to the mat with old John and came out on top. His record is sprinkled with K. O.'s like the sky is sprinkled with stars.

But they don't like John's peculiar style of fightin'—he has no rules but his own and that doesn't go in the army. So if you must make the gate, John, do it gracefully.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES *Editor and Publisher*

A Journal devoted to the conservation of the industrial resources and activities of Indiana; and to the extension and organization of those sentiments, ideals and convictions in which all progressive citizens are agreed.

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 7, 1917

No. 13

Subscribe for The Indianian

THAT is what any citizen of Indianapolis should do—subscribe for THE INDIANIAN. The subscription price has been reduced to one dollar, so that the cost can not be regarded as a burden. And the mission which THE INDIANIAN has undertaken certainly deserves the co-operation of the citizens of this community to the extent of their subscriptions. There are conditions in Indianapolis that are obviously wrong, and there are things which Greater Indianapolis needs.

This community is not made up of an exclusive few who, from the big down-town offices, control the commercial life of the city. This community is made up of *all* the people, and every citizen has a right to know all about conditions that are wrong. Generally it is true that wrong conditions exist only because they are permitted to exist. There is plenty of selfishness in this or any other community to inflict many wrongs upon the people if they are indifferent to these wrongs. But when the public begins to recognize wrong as wrong it quickly loses its power, because wrong can not live in the light of open day.

One of the purposes of THE INDIANIAN is to make the people understand some of the wrongs that affect their comfort and prosperity—by just telling the truth about them.

And then there are things which Greater Indianapolis needs. And these things will not come until the people are agreed upon their necessity and unite in the undertaking to get them. The people of Indianapolis can make of this community anything they wish it to be—if they will feel together, think together and act together.

Here, too, THE INDIANIAN has a much needed field of usefulness—in helping to awaken and organize the Spirit of Greater Indianapolis and in centering the interests and united efforts of the people on the things that they should have. A prominent business man said to the editor of this magazine just this week: "This city would be greatly benefited if the people would follow the suggestions of THE INDIANIAN."

In the last issue something was said about The Indianian Movement. It means just this: The truth about conditions that are wrong, and an enthusiastic awakening and city-wide activity in behalf of the things that Greater Indianapolis should have.

THE INDIANIAN proposes to develop its circulation by the direct co-operation of its readers. And the particular reader who is reading these lines is invited to send his name and address and one dollar to THE INDIANIAN office, and become a subscriber.

Let us all join in sentiment and thought and action and lift the veil that shadows Greater Indianapolis. All that is needed is enthusiastic unity, and then the sunshine of prosperity will light up the best home city in America.

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The Indianapolis Financial Policy and Its Remedy

BY ALLAN HAYNES

The financial policy of a community determines the community spirit, the character and volume of business activity, wages, prosperity and almost every other quality of commercial life. And, of course, that policy is determined by the dominant financial institutions. All this is true for the reason that the prosperity of a community in normal times depends entirely on the volume of money in active circulation. And that in turn depends entirely upon the policy of these controlling financial institutions.

Now conditions in Indianapolis are—to put it mildly—peculiar. The community is not prosperous. Money is not generally plentiful. The ordinary business man is hard up all the time. Big things are not happening. There is no feeling of prosperity and optimism. The average business man is much more concerned about collecting his accounts than he is in expanding his business. A dollar has an exaggerated and unnatural importance. The condition generally is one of rigid stagnation. There is a spirit of seriousness to be encountered everywhere. Wages are low, people are not cheerful, and the community is not making money.

In analyzing the financial policy of the community in order to determine the reasons for all of this, two things are necessary: One is the most exacting care and honesty in the consideration of obvious facts. The other is a necessary disregard of that sort of respect which makes it "lese-majesty" to criticise a banker.

There are in Indianapolis about twenty-five banks and trust companies, large and small.

These may be roughly classified as the Malott group, including the Indiana National Bank, the Union Trust Company and Farmers Trust Company; the Fletcher group, including the Fletcher American National Bank, and the Fletcher Savings and Trust Company; the Frenzel group, including the Merchants National Bank and the Indiana Trust Company; eight or ten independent institutions of medium size, including the National City Bank, Continental National Bank, J. F. Wild & Co., the Meyer-Kiser Bank, the Fidelity Trust Company, the State Savings and Trust Company, the Aetna Trust and Savings Company, the Security Trust Company, and the Commercial National Bank, and about a dozen small institutions and neighborhood banks.

In the report made at the last call of the Comptroller of the Treasury, on March 5, some of the facts of these institutions were shown to be as follows:

Capital stock of twenty-five Indianapolis banks and trust companies	\$12,710,000.00
Surplus	4,419,000.00
Bank deposits	\$28,885,385.18
Demand deposits	43,395,284.82
Savings deposits	19,493,817.01
Time deposits	2,537,219.17—
Loans	94,311,706.18 56,451,725.13

These four facts are selected for the purposes of this article from the combined statistics of all the Indianapolis banks. In subsequent articles a much more elaborate analysis of the financial statistics of Indianapolis will be undertaken.

The first obvious fact set out in this brief statement is that the total deposits of the Indianapolis banks are much too low for a city of nearly 300,000 population. In proportion to the population, the deposits in Indianapolis banks compare unfavorably with Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit or even Toledo.

And the conclusion is that either the people here are not depositing their money in the banks as generously as elsewhere, which, of course, is not true; that the people here do not have as much money as elsewhere, which is true; or that there is another reason less obvious than these two—which is also true.

Another fact evident from these statistics is that the loans of the Indianapolis banks are much too low for a city of this size with the volume of business done here.

Now with these two general observations, let the exact methods of the Indianapolis banks in dealing with their customers be considered. The attitude of the average business man of this community toward his bank is not one of enthusiastic admiration. He feels that his bank has too small an interest in his progress and prosperity, and that its policy as to loans is harmfully restrictive. It is conservative to say that at least one-third of the borrowing customers of the Indianapolis banks are not satisfied with the treatment they are getting. And the dissatisfaction is freely enough expressed everywhere except to the officers of the banks. The business man who owes his bank \$20,000 and needs \$5,000 more is not going to risk getting "called" for the \$20,000 by telling the bank what he thinks about getting "turned down" for the additional \$5,000 which he needs and could use to a profit.

The reason for this restrictive policy is that the Indianapolis bank president is too often a money lender instead of a banker. And the difference between the money lender and the banker is that when a busi-

ness man asks his bank for a loan, the money lender considers only the safety of the loan and the assurance of its prompt payment, while the banker in addition to these considerations also considers his own obligation as a banker to the public, and the value and importance to the business man in the conduct and prosperity of his business of the loan for which he asks.

The policy of the banker is constructive. The policy of the money lender is Safety First and the Only Thing.

And there is another exceedingly important thing which the money lender who happens to be running a bank seldom ever learns, and that is that a liberal policy toward manufacturers and merchants is only another way of putting money into circulation and by the same token increasing its volume.

As an illustration of this let it be supposed that the Indianapolis banks should increase their loans to enterprising customers by say 20 per cent.—a total of \$10,000,000 for the community. (In a subsequent article The Indianian will show that this could be easily and safely done.) The additional funds in the businesses of the Indianapolis manufacturers and merchants would add a tremendous impetus to the business of the community. The output of manufactured products would be increased and quickly the increased value of these products would come back to this community. More goods would be purchased by the merchants, and sold at a profit. The tide of cash from the contributory territory of Indianapolis would be greatly increased. More wage earners would be employed. The activity and prosperity would affect every one. And to the banks the most important fact of all would be that the supply of cash in Indianapolis would not be decreased, but would be increased.

One thing which the money lender never learns and which is fundamental to the banker, is that making loans to merchants and manufacturers is not parting with cash but is putting it into circulation. When a money lender makes a loan he parts with money—or thinks he does. But when the banker loans money to a business man he knows he is putting it into circulation at a profit in which he will share.

To make the illustration somewhat more concrete: Suppose the Indianapolis banks increased their loans by a total for the community of \$10,000,000. What would become of this money? Is it to be supposed that it would take wings and fly away? In a city as self-contained as Indianapolis not 20 per cent. of the money would get out

of the community—even temporarily. The merchants would buy more goods and sell more goods. The manufacturer would put the money into materials and labor and sell his increased product at a profit. The wage earner would, perhaps, increase his savings account, but 90 per cent. of his money goes immediately to the grocer, the clothier and the rental agent, and from these right back to the bank again. The money loaned by one bank finds its way next day to the other banks. And the whole system of intelligent and constructive commercial credit is mechanically reciprocal. It increases the bank totals of a community and also increases the supply of cash.

This article is of necessity too brief to permit any actuarial analysis of just what the results of a liberal and intelligent banking policy is, but the net result is prosperity. And again let it be said that loaning money to merchants and manufacturers is not parting with money but circulating it, and money in circulation increases just to the extent that manufacturing, merchandising, agriculture and the like are stimulated by the activity and prosperity. These industries create money. One of the elementary laws of prosperity is that money in circulation gravitates to the centers of activity, and away from the places of stagnation.

It seems elementary to add further illustration, but nevertheless let this be supposed: A bank loans a customer dealing in building supplies \$10,000 with which to buy Portland cement. To the bank the \$10,000 means just that much, and no more, until it is loaned. This dealer is handling cement at a profit of 50 cents per barrel. The amount of his loan means the purchase of 5,000 barrels of cement which to the dealer becomes worth \$12,000, and his statement—always so important to his bank—immediately improves by \$2,000. In three months he has turned the cement into cash at a profit of \$2,000 of which the bank received \$150.00 for interest. Only \$2,000 of the \$10,000 was supplied by the bank; the balance belonged to the non-borrowing depositors of the bank, many of them working men who have contributed to the resources of the bank through savings accounts, perhaps at the trust company across the street.

This article is meant to be introductory and suggestive. Other articles will follow that will be much more analytical than this, and only one remaining suggestion will be put forward now. This is a day when precedents are disregarded with an iconoclasm that sometimes is amazing. Neither the ignorance nor complacent acquiescence of the public can any longer be reckoned on. Indianapolis had a dramatic illustration of this just the other day. And this is the suggestion:

The non-borrowing and often small bank customer, individually unimportant, but col-

lectively important to the Indianapolis banks to the extent of about \$50,000,000 may one of these days share the opinion of a large part of the Indianapolis business men that the banks of this city are not contributing to the commercial activity and prosperity of the community either as intelligently or aggressively as they should. Now the business man who owes his bank \$10,000 and carries a balance of only \$1,000 is no problem at all. But those folks who own the \$50,000,000 and don't owe the bank anything are interested in the prosperity of the community, and what if it should occur to them some time to "start something"—say a new bank?

Nothing is easier, nor ordinarily less worth while than criticism. Only a policy that is constructive will accomplish anything. But a constructive policy is difficult of execution when those who should work insist on disregarding the fundamentals of their occupation. Sometimes this disregard is due to lack of ideals and leadership. And that seems to account for the low plane on which the banking business has for a long time and in much the larger part been conducted in Indianapolis. This community has not in many years had a banker of the capability of Walker Hill in St. Louis, or Lyman J. Gage, who made the First National Bank of Chicago what it is.

When one speaks of a banker as somehow distinguished from a money lender it is well to be somewhat explicit as to just what is meant by the comparison. Well this is what is meant by a banker:

Banking is the operation of the money and credit of a community for the development of the community.

A banker realizes, first of all, that 80 per cent. or more of the resources of his bank belongs to the people, and it is his obligation to so conduct his bank that the whole community will be benefited by its operations.

A banker believes that every honest customer of his bank is entitled to some measure of credit.

A banker knows that the liberal extension of credit, stimulates business activity, promotes prosperity, and increases rather than decreases the actual cash of a community.

And a banker also knows that his most important customer is the man with a small, growing and profitable business. These are only four of the most elementary principles of scientific banking, but they are sufficient to indicate what banking principles really are.

The money lender in the banking business, handles the money of his bank as though it were his personal property, and makes loans on precisely the same principle as does the other money lender up stairs who takes a mortgage on the borrowers household furniture to secure his loan. With

both it is "Safety First—also last and the only thing."

The money lender has another habit from which the banker is absolutely immune, and that is prejudice. And Indianapolis is rabidly jaundiced with this affliction. When a man happens to incur their displeasure, no two of them, nor even two of their clerks can get together and fail to hold a fresh inquest on the remains of his reputation.

In future articles The Indianian will show from comparative statistics that the Indianapolis banks could, with perfect safety and with their present resources, increase their loans to the business interests of this community by more than 20 per cent. And that such a change would not only tremendously stimulate the business of the community, but would increase both the bank totals and the available cash.

And it is only justice to add in conclusion that one large bank and at least two of the smaller institutions would gladly change their policy and conduct their businesses according to the principle of banking instead of money lending if the financial policy of the community would permit such an innovation. But unless more both of courage and regard for public obligation is displayed than has so far been in evidence, the initiative will have to come from somewhere other than the financial autocracy.

The writer of this article feels almost apologetic for its temperate and merely suggestive spirit. The conditions merit something more severe. The financial autocracy of Indianapolis has been so utterly despotic and so blindly short-sighted that it has lost itself in the lure of its autocratic power, and has had a truly despotic indifference to the humiliation which individuals have suffered and losses which the community has suffered because it has be-guiled itself into the belief that its was akin to the divine rights of kings instead of the vested rights of public servants. But some time they will discover from whence their authority originated. And meantime The Indianian will show by comparisons with cities that are enjoying real prosperity what Indianapolis might have if it could live over again the days of V. T. Malott the younger, Stoughton J. Fletcher and the rest of the old guard of thirty years ago.

A Loss to the State

James L. Clark, Republican member of the public service commission, has signified his intention to retire to private life and his law practice at his home in Danville. The term of Judge Clark as a member of the commission will expire May 1 and on that day he will retire. Governor Goodrich must appoint a successor who has not had the benefit of four years of experience upon the commission.

The Water Company and Indianapolis Manufacturers

When Mr. W. A. Pickens filed with the Public Service Commission on March 30, 1915, a petition asking that a valuation be made of the property of the Indianapolis Water Company, on the ground that the rates charged by the company were excessive, there lay back of that action an ulterior purpose that never was intended to come to the knowledge of the public. Mr. Pickens himself might have had but slight knowledge of that ulterior purpose. It is not difficult to believe that the maneuvers which made up that enterprise might have escaped his observation altogether.

But the truth was that certain gentlemen were possessed of a compelling ambition to acquire the Indianapolis Water Company. And the most flagrant blunder in their campaign was that it utterly lacked originality. It was the same old program which had so often been executed in Indianapolis—a prolonged campaign of abuse and misrepresentation on the part of the Indianapolis News. But such a campaign always fails when the public becomes incredulous and begins to look about for the facts. And that was just what finally happened in this case.

After months of most thorough and painstaking investigation the Public Service Commission reached their conclusions which were set out in a report of more than one hundred pages, which was signed by the chairman of the commission, Judge Thomas Duncan, and by Commissioners Chas. A. Edwards and Jas. L. Clark. Commissioner Corr put forward a dissenting opinion.

The report showed the somewhat surprising fact that the rates charged by the Indianapolis Water Company were exceedingly favorable and too low to earn even an ordinary return on the capital stock of the company. In brief, that the rates charged by the Indianapolis Water Company are lower than the rates charged in any other city in America similarly situated.

In July of 1916 the water company had entered into a new contract with the city of Indianapolis. When this contract becomes operative the annual revenues of the company are estimated to be \$937,362.38.

Now the annual expense budget of the company is about as follows:

Operating expenses	\$224,465
Reserve for depreciation.....	76,000
Taxes	158,000
Interest on bonds.....	286,600
	<hr/>
	\$745,065

As will be seen, this leaves a balance of earnings of only \$192,297.38 for dividends on the capital stock of the company of \$5,000,000. Mr. Volney T. Malott and Mr. John P. Frenzel both testified before the commission that a return of 7 per cent. to the owners of the company was just and reasonable. But the present rates of the Indianapolis Water Company will not make a dividend of 4 per cent. possible.

Moreover, the plant of the Indianapolis Water Company is one of the finest, most efficient and best equipped in the world, a fact that is known to municipal engineers everywhere. The property and plant of the company has actually cost in the years of its development more than \$11,000,000. The Public Service Commission in its report stated that the property could not be replaced for less than \$12,500,000. And they valued the property for purposes of rate determination at \$9,670,191.

But Commissioner Corr in his dissenting report held that the property of the water company should be valued "at \$5,000,000 or less," and that its rates should be further reduced by one-third, or to \$624,908.42, which would not meet the fixed expenses of the company. Mr. Corr's report, had it been adopted, would have forced the Indianapolis Water Company into constructive insolvency. And the most charitable thing that can be said about this dissenting report is that Mr. Corr has demonstrated that he has no right to any opinion at all in the matter.

Now, the crux of this whole issue is the charge that the rates of the Indianapolis Water Company are excessive. And the brief answer to this charge is that the rates charged by the Indianapolis Water Company are lower than the rates charged in any other American city similarly situated, as the following comparison will show:

The American Water Works Association has adopted as a basis of comparison of rates two units of charges—a six-room house with bath, toilet, etc., on a thirty-foot lot, with sprinkling privileges; and the minimum rate per one thousand gallons charged to large consumers.

The following table will illustrate the comparative rates:

	Six-room house.	Minimum rate.
Indianapolis	\$14.75	.04
Average rate in 307 cities supplied by private companies or municipal plants	18.08	.09
Average in cities supplied by municipal plants...	17.49	.09
Representative cities situated similarly to Indianapolis and supplied by private companies or plants municipally owned:		
Los Angeles	15.34	.09 1/3
Denver	19.40	.10
Des Moines	17.50	.10
Kansas City, Kan.....	18.60	.07
Kansas City, Mo.....	17.00	.07
Louisville	18.00	.06
Boston	18.00	.10 2/3
Newark	20.00	.13 1/3
Omaha	24.15	.08
Cincinnati	14.71	.10 2/3
Toledo	17.50	.05
Pittsburgh	28.50	.12
Providence	26.00	.10
Memphis	19.50	.10
Nashville	27.00	.08
Spokane	19.20	.10

The foregoing list omits five or six cities having municipal plants and where the rates are so complicated with general taxes, indirect charges and the expense of other departments, as to make it impossible to determine the actual cost of water to the consumer; also cities employing the meter system exclusively, where the cost of water depends entirely on the consumer.

In a very few instances certain cities supplied by municipally owned plants have water rates which apparently are lower than the rates of cities supplied by plants owned by private companies. But the difference is *apparent* rather than real. And this for the reason that the municipal ownership of utilities makes possible every conceivable sort of rate juggling, for political or any other purposes.

Two of the most usual of such devices are to conceal a part of the cost of the water system in the general tax rate. Another is to distribute some part of the expense of the water department to other departments, such as the street department, engineering department, or fire department. A third device is indirect charges, such as taxing abutting property for the laying of mains. Another universal expedient is to

relieve the water department of taxes. Yet another device sometimes resorted to is for the city to pay the interest on the bonds of the water department out of its general fund. And a final method of modifying the apparent cost of water to the consumer is to make by taxation every piece of property in some degree a customer of the water department. (Only about 70 per cent. of the property ever pays revenues to a privately owned water company.)

It will be apparent that any or all of these expedients merely amounts to rate manipulation. The people are, of course, paying all the cost of the water supplied to them, whether in one charge or many. And the only real effect of rate juggling is to make it impossible for the ordinary consumer to know what water is really costing. Municipal ownership, whatever may be its advantages, amounts to an invitation to rate manipulation for every conceivable political purpose.

A further analysis of the rates of the Indianapolis Water Company discloses the very important fact that the rates for water to manufactures are lower—very much lower—in Indianapolis than in any other American city except one, and for purposes of illustration the following comparison with the commercial water rates of Toledo will serve. The Toledo rates are as follows:

Charge Per 1,000 Gallons.		
First 260,000 gallons.....	9	cents
Next 1,560,000 gallons.....	8	cents
Next 1,560,000 gallons.....	7	cents
Next 1,820,000 gallons.....	6	cents
Over 5,200,000 gallons.....	5	cents
The Indianapolis rates are:		
Over 250,000 gallons.....	6 $\frac{2}{3}$	cents
Next 750,000 gallons.....	6	cents
Over 1,000,000 gallons.....	4	cents

There are about 1,000 manufacturers in Indianapolis; of these about thirty-five are very large institutions, using more than 1,000,000 gallons per month. About 500 use an average of about 250,000 gallons per month and the remaining 500 are smaller manufacturing establishments, many of them in manufacturing buildings like the Century building, the Murphy building and the Laycock building, where water is supplied by the landlord, who in almost every case uses enough water to get the manufacturers' rate.

For purposes of this comparison the moderate user and a very large and well-known institution will serve.

The average manufacturer who uses 250,000 gallons of water per month will pay in Indianapolis under the new rates 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents per 1,000 gallons, or \$16.67 per month. In Toledo the same manufacturer would pay 9 cents per 1,000 gallons, or \$22.25 per month.

Nordyke & Marmon use about 90,000,000 gallons of water per year—7,500,000 per month. Under the new rates this firm will pay per month:

For the first 1,000,000 gallons.....	\$ 56.90
For the next 6,500,000 gallons.....	260.00
	<hr/> \$316.90

The rate in Toledo would be:

First 260,000 gallons, at 9 cents..	\$ 23.40
Next 1,560,000 gallons, at 8 cents..	124.80
Next 1,560,000 gallons, at 7 cents..	109.20
Next 1,820,000 gallons, at 6 cents..	109.20
Next 2,300,000 gallons, at 5 cents..	115.00
	<hr/>
7,500,000	\$481.60

The difference is \$164.70 per month, or \$1,976.40 per year.

Is it not worth remarking that if the entire city of Indianapolis had followed the example of the Indianapolis Water Company in public policy that the great Overland company might be here instead of in Toledo!

In selecting Toledo for purposes of comparison a city has been chosen that is particularly well situated. Toledo has an inexhaustible supply of water at its very door, and the necessary cost of pumping and distribution is much lower than Indianapolis. But as further illustration let the Indianapolis rate to Nordyke & Marmon be compared with a few cities taken at random from the list of cities given earlier in this article—the comparison being on the basis of 7,500,000 gallons per month:

Indianapolis	\$316.90
Denver (10 cents per 1,000 gallons) ..	750.00
Kansas City (7 cents per 1,000 gallons) ..	525.00
Louisville (6 cents per 1,000 gallons) ..	450.00
Omaha (8 cents per 1,000 gallons) ..	600.00
Pittsburgh (12 cents per 1,000 gallons) ..	900.00

And these comparative figures are on the basis of the minimum rate for the entire quantity, which, as is shown in the Toledo example, is not true.

From the facts shown in this and the two preceding articles, it is evident that this attack on the Indianapolis Water Company has been based on the very dangerous assumption that the public would never learn the facts in the case. And be it said that the News has very well done what it could to maintain this assumption.

Well, the less one says about the Indianapolis News in such a connection as this, the less violence will be done to the English language. But there is something that can be very properly said, and that is this: Everything possible has been done in the furtherance of this attack on the Indianapolis Water Company to discourage and disgust Mr. C. H. Geist with his invest-

ment of nearly five million dollars in this city.

Now, Greater Indianapolis needs all the enterprise, all the ability and all the capital that it can possibly attract from elsewhere. And the spirit that is needed here is one that will make the man of ability and capital glad he came to Indianapolis rather than the spirit that will make him feel as one wealthy man, who was withdrawing his investment from here, once expressed himself to an Indianapolis banker: "I want you to know this: I shall deem it my duty hereafter to warn my moneyed friends to keep their money out of Indianapolis so long as the Indianapolis News is allowed to run the State of Indiana."

And the public needs very quickly to learn this: that any such a spirit as has contrived and directed the conspiracy that has inspired this attack on the Indianapolis Water Company is not the spirit of Greater Indianapolis at all. But it is the spirit of unprincipled and selfish piracy that, in the night of public ignorance, has sought to possess itself of that which greater genius than its own has created. But the night of public ignorance is passing. Greater Indianapolis is awakening. And hereafter that sort of brigandage will be not only less profitable, but more dangerous.

Elect the Best Men

Will the Republican and Democratic parties co-operate to elect as delegates to the constitutional convention fifteen of the best men of the State to represent the State-at-large? The proposal has come through the political committees of both parties as a suggestion and has not been acted upon as yet by either. Leaders of both parties favor the movement and there is no reason why the matter should not be quickly settled.

The opposition to the movement has come from the Indiana men interested in the recent reform movements. They are contending it is a bipartisan plot to saddle upon the people delegates who would not be acceptable to the people. The men supporting the movement and some of the biggest men in the State who are supporting it, contend the agreement will eliminate the opportunity of petty attorneys preying upon corporations and give to the people an opportunity to vote upon the best men of the State. If the two political parties could agree, men would be willing to serve who would not make a fight for the positions under other conditions.

There is one good omen in the movement under any condition and that is the evidence that Indiana is awakening to the fact a constitutional convention is to be held.

A Word or Two on Fashions

(By Margot.)

While each warring nation is hoping and praying for victory, baseball managers are busy training their athletes, and a few of the lucky ones are picking winners at Hot Springs, Dame Fashion knits her brows, despite the fact that this adds another wrinkle, and wonders if it will be a "fair and warmer" Easter Sunday the world over so that spring fashions may at last make their formal debut and turn an indifferent back upon all things "wintrish"—except of course, furs.

We are told there will be many new and striking effects in furs this summer. Already one sees a very light gray fox with the skin opened flat in a cape effect, lined with a cheerful radium, pussy willow or changeable taffeta silk. Kolinsky in all its glory is, however, the later arrival. Some scarfs of this fur are long enough to reach the hem of the costume and wide enough to hide the waistline at the back. An interesting combination for summer is kolinsky and ermine, that ever favored little snow white animal that takes no pride in his popularity. The contrast of the dark brown fur against the white of the ermine is indeed beautiful. Gray squirrel will also be very good and some mole will be worn, although not to the extent that it was used throughout the winter.

The prevailing styles are in cape effects although a well-known furrier introduces a rather narrow, straight scarf, buckled together in front with a very large silver or pearl buckle. Capes of heavy Georgette crepe, doubled in its making, and banded here and there with fur, will also be very good. Just now one does not see much of the seal, so popular this winter, but that does not necessarily mean that it will be excluded from the summer wardrobe. In fact, one furrier, whose delight is the combination of black and white, gives the information that he will use seal in all styles and shapes for summer just as soon as it can be worn with white, and to convince us that he was telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, he brought from the workroom a very chic cape just going through the last stage of completion.

One just had to admire the decided point it came to in the middle of the back—possibly for the very good purpose of attaching thereto a handsome tassel of black chenille. A collar that turned over showed a facing of ermine and looking closer one found that the entire lining was of the same beautiful fur.

"Such extravagance," someone remarked.

"Not at all," replied the furrier and as though by magic he produced a cape of ermine, faced and collared with seal. Different enough to make

any woman pay the price which was by no means small.

"But furs for summer are so impractical," complained the woman again.

"Impractical, but beautiful," was the reply and in that statement lay the reason for the popularity of fur the year 'round. Chinchilla will also be worn to quite an extent and if one counts color for anything, this should be cooler in appearance at least than the darker furs.

There is a certain delight in preparing the summer wardrobe that we do not experience with that of winter, for summer means—the week end trips to the sea shore. This year there are complete sets for that purpose that are well worth looking into. Hats, parasols, skirts and bags are often seen in the same materials and these materials stop at nothing less than three or four color combinations. Khaki Kool or Yo-san, because of its very substantial weave and its semi-silk appearance is found most desirable for the new separate skirts which have been among the missing for several years past, but this season they blaze forth in colors and figures that compel attention. It is not unusual to see a skirt flying colors of cerise, yellow and purple at intervals in designs of circles or squares or both. A skirt of this material which sang its praises through a medium of Charteuse, Chinese blue and leather brown dominoes, was the first suggestion for a very striking outfit seen at Palm Beach recently. A chemise blouse of the same shade of brown, reaching almost to the knees in length, quite loose at the belt, although belted twice by narrow strips of the Georgette crepe of which the blouse was made and heavily embroidered in soutache braid, was quite smart enough, but the wearer must have happened across a silk sweater of the same shade, and straightway it became a very interesting costume. Going this far it was absolutely necessary to have a hat of faile ribbon in the same colors as those found in the skirt and tan shoes with low heels, so that only favorable criticism could be made when she passed by.

These separate skirts also come in sports satin and jersey silk. The sports satin is certainly very pleasing when worn with a chemise or Russian blouse, and many of these blouses have a new feature, in that they slip on over the head, after the fashion of the V-necked seaters, which, by the way, are also very good this season. The luster and sheen of the satin itself, against the dull, soft Georgette crepe is a wonderful contrast. This material is as practical as it is beautiful for it does not crush and wears unusually well.

"Pockets, pockets everywhere and not a one to spare," might be said of the skirts, jackets and even blouses of the present season. Some of the especially long peplum blouses have two small pockets above the waistline

and two more of a much larger size near the bottom of the peplum's skirt, but newer than this is the blouse which carries its pockets at the belt. These pockets are made on the order of the envelope purse and the flap fastens over a sash or belt, according to which ever pleases the wearer, for the belts may either go around the waist, crossing over in the back so as to fold the ends over in a simple tie in front, or they may form a large bow in the back. The latter are very youthful and will undoubtedly meet with immediate favor. It is already hinted that summer will introduce the girdle sash that ties in a large, yes, even huge bow. Well, if it will be done, summer is the time to do it!

Capes, too, have had a revival, but whoever is responsible for their reappearance meant that this time we should appreciate them. They come in a rubberized material and are shower proof, can easily be tucked away in the pocket of the motor or carried in the traveling bag to prevent little drops of water from doing damage to a brand new gown. Some are seen in white and light colored taffetas that are shower proof. The tourist via motor will find these as indispensable as her cold cream bag.

The sweaters are far too numerous and beautiful not to receive a goodly share of attention this season. They come in stripes, checks and plain colors, and while checks and stripes in other things may be more favored, one sees and really appreciates the plain colored sweater the more, and the prettiest of the plain colored ones come in flesh pink, all white and yellow. These delicate shades are delightful for summer days. Some have long sashes with very large tassels, some black patent leather belts, but the favorite belt seems to be of white kid, buckled a little snugly in the front. When such shades are available, there is no excuse for dressing in "too many colors."

Industrial Patriotism

Indiana is soon to become a unit of a vast whole involved in war, involved in a contest of destruction in which the fittest will survive. If Indiana and America is to survive the farmer and the producer of foodstuffs must fortify Indiana and America. The farmer will win the war.

This condition was explained at a meeting in the offices of Governor Goodrich last Thursday morning. Gathered there were farmers, producers, merchants, bankers and theorists. The conference was called by the Governor after similar action had been taken in other States. Out of this conference has grown the question of how to increase production.

It was admitted generally by those present that the farmers of Indiana are not incapable of materially increasing their production. They know their business. They have the ground. They have the climate. They must

have no barriers of financial difficulties; they must be assured of the co-operation of agencies of distribution and they must be assured their duty is a patriotic one. Their fervor and devotion to the cause must arouse them to the effort to sacrifice effort and time to feed this nation, to feed other warring nations, to save humanity and the world.

And so the call has gone out to the farmers. No demand can be made, but every opportunity is to be presented to them. The consumers are ready to acknowledge it is the farmer who is once again the basis of prosperity, the basis of wealth, the basis of material salvation. And at the same time, it was impressed at the meeting that every ounce of waste in the kitchen and home and every ounce of production in a back yard garden at this present moment is just one ounce added to the balance for the sake of humanity.

Guard Officers Retired

The removal of Col. Lesley R. Naftzger and Col. Aubrey L. Kuhlman comes at a time when both officers might have given further service to their country. Col. Naftzger commanded the First Regiment of Infantry; Col. Kuhlman commanded the Third Regiment. Col. Naftzger is a Democrat and Col. Kuhlman a Republican. Lt.-Col. Freyermuth of South Bend will succeed Col. Kuhlman and Lt.-Col. Branch of Martinsville will succeed Naftzger. Col. Naftzger would not resign and was not granted the right of trial.

The reason given for the discharges is inefficiency. Col. Naftzger is charged with being too severe upon his subordinates, and with being unable to preserve the harmony of his ranks. Col. Kuhlman is charged with inefficiency because of the insubordination in the ranks of his command. Both charges are filed as a result of the military experience along the Texas border.

It is to be regretted these officers must go at the present time. Col. Kuhlman has seen more service than any man in the Indiana guard and Col. Naftzger has sacrificed much of his time to the welfare of the National Guard.

Coal Cost Increased

The public service commission of Indiana has granted to the railroad companies of the State the right to add 5 cents to the charge made for hauling every ton of coal in intrastate traffic. The order means simply that an additional 5 cents will be added to every freight bill for every ton of coal piled upon the coal car. The railroad companies have contended they were entitled to this increase and the commission grants their contention. The increase had been granted for interstate traffic by the Interstate Commerce Commission.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Now that wedding bells are ringing for the spring bride and the list of June brides has begun to dot the calendar, bridal showers are the order of the day. Possibly there is no form of social entertainment that admits of so much cleverness and originality of arrangement, and since Dan Cupid never lays down his bow and arrow and takes a vacation, it keeps the up-to-date hostess sharpening her wits to introduce something novel each time a bride is "showered."

Some very cleverly arranged showers have been given in Indianapolis this season. A pretty linen shower was given for a recent bride, the hostess utilizing an oleander tree on which to hang the gifts. A tiny cupid perched upon the topmost bough, and the branches sparkled in the light of numberless tiny white tapers. The gifts, wrapped in tissue paper and tied with white satin ribbons formed a fascinating burden, swinging from the branches.

Kitchen showers are too practical to be overlooked, and the up-to-date kitchen articles rival in charm the more frivolous gifts. A favorite method of presenting gifts at a kitchen shower is to have them wrapped and tied, and securely packed in a huge hamper. A pretty little spring bride found attached to the hamper a card bearing the lines: "Though beauty and order may reign in each nook, the peace of a household depends on the cook." Miss Annabelle Voorhees, whose marriage to Austin H. Brown was celebrated Tuesday evening, was honor guest at a cleverly arranged kitchen shower given by Miss Clarissa Wells who was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding.

A tea table shower is a little out of the ordinary and came as a surprise to an Indianapolis bride of last month. All the articles given were used during the afternoon, and a toast to the bride was drunk in tea. The gifts included a little copper five-o'clock teakettle, a lovely teapot of quaint design, a lemon dish and fork, a wicker-framed cake plate, and dainty little cups and saucers. A sandwich basket, sugar tongs and inlaid tray were included in the list. Just before the party disbanded the various articles were all neatly packed to be stowed away in the automobile of the bride-elect when she took her departure.

Nothing could be more welcome than a guest room shower, for the numberless little accessories needed in a guest room are generally long in making their way into the new household. One of our May day brides

had a guest room shower given for her last week, which was a decided innovation. The gifts were concealed in a huge wedding cake placed on the dining room table. The foundation for this imitation wedding cake was of cardboard, covered with layers of white tissue paper and decorated with designs in tightly twisted ropes of white paper simulating icing. A many-looped bow of white maline decorated the center encircled by orange blossoms. Streamers of maline finished at the ends with sprays of orange blossoms were attached to the gifts within. Each streamer of maline bore a card with the name of the giver, and the bride drew the gifts out through the thin tissue used for the side of the cake, without disturbing the decorated top. All the small accessories for a guest room found their way through the tissue wall of that wedding cake.

A kitchen shower that caused a lot of merriment was given recently, all the articles masquerading in clever disguise. A long-handled strainer was made to represent a sunflower, with its perforated face covered with a circle of brown crepe paper bordered with bright yellow petals. A tin measuring cup masqueraded as a red paper tulip and a dish mop was given a yellow paper center and a broad flat leaf to represent a water lily. These flowers were attached to long stems made of kitchen spoons, knives and forks, closely wound with green crepe paper and formally presented to the bride with remarks in reference to the lasting quality of the "bouquet." A five pound candy box, elaborately tied with white satin ribbons, furnished a surprise when it was found to contain an assortment of kitchen soap and cleaning powders.

The bridal showers pave the way to the marriage altar with many happy hours, to say nothing of the material addition to the furnishings of the new household.

For the first time since the custom was first inaugurated, the egg-rolling on the White House lawn in Washington, D. C., will be abandoned this year, owing to the international situation. The custom of having numberless little children indulge in the egg-rolling on Easter Monday is almost as old as the White House itself, and nothing less serious than the present situation in national affairs could abolish it. Many Indianapolis families follow the custom, and lovely lawns over the city are dotted with tiny tots engaged in an egg-hunt or egg-rolling Easter day. In Washing-

ton this year the grounds around the Washington Monument will be used for the annual playfest.

* * *

A young Indianapolis girl who has proved herself talented in dramatic work is Miss Ruth Mering, who recently played the role of Sir Harry Trimblestone in "Mice and Men," which was presented at the Western College at Oxford, Ohio, by the class of 1918. Miss Mering is spending the spring vacation at home.

* * *

Indianapolis society is well represented in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Clarence A. Kenyon, formerly of this city, has founded a French Club in Washington, similar to that which she founded in this city. One of the recent members to join was Mrs. John Lester Barr, formerly Miss Margaret Frances Tuttle of this city.

* * *

Mrs. Felix T. McWhirter has returned from New York where she spoke at a rally held under the auspices of the Woman's Suffrage Party at Aeolian Hall. Mrs. McWhirter was greeted by a number of Hoosiers who are spending the winter in New York. The subject of her talk was "Recent Suffrage Victories," and she gave an account of the recent fight for suffrage in Indiana.

* * *

A novel plan for raising money was instituted by a number of Indianapolis students of Sweet Briar College in Virginia. The advent of spring house-cleaning suggested the distribution of huge burlap bags to be filled with articles discarded at cleaning time. Later in the spring the bags are to be collected and their contents sold at a rummage sale, the proceeds to go to the school. Among Indianapolis women who are filling the bags for the Sweet Briar Alumnae and Old Students' Association are Mrs. J. T. Eaglesfield, Mrs. Newton Todd, Mrs. Edward H. Dean, Mrs. Charles Martindale, Mrs. W. J. McKee, Mrs. S. D. Miller, Mrs. Kurt Vonnegut, Mrs. Ralph A. Lemcke, Mrs. George G. Snowden, Mrs. H. W. Bennett, Mrs. Otto Haueisen, Mrs. Henry Hanckel, Mrs. Russell Fortune, and Mrs. W. J. Brown.

* * *

Miss Jeannette Parry, daughter of Mrs. D. M. Parry, has just graduated from the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City, receiving high honors. She received flattering notices from the critics in regard to her work in "A Flower of Yeddo," in which she played the part of a little Japanese maiden. In previous roles Miss Parry also won praise for her work.

The Awakening Fund

William E. Fortune, president of the Chamber of Commerce, started something when he proposed an "awakening fund" for Indianapolis. When the campaign to raise \$50,000 for constructive work was opened it was hardly a campaign at all—just a sort of spontaneous response to an appeal for support for a movement for a Greater Indianapolis. In his first announcement of the plan President Fortune called the proposed "awakening fund" an investment. Prominent men of the city so regarded it, the stock in the investment was quickly oversubscribed and the chamber started on another \$50,000, raising the fund to \$100,000 in less than a week.

All that was necessary to show the field for investment was to compare the funds used for constructive work in other cities with the funds available for the work that has been done here.

The Doctor

The doctors of the city were among the first of the organizations to show their loyalty to their country by offering their services to the war department. The doctors who do not enlist in the military service have agreed to do their part in keeping intact the practice of the doctors who are called to the colors. As the family turns to the doctor when troubles come in times of peace, so the nation turns to the doctor when war is visited upon the country, and faithfulness and skill become the backbone of the army.

Votes and Polls

Women are beginning to figure more and more prominently in politics.

Ever since the equal suffrage law was passed the men have been reminded frequently that women have the vote.

With votes for women an established institution, it became a question of polls for women, and the next problem was to find a place to put the suffrage votes. It was first discovered that there were not enough precincts to furnish voting places for the women if they voted like the men. The solution is to have one voting place in each precinct for both men and women, but the women are to vote by Australian ballot—the old-fashioned way—while the men monopolize the voting machines. Thus the suffragists will be deprived of the exciting experience of coming in contact with the one actual machine in politics.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



Why Don't You Enlist?

I and a friend of mine we got to wandering around town the other day, and every place we looked we saw an American flag, and every time we listened we could hear a band dishing out martial music until it was enough to make the palest cream-colored pacifist go up and build a shanty on Bill Hohenzollern's right lamp.

"Well," said my friend, "I never seen anything like it, ever. There must be fifty of these places where you can go and sign up at, and they're as fine a looking lot of boys as I ever saw."

We prowled around, and looked in at all the places, and I saw more of the stuff that soldiers have to haul around with them when they go to war than I ever saw before. I was surprised to see that a machine gun is a little contraption, with a stock on it something like the old 10-bore shot gun I used to go rabbit hunting with. I'd been reading about machine guns, and I had the idea that they slung cannon balls weighing a couple of tons, but it seems not. I also learned that a pup tent is not the place where the regimental dog sleeps, but is a tent about the height of the way it is when you put up your knees in bed and the covers fall over them, and you evidently have your choice of keeping either your head or your feet dry in case it rains, because the pup tent can't cover you all up at once, or if it does, I don't see how it manages it.

Well, over at Battery E there was something coming off all the time, and among other things was a fife and drum corps and a calliope, and to keep things sizzling they had a phonograph on the inside, too, and a flock of buglers, and between them these musicians managed to block traffic most of the time.

There is no excuse for a fellow not being able to get into it some way or other, as near as I can make out. I said to my friend:

"Why don't you enlist in one of the batteries?" and he would, only the gun carriages didn't have no shock absorbers on them, and anyway he always got deaf in a thunderstorm, and how much worse would be the roar of the cannon.

"Well, why not the infantry?" I wanted to know, and he said he would, only he had an awful time with his feet, and couldn't walk no more than six blocks at a time, owing to having stubbed his toe in youth, or something.

Then I asked him why he didn't join the cavalry, and he said he was

too heavy to ride a horse, or he guessed he would, and then he tried to get in an argument with me about what different kinds of guards wore the different colored cords on their hats, he insisting that the blue cords meant the signal corps, and the speckled ones the infantry, or whatever it was, but I got right back to the same old subject, and asked him why didn't he go into the signal corps then, and he said he would, only his eyesight wasn't so good as it might be, and he was afraid if he went into the signal corps he might misread some one of them red and white signs a couple of miles away and do irreparable damage.

"I don't believe you want to go a whole lot," I said to him.

He said yes, he did too want to go and thought it was up to everybody to go. Then he said to me:

"Well, why don't you go yourself?"

That was a good deal of a surprise to me, as I had shared with several others the idea that it was a fine idea for others to go, but I got thinking about it, and I goes into the first station I came to.

Well, they found out I was cross-eyed, flat footed, left-handed and a lunger, although they said that otherwise I was all right.

So that is why I am not goin' to war, but I would if I could.

Food Conservation

Well, with all this talk about war I thought it would be a kind of a relief to make me a garden, so I went around and purchased a lot of seeds of this and that, and a shovel and a rake, and such, and got all ready to go gardening, and I did not think until after I got home that I lived in a boarding house that has no yard whatever.

I was pretty sore about it, and all, and was talking it over to a friend of mine, and was telling him how fine it was to raise our own garden junk, and find fishing worms as you went along, and he said there was nothing in that stuff after all.

"You tell me it wouldn't be a glorious thing to raise your own young onions?" I wanted to know.

He said I little knew. He said onions came in sets, like teaspoons—a dozen to the set—and that it was absolutely imperative to keep the set intact.

"If one gets pulled up," he said, "or stepped on by the dog next door, it is naturally all off with it, and, as a result, all off with the set. The set is spoiled, and all your labor goes to naught, as it were."

"Well, what about potatoes?" I wanted to know. "Think of raising your own potatoes—all varieties—mashed potatoes, cream potatoes, French fried potatoes—I'll be durned if I eat 'em German fried right now—potatoes au gratin, that you get by sowing in a little cheese along with the potato seed—think of how grand that would be."

"I suppose you would have it growing right there by the gravy bush, too," he said, "and save time. No, you don't get potatoes that way. I think you have to plant potatoes to raise others, or else you have to blind them and plant the eyes—and who is going to plant a potato, or mutilate it, in these days when they cost about five times as much as grape fruit?"

Well, I hadn't thought of that either, but I was still very much disappointed, especially about the pie plant.

"I'm getting so everlastingly sick of these bakery lunch room pies," I told him, "and I had so counted on having a lot of pie plants, and pick me a fresh pie whenever I wanted one. I was going to have me a lot of blueberry ones, and several custards, and naturally plenty of apples—I asked the man what about a mince pie plant, but he said no, they had to be raised in the winter, as the warm air of spring put them on the blink. He said all his mince pie plants were now in the form of bulbs, down in the cellar."

"About the only thing I ever had any luck with was carrots, anyway," he said. "Almost any amateur can raise carrots."

"I hate 'em," I said, and it consoled me a trifle to remember that "I wouldn't eat 'em if it was a choice between them and birds' nest soup."

"How about parsnips?" he wanted to know. "You know if you were really dead set on having a garden, you might raise you some parsnips in a window box."

"If there's one thing worse than a carrot, it's a parsnip," I said.

"Well, you're up against it then," he said.

So I guess after this I will do my gardening in a basket at the market, and meantime does anybody want a shovel and a rake etc.?

The Explainers' Club

Well, my idea of no organization to hold membership in is this Explainers' Club that has been unofficially organized in the last week or so. The members of it are alleged American with German silver plating, who get careless with their vocal chords or

otherwise, and thereby sign themselves up to a future lifetime of,

"But I didn't mean anything by it, I only—!"

About the unhealthiest thing anybody can do these days is to make derogatory remarks about the President, or the government, or the flag—yet there are several people I could name if I wanted to, and which probably you know all about, anyway, who do not seem to realize this. Or if they do, they recall something they read once about free speech, and think that that entitles them to make remarks that invariably end in grief for them.

The Explainers' Club includes several business and professional citizens, and a few outlying members of society who come under neither classification.

A lawyer here in town chose a mighty poor moment to tear an American flag out of his office window, and drop it into the street—even if it was only a paper flag—for it so did perchance that a United States soldier was standing in the street below, looking up at the sky, and wondering if it was going to rain, mebbe—anyway, he saw the flag come down, and he went up, and there were doings of various kinds, in which other citizens, including a National Guardsman, mixed in, and at last reports the flag was back on the lawyer's office window, and the indications were that it is going to stay there.

Some person afflicted with a rush of unpatriotic oratory to the head was gathered in over on the Circle a few afternoons ago, and he was getting more unpopular all the time when an officer happened along, and gathered him in. According to witnesses he was glad to go.

Then there are a lot of rumors going around about a well-known doctor who refused to wear a flag on his coat, and threw it on the one place where the flag doesn't belong—on the floor. The doc has joined the club, too, with the usual success of explainer.

A person would think that in the course of time, and remembering the sad, sad case of that misguided county commissioner down at Ft. Wayne, luke-warm citizens of the United States—we can't call them Americans—would learn to keep their antagonistic sentiments to themselves, if they must have them at all, and that monkeying with a buzz saw is a form of healthful calisthenics compared to doing anything derogatory to the flag.

After all, though—maybe it's just as well. It gives everybody a chance to get their number, and to take stock in them accordingly.

The INDIANIAN

ALLAN HAYNES Editor and Publisher

A Journal devoted to the conservation of the industrial resources and activities of Indiana; and to the extension and organization of those sentiments, ideals and convictions in which all progressive citizens are agreed.

Vol. I.

INDIANAPOLIS, APRIL 14, 1917

No. 14

Join The Indianian Movement

THE PEOPLE of Indianapolis can have anything they wish, if the good citizens will *get together, think together and act together*. Organization is all that is necessary. And that is what *The Indianian Movement* is—the organization of the good citizens of this community for the making of Greater Indianapolis.

Good citizens are those who believe that the right public policies are policies that most benefit all of the people. Now prosperity is one public policy that certainly would benefit all the people.

Indianapolis is not prosperous now. Every one knows that. Money is not plentiful, and the average man has a hard time to get along. But times elsewhere are good. Most American cities are very prosperous. Never in the history of this nation was money as plentiful as it is now in New York, Detroit or Kansas City, and even little Tulsa out in Oklahoma has more free money in circulation and more millionaires than there are in Indianapolis.

Now Indianapolis can have prosperity immediately, money will be plentiful, business will take on new life, and the citizens of this community will feel like a different people, if the good citizens will just learn *why* the city is not now prosperous, and will then demand Prosperity.

There are many things which Greater Indianapolis needs. For another thing it needs a Right Spirit in place of a Spirit of Narrow Selfishness. It needs a spirit that will make big men from elsewhere glad to come here with their money and enterprise. Greater Indianapolis needs to write *Welcome* over every city gate, and then mean it and live up to it.

But first of all this community needs Prosperity. Greater Indianapolis will not have a Right Spirit until its active citizens are also generous of heart and right of mind. But it is mighty hard to be either generous or right-minded and “hard up” at the same time. So let this city have Prosperity first.

And Greater Indianapolis can have Prosperity if its good citizens will just understand conditions and then think and act together. But it takes action to get results.

Now *The Indianian Movement* is the organization of the good citizens of Indianapolis into the controlling power of the community. Some power is going to control this city, and either it will be the selfish little group who so long have run this whole community for the profit of fewer than a hundred men, or else it will be the good citizens who will manage the affairs of this community for the benefit and profit of all the people.

It costs only a dollar to join *The Indianian Movement*. For that dollar the good citizens receive much. He gets *The Indianian* for a year, and in the columns of this magazine he will learn the truth about conditions in this community. And he will also learn how to make those conditions what they should be.

Later on there will be public meetings and an organized movement for the making of Greater Indianapolis. But the immediate steps are information as to conditions and the awakening of Prosperity.

Of course the reader wants prosperity, wants to know the truth about conditions in this city and wants to have a part in the building of Greater Indianapolis. Therefore send a dollar to *The Indianian* office, get the magazine for a year and add your sympathy and approval to *The Indianian Movement*.

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The Indianapolis Banking Policy vs. Prosperity

By ALLAN HAYNES

A COMPARISON

	Indianapolis Banks		Detroit Banks	
	Totals.	Average Per capita.	Totals.	Average Per capita.
Capital and surplus	\$17,129,000.00	\$ 59.00	\$ 33,728,341.00	\$ 48.00
Bank deposits	28,885,385.18	100.00	37,428,001.55	53.00
Commercial deposits	43,395,284.82	150.00	131,748,610.85	188.00
Savings and time deposits	22,031,036.18	76.00	143,685,611.10	205.00
Total deposits	94,311,706.18	325.00	312,862,323.50	447.00
Loans	56,451,725.13	195.00	257,367,594.99	368.00
Cash resources	36,684,617.60	126.00	87,197,691.21	125.00

It is a matter of common knowledge among the business men of this community that the policy of the Indianapolis banks is neither public-spirited, nor according to the principles of that sort of good banking which recognizes its responsibility either to the public or to the individual. And it is far more generally felt than the Indianapolis bankers realize, that the banking policy of this city is chiefly responsible for the unfavorable, restrictive, discouraging and detrimental conditions that prevail in this community. And all of this is true because the policy of the Indianapolis banks is, with only about three exceptions, that of money lending instead of banking.

To effectively illustrate the result of this narrow, selfish, money-lending policy on the welfare and prosperity of this community, this article will undertake to compare financial conditions in Indianapolis with those in Detroit.

Indianapolis, with a population of 290,000, has twenty-five banks, large and small—six national banks, nine trust companies and about ten state banks. Of the state banks only three are large enough to be regarded as important factors in the financial situation.

On March 5 (the date of the last call of the Comptroller of the Treasury), the deposits of the Indianapolis banks were as follows:

Bank deposits	\$28,885,385.18
Commercial deposits	43,395,284.82
Savings deposits	19,493,817.01
Time deposits	2,537,219.17
Total deposits	94,311,706.18

On the same day the aggregate deposits of the Detroit banks were as follows:

State Banks. National Banks.	
Bank deposits	\$ 14,635,480.93 \$ 22,792,620.62
Commercial deposits	71,611,740.21 58,082,290.86
Savings deposits	143,685,611.10
U. S. deposits	2,054,579.78

Total deposits of Detroit banks	\$229,932,832.24 \$ 82,929,491.26
	\$312,862,323.50

The figures of the Detroit banks do not include the banks of Highland Park, where

most of the employees of the Ford factories live. The two banks at Highland Park have aggregate deposits of \$20,175,088.34.

Financial conditions in Detroit are splendidly organized and have been for years. This splendid organization begins with the kind of banking laws that results in all the Detroit banks, except three, being state banks. Then the banks of Detroit are conducted as banks should be—that is as banks and not as money-lending shops. And the results of good banking in Detroit during the past two decades is clearly enough shown in the comparative statistics at the head of this article.

The working capital of a prosperous community—that is, the capital in active use—must average not less than \$400.00 per capita. When the average falls below that the result is restricted conditions and particularly a low average per capita in savings accounts.

Banking is the operation of the money and credit of a community, for the benefit and development of the community. This is the first principle of good banking. And the barometer of successful banking in any active community is savings accounts.

Now the working capital of a community can only be raised to the average which makes prosperity possible by the extension of credit according to banking principles, instead of according to the rules of money lending. And in illustration of this two of the principles of bank credit are these:

Every honest customer of a bank is entitled to some credit, and

A business man is entitled to all the credit, within his responsibility, which he can profitably employ in the conduct of his business.

And in consideration of this credit, the borrowing customer is only obligated to maintain in his business liquid assets well exceeding his credit of every kind—and to carry proportionate bank balances. For example, a merchant who owes his bank

\$50,000 and other creditors \$25,000 should maintain in salable merchandise, good accounts and cash a total exceeding \$100,000, and should carry an average bank balance of \$10,000.

The bank conducted according to the rules of money lending, first of all repudiates utterly the principle that any honest customer of the bank is entitled to some credit. And such a bank makes only such loans to its so-called responsible customers, as the money lender believes can be collected by process of law. And as for taking into account the prosperity and progress of the customer in making loans—well, that has no part whatever in the program of the money lender. He is making loans for the interest he gets and for no other consideration, which would be perfectly legitimate if he were dealing with his own money.

In the Indianapolis banks the owners of the banks have an investment of \$17,000,000, but the people have an investment of \$94,000,000. And the people are vitally interested in the way these banks are conducted. What the people want is prosperity. But the prosperity of the community in normal times depends entirely on the policy of its banks. And let it be quietly suggested that if the people of Indianapolis understood just how much narrow-minded selfishness enters into the banking policy of this community, some of the persuasive appeals for savings accounts that one reads in the street cars would be much less convincing.

A liberal policy of bank loans in a community means that business men can keep their businesses going to capacity; that their employees can be kept steadily at work, and because they have steady work that these employees can be adding weekly to their savings accounts. This is why the savings accounts of a community is a barometer of its prosperity and in turn of the intelligence and public spirit of its banking policy.

A restricted money-lending policy of bank loans means that the small bank customer

has no accommodations at all, and that the credit extended to business men is inadequate. The result of this is that the business man is always hard up; he is always watching for an opportunity to reduce expenses, some part of his employes are irregularly employed, and irregular work means the absorption of savings accounts.

If Indianapolis should reorganize its bank policy today, five years would be required to bring conditions up to the prosperity level enjoyed today in Detroit. And in illustration of this fact let the most significant figures from the comparative table be reconsidered:

	Average per capita	
	Indianapolis.	Detroit.
Loans	\$195.00	\$368.00
Savings deposits	76.00	205.00
Total bank deposits..	325.00	447.00

Now let it be supposed that the policy of the Indianapolis banks as to loans were gradually reorganized so as ultimately to bring conditions up to something approaching the Detroit average of \$368 per capita, say to only \$300 per capita—it would mean the gradual extension of additional credit to Indianapolis citizens of \$105 per capita or a total of \$30,450,000. And what a complete transformation that would make! Of course, such a process would require time.

The average bank loan under favorable conditions, remains outstanding about six months and in that time earns 3 per cent. for the bank and an average of 10 per cent. for the borrower. Therefore the credit of a community should, if properly conducted, earn for the borrowers about 20 per cent. (gross profit) per annum. This is no more than normal commercial growth.

If the Indianapolis banks were so far to reform as to increase their loans to this community within the next six months by 20 per cent. the first step would have been taken to bring Indianapolis, in the next year or so, up to the level of real prosperity. And if this increase were repeated in some measure about once a year, Indianapolis would soon have real prosperity.

The people of this community have the right to ask and expect this. It is the people's money that the banks are using and the obligation of the banks is to employ the money and credit of this community for the benefit of the whole community. And the question really is whether it will be the bankers or the people who will wake up first.

Why is it that a bank officer can not exercise as much common sense and public spirit in the extension of credit as a grocer? Yet the grocer is extending credit every day and with perfect safety to men to whom the Indianapolis banker would never dream of loaning a dollar. And yet this same banker thinks he knows a lot. But it was Josh Billings who said that "It is better not to know so much than so many things that ain't so."

It is not a pleasing duty to speak harshly of any one. But the banker is a public servant. And when he falls short of his responsibility individuals are humiliated and the entire community suffers. Conditions are not right in Indianapolis and every one knows it. But not every one is in a position to know just what the matter is. The lack of prosperity, the scarcity of money, the disheartening atmosphere, the constant struggle to get along which is imposed upon every one, are all because there is not enough money in circulation. The money and credit of this community have not been operated for the benefit of all the people. One bank in Detroit—the Peoples State Bank, has more money loaned to the people of that city than all the banks and trust companies in Indianapolis put together have loaned to the people of this community.

And one of two things is going to happen: Either the banks of Indianapolis will wake up to some realizing sense of their public obligation, or else there will be a new bank organized here by the people of Indianapolis—a bank large enough and ably enough conducted to bring to this community the prosperity that it deserves.

As was stated earlier in this article, the working capital of this community should be raised as rapidly as possible to an average of \$400 per capita. Nothing less than that will bring prosperity to Indianapolis. And that result can only be accomplished through the right use of commercial credit in this community. If the Indianapolis banks will wake up to their opportunity and give the people of Indianapolis a chance—the gradual development of credit, at the rate of about 20 per cent. a year, would, in two or three years, bring about conditions which, compared to the present, would be about as follows:

	Per capita.	
Loans to the people...	\$300.00	\$90,000,000
Savings deposits	150.00	45,000,000
Total deposits	400.00	120,000,000

That is the way the figures would stand today if a right banking policy had been in operation for the past five years. And under such conditions the whole community would be prosperous, and not an exclusive few who think that they can only prosper by keeping every one else hard up.

It is only just to say in conclusion that one large bank, and at least two of the smaller institutions would be glad to change their policy, and to treat the people with the liberality and consideration which fair dealing and prosperity require, if the financial sentiment of the community made this course easy. And now let these banks take the initiative and tell the people that they are ready to serve them well. To do so only requires the courage of their convictions—which happens to be another fundamental principle of good banking.

Some of the other institutions have shown no lack of courage in asking the people for their money—in any amounts from a dime up. Now this is a day when intelligence is becoming epidemic. And general intelligence is the unrelenting foe of narrow-minded selfishness. And as the first move toward lifting the cloud of gloom which has for so long overshadowed Indianapolis, and toward bringing back the sunshine of prosperity, let this one great bank and those two or three smaller banks **do something**.

Military Training

The advocates of universal military training found a strong argument in the recent work of the Indiana National Guard at Newcastle and at New Albany. And now that the call has come again for the services of these guardsmen, these same military men are using the call as another argument for their preparedness theory. But regardless of argument, it is necessary to give the guardsmen the credit which is justly due to them.

"We've got to have universal military training in one form or another or recognize the fact we are rearing a nation of independents who will desire only to become dependents," is the contention of an old army officer. "Compare the boys who went to the border with the other young men of your experience. The youth who had fortune at his beck and call now knows life has a meaning and he has come back to fulfill his duty to his State, his nation and the world. The youth who had no ambition because ambition had been thwarted by the failure of opportunity to knock, has had grit pounded into his being until the nerve is there for the fight of life.

"There is another reason for military training. Those boys have given their service to you and to me. They have done their duty, a duty a great many shirked. It was not a duty of pleasure, as anyone along the border knows. Are they to be penalized for doing this? Are we going to bite the hand that has protected us? That is what we are doing.

"These boys were forced away from their vocations for ten months, more or less. Now the call has come again and back into action they go. It will be another ten months, a year, two years perhaps, and no one knows how much longer. They are being removed from the opportunities of business for that length of time. The young man who remains at home and forgets his country's need and necessity is being given the business opportunity our soldier boy has sacrificed.

"The American spirit of fair play dictates that this condition should not exist. It should be arranged so everyone will have the chance to fight on an equal plane."

The Indianapolis Water Company and Public Policy

"The best-laid plans of mice and men, gang aft aglee."

And so the Nemesis of justice has pursued the undertaking, commenced two years ago, to get the property of the Indianapolis Water Company, valued down to an insolvency basis for the purpose of securing this great utility for a little band of bold adventurers whose daring and ambition has so greatly exceeded their skill and originality. The adventure was, indeed, a daring one. It presumed on the steady and effective cooperation of one of the most powerful newspapers in America. It assumed that the most important public commission in Indiana could be coerced into making a report that could only be explained on the ground of prostitution or incompetence. And finally it assumed that the public would never awaken to its responsibilities and take a hand in this extraordinary transaction. But of these three assumptions the adventurers were wrong in all but one: Their newspaper accomplice has not failed them.

But the people and the public service commission have proven, indeed, hopelessly recalcitrant. And a bad cause is, for the present, lost. More than ten thousand families in Indianapolis already know what these extraordinary proceedings have meant. And in finding out the meaning of this conspiracy these people of Indianapolis have also learned another thing very well worth knowing: that the water service in Indianapolis is far better and much cheaper than in any other American city similarly situated.

An honest and courageous public service commission has withstood coercion, criticism and newspaper abuse and rendered a report based on evident and undisputed facts. And two members of this commission will pay their political futures as the price of independent and honest judgment.

But the newspaper ally stood by its guns and lost the fight with colors still flying—rather murky colors, 'tis true, but such as they were they remained at the mast-head. Apparently the News has retired from the battle for a short season of meditation and prayer. And during this brief interval the silence of this great organ is impressive. But let no one be deceived—the day is near when Richard will be himself again.

Let no one suppose that this guerilla adventure is ended. The prize is too alluring to be abandoned because one humiliating disclosure and defeat has happened. A new campaign will be undertaken and next time with much more caution. These adventurers are going to know their allies more surely next time. And even now the shibboleth is being very carefully rehearsed. Judge Dun-

can, Mr. Clark and Mr. Edwards just would not learn the countersign before. And two of them will now retire to private life that the "efficiency of the department" may be better served.

Shortly after the first of May Chairman Judge Duncan and Commissioner Clark will retire from the public service commission; Judge Duncan because he is a Democrat and Commissioner Clark because he is "persona non grata." Judge Duncan would be "persona non grata," too, if he were not also a Democrat. In place of these tried and capable men two new commissioners will be appointed. These new commissioners will, of course, be selected by the Governor. And the high regard which the Governor has for the Indianapolis News has had more evidence than a little.

But Governor Goodrich has already discovered that any partnership with the News is a dangerous one. He is regarded as a shrewd and far-seeing man and it seems only reasonable to believe that in reorganizing the public service commission he will not lose sight of the fact that the attitude of the new commission toward the water company will be watched by the public with no small concern and with some distrust.

The pressure that will be brought upon the governor to appoint men to whom the adventurers in this remarkable undertaking can look with some degree of hope will be so insidious and so powerful that in every probability some occasion will be found to set aside the findings of the present commission and bring entirely new proceedings.

And in this renewed attack the Indianapolis Water Company has but one court of final jurisdiction to which it can appeal with the assurance of justice, and that is to the public. And to this court of last resort the water company is taking its case—now. The Indianapolis Water Company is a public utility. Its business is with all the people of Indianapolis and its responsibility is to them, and to them only. In dealing with the water company neither the Public Service Commission nor any other tribunal can presume to any further power than the vested authority of the public. But a dangerous conspiracy, such as has inspired this attack of two years' duration on the water company, can presume on the ignorance and indifference of the public. Such an adventure can assume that the public will leave unquestioned and uncensored to its servants, this great responsibility. And experience has too often shown that human nature is not always equal to such a test. Too often it happens that individuals fall victims to selfish and ulterior designs. The public is

never selfish, but sometimes it does not know what is happening.

But this time the Indianapolis water company proposes that the public shall know every fact of its position. The water company wants, and has always wanted, the public to know all about its organization—to understand its methods, and to be fully informed as to its charges as compared with the charges made for such services in other similar cities. The water company has nothing to fear, and much to hope for, from the widest publicity as to the facts of its organization, methods, rates and the character of men who own and operate this great institution. And the water company asks that those who are attacking it bring their charges in definite form before the bar of public opinion. The water company knows how much the people have to learn if this attack on it is openly conducted before the public of this community.

And one thing that needs to be brought forward at the outset is this: The attack on the water company is very much more important than any loss that has ever been possible to the present owners of this company. This attack involves the policy of the city of Indianapolis toward outside capital. It involves the very foundations of honesty and fair dealing with men who invest their money here.

As the situation stands at present both the bank deposits in Indianapolis and the working capital of this community are far less than they should be. And this condition—of insufficient working capital—is the result of long years of narrow-minded selfishness on the part of a despotic few who have sought to use the whole community for their personal advantage. Every business man, every working man, every citizen has suffered by this policy. And it has only been possible because it has not been understood.

But the time has come when the business of this community will hereafter be conducted for the benefit of all the people and not for the profit of a small and self-appointed financial despotism. If Mr. Geist is willing, as he is, to lay his cards on the table, face up, the public will see to it that this time he gets an honest deal. And as for his adversaries—well, the greatest penalty that ever can be imposed on a "tin-horn" gambler is to have to play the game fair. He never wins that way.

When conditions in this community are what they should be, Mr. Geist will be remembered as the courageous pioneer who ventured alone in Indianapolis while yet the Philistines were abroad in the land.

A Word or Two on Fashions in the Boudoir

(By Margot.)

With April comes the new arrivals in summer lingerie and the woman who believes she should economize to help the men in the trenches had best keep away from these particular sections of our shops for they have a way of opening milady's purse before she is aware. Touches of embroidery here and there and bits of dainty lace are enough to make her forget for the moment all else but that these things are meant to be—not looked upon—but worn.

Negligees are certainly made to please all types and fancies this season. Never in the history of fashion have they shown such a tendency to run wild in designs, materials and lines. There seems a new mode for every new mood of the hour. Crepe de chine, that material that has found a permanent home in the wardrobe, serves no purpose better than that of negligee, for there is something in its soft, silky texture, its clinging lines that please all womankind.

At this particular time of the year the shops are overflowing with varied offerings. One of these is a negligee of pastel blue crepe de chine, whose simple lines are just discerned beneath a coat of filet lace, which extends almost to the bottom of the hem. A rose of silver fastens the coat in a careless manner at its slightly fitted waistline. Newer than this material, however, is the negligee of taffeta. Many of these are shown in changeable silks in combinations of colors that are pleasing to the wearer in the early and late hours of the day. Pink and blue, pink and lavender, pink and apple green are the prevalent colors and also one sees many salmon and peach shades that are just as dainty. Taffeta is also used for pullman robes but appears in the darker, more practical colors.

The corduroy robe is again being shown and can be had in all the desired pastel shades, as well as the darker colors. The continued popularity of this robe is undoubtedly due to the service of the material for they are washable and the newer ones are lined with a thin Japanese silk, so cool to the flesh in summer. In addition to this velvet in any shape or form is flattering and therefore a valuable asset to the modern woman, who is sensible enough to wear that which is most becoming.

The boudoir cap, once a luxury, now a necessity, comes forth beribboned and bedecked with lace and frills. The cartwheel cap is at present the vogue and one sees many with rows of lace and ribbon forming a wheel over each ear. Another cap is made entirely of lace and prefers to cover only the topmost of her glorious hair, but has no objection to many ribbons falling artistically from be-

neath its lacey frill. A ribbon covered, rose-trimmed band of elastic at the back holds the cap in place. Some designer was considerate enough to create the cap of washable silk which does not require a head dress before wearing it. While these may not be as dainty as those combined with lace, they serve their purpose well and made up with a spray of roses and an edging of dainty lace, the practical value is overlooked in its beauty.

The tip of the toe is of as much importance as the top of the head and the new boudoir slippers lend a touch of elegance to the negligee. They can be had in any shade and color and also in gold and silver cloth. A mediumly high heel is comfortable to support the foot and the vamp, which is the only part visible, takes a trimming of rose buds or an edging of lace to give the proper boudoir daintiness. Very new and very pleasing to a woman's vanity are the garters that are being shown. These are ribbon covered elastic and a frill of lace covers the knee. Rosebuds form a dainty trimming.

For some unknown reason there has been a revival of lawn and nainsook lingerie and many are welcoming this material with enthusiasm. The new feature of hemstitching the seams together and picotting the edges seem to find immediate favor. Inserts of filet lace in the yokes of nightgowns, combinations, chemise and underbodies are seen everywhere and this lace plays a most important part in all lingerie seen this season. The nightgowns are for the most part sleeveless and those which are not trimmed in lace are embroidered. One notices several gowns of flesh colored crepe de chine embroidered in conventional designs of Copenhagen blue silk. Extremely dainty is the lingerie of Georgette crepe and really not as impractical as it appears. These are seen exquisitely embroidered with beads and silk and trimmed with very fine lace. For the woman who prefers pajamas, there are many new and novel garments shown. The most interesting of these comes in the one-piece pajama, seen in silk taffeta, crepe de chine and pussy-willow taffeta and one of the shops displays a one piece garment of natural color pongee silk that looks very much like the Yama Yama suits one wears at the masquerade. These are held tight at the ankle by a draw string of pale blue silk ribbon and a wide ruffle falls over the ankle. The short sleeves are finished in the same manner, and a narrow belt ties in front at a slightly raised waistline. Pearl buttons close the garment in front.

The camisole or under bodice that has become such an important accessory to the lingerie wardrobe is seen in many dainty and elaborate effects. Many of these are made of a wash satin and trimmed with inserts of filet lace. A number are being shown that have no trimming other than a hemstitched edge, while others depend

upon tiny rose buds for their selection. The Georgette blouse of darker colors seems to have been the suggestion for the camisoles of silver and gold cloth. Metal cloth has been used for many purposes but decidedly original is its use in the manner. They are made of the lightest weight of gold or silver cloth, a fabric very soft in texture which was introduced a season ago, and are beaded or rose trimmed. The more elaborate ones have a shoulder strap of small silk roses and these continue about the top of the bodice. A ruffle of silver or gold lace at the top is an attractive trimming and adds to the beauty of the blouse with which it is worn.

Mayor Meets Emergency

In a time of a crisis when action and not talk becomes a necessity, Mayor Bell has arisen to meet an emergency again. As a result of the action of the mayor, an effective organization has been provided in Indianapolis for increased food production. Vacant lots are to be registered, chairmen of committees in various sections of the city have been appointed, owners of tractors have agreed to break large tracts of ground and the school children are being organized in squads for gardening purposes.

The mayor did not await a long discussion. When he learned the governor had called for increased food production, he got busy and called a meeting in the city hall. And at the close of the meeting, the organization was perfected.

It is now at work. That is efficiency.

Indiana Patriotic

Indiana is leading all other States in the patriotic movement of increasing the food supply of the nation, according to reports made by Dr. W. E. Stone of Purdue University who just returned from a national conference at St. Louis. Indiana has gone farther with the organization of effective committees than any other State.

From every part of the State there came a hearty response when the mayors of various cities joined in a conference at the State capitol last Wednesday. Back to every city, was taken the word that upon the increased production of food, lies the ultimate success of the American cause. Enthusiasm ran high when Governor Goodrich, Richard Lieber, Professor G. I. Christie, Dr. Stone and others addressed the meeting.

The cultivation of farm lots, the offering of tractors for the breaking of large tracts of ground and other questions received attention. The real estate men of the State are going to join in the work. The school children will be given a vacation in the garden patch this year, according to the mayors, and they will receive credit commensurate with their service to their State and nation.

A Mobilization Center

Within a few months Fort Benjamin Harrison will become the mobilization center for an army of 30,000 men. This fact is assured by the various movements of the federal government. The men will be those recruited in Indiana, Michigan and Ohio. They will be trained while at the fort and when they depart, they will be ready for the trenches in Europe if the government decides to send men.

The decision means that Indianapolis will witness the extensive movements of a small army. The fort will be changed to provide the features of the battle grounds of Europe. Men will be trained by regular army officers and under the direction of the members of the seventh infantry of the regular army.

Training in Baseball

That war is not going to interfere greatly with national sports is shown by the big revival of interest in baseball at the opening of the season this week. And there is no reason why baseball should not retain its popularity. Nothing aside from actual military work gives a young man the physical training, the mental polishing and the restraint of discipline he gains on the diamond. The army that could be raised among the ball players, organized and amateur, would be one of the most formidable the nation could put in the field and they will be ready when they are needed.

Another Oil Puzzle

The whirlpool of action which has centered around the law which gives to Indiana the right to inspect and examine oil sold in Indiana has taken a new and somewhat ludicrous turn. The federal court has declared unconstitutional the present law and granted a temporary restraining order to prevent the collection of further fees under this law and now the State is finding itself compelled to step into a trial of the constitutionality of the law to prevent a permanent restraining order.

Sixty and more Democratic oil inspectors were relieved of their positions when Governor James P. Goodrich obtained control of the department. The inspectorships have proved popular berths with party politicians.

Just at a moment when the prize packages were passed around the federal court stepped in and granted the restraining order.

And then, it is discovered the present law has superseded a former statute which gave to the State geologist the right to appoint the oil inspectors and which was not a revenue producer. There are attorneys who say if the present law is unconstitutional, the former law which the present law repealed, returns to its place on the statute.

The State geologist is a Democrat and will be until two years hence and if he begins appointing, sixty or more inspectors will be Democrats again.



AT HOME AND AT THE CLUB

BY THE CHAPERONE



Has living been made too easy for the modern woman? Are the resources at her command calculated to foster a race of drones instead of busy bees? We hear so much about what our great grandmothers did, and what her great grandchildren are NOT doing, that we really can't help stopping in the mad rush for a brief moment once in a while to compare the two. Around the clock with the woman of former days seemed a cycle of "chores." Baking, sweeping, spinning and farm tasks formed an unvarying program, according to all accounts. The up-to-date woman eliminates most of these from her daily program, but in their stead she has substituted a kaleidoscopic routine.

In the first place, her motor car has paved her path with roses. If she hasn't a car of her own, she rides in those of her many friends, and far be it from the modern woman to walk from place to place. She figures she would never get anything done if she did, so the plea that the motor car was an unknown quantity in the days when "walking was good enough" falls on deaf ears.

Her sewing is generally a bit of "pick-up" work, for the shops supply most of the garments she formerly spent tedious hours over, and she finds ready-made clothing quite as satisfactory as any she could have fashioned at home—and she saves the time. She doesn't even have to mend her clothes—O dear no. A convenient little "mind your mending" shop is a blessing that every community boasts. If her blouse needs repairing; if her skirt begins to show wear and tear; if her suit needs a little alteration; or even if her silk stockings are starting to "run" or need darning, the "mind your mending" shop, or the "stitch in time" shop stands ready to repair the damage at a minimum cost. A hasty bundling together of all garments needing repairing and a minute's stop at the shop, and mending is off her mind.

Even the younger generation have their tasks performed for them by experts. Perhaps little girls of former generations took infinite pains to repair damages done to the favorite doll, but her tiny descendant leaves her broken dollies at the "hospital for sick dolls" and all she has to do is to call for them when the work is all done.

Sweeping has gone out of fashion with the advent of the vacuum cleaner. The cook stove has a formidable rival in the fireless cooker, which allows the relieved cook many hours of leisure which were formerly spent over a hot oven. The electric iron does the work on fine garments very

easily and quickly, and for the heavier clothes, the laundry takes charge.

Spinning and weaving are old-fashioned enough to be a fascinating novelty, and no modern woman will complain that the linens purchased over the counter of the shop are in any way inferior to that her grandmother wove.

Quilting, except as a pastime, has also been relegated to those who make it a business; and machine-quilted bed covers, while they may not be up to the standard set by grandmother, are perfectly satisfactory to the mistress of the modern bungalow or tiny apartment.

Grandmother performed a hundred tasks that women of today would consider burdensome. But on the other hand, she didn't attend suffrage meetings. She wasn't a member of several clubs for which she wrote and worked and lectured. She didn't work in organized charities, nor give freely many hours a week to doing settlement work or assisting in classes for poor girls. She didn't take to athletics nor did she attend classes in Red Cross work, civics and social welfare, art and literature. She would have no cause to blush for the idleness of her descendants, for there is no busier person alive than the really up-to-date woman. She has simply exchanged her tasks and her mode of living to suit modern conditions, and she is making good at it just as her great grandmother made good at the spinning wheel.

The few social affairs that are being given are marked by a patriotic spirit shown in decorations and appointments. The bridge party given Thursday afternoon at L. S. Ayres by Mrs. Frank W. Buschmann in honor of Mrs. Llewellyn R. Johnson, a recent bride, was attractively arranged to carry out the national colors. Flags formed the decorations, with blossoms in red, white and blue giving the floral note. The nut cups were in the national colors, and the refreshments carried out the same color scheme.

The dance given recently at the Propylaeum by the Decem Club for the young folk who are home from college was of a patriotic nature. Flags were arranged about the walls, and the stage was a garden of red, white and blue blossoms.

The Sigma Pi Sorority entertained with one of the delightful parties of the week Tuesday evening at the Independent Turnverein, when a feature of the evening was a patriotic dance, the call being sounded by a bugle. The lights were turned low, and red, white and blue serpentine and con-

fetti were thrown, giving a brilliant touch of patriotism to the affair.

The members of the younger social set are proving that they have a mind above dances and parties, teas and luncheons, even in their first "seasons." Miss Elizabeth Holliday, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Holliday, who made her debut early in the season, has volunteered her services to the Woman's Co-operative Council of the United States Employment Service, and is in attendance at the office room in the Federal Building to receive women who wish to register for service if called upon. The Indianapolis women are following the plan of English women, and have adopted a card index system registering the name of each woman and for what task she is best prepared to take the place of men, should the need arise during the war.

At the suffrage convention to be held Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, a group of young society women will aid in the program. "The Legend of Woman," in a series of pictures, will be presented by Mrs. O. B. Jameson, and the cast includes Mrs. Donald Jameson, Miss Marcia Doan, Mrs. Joe Rand Beckett, Miss Anna Marie Gall, Miss Florence Hanckel, Miss Lucyanna Joss, Mrs. Walter Greenough, Mrs. John Brandt, Mrs. David Allerdice, Mrs. Myron Green, Miss Ruth Lockwood, Miss Florence Beckett, Miss Mary Joss, Miss Clarissa Wells, Miss Mary Bookwalter, Miss Eda Boos, Mrs. Gilbert Clippinger, Miss Laura Pantzer, Miss Jessica Wood and Miss Lois Carey.

An Indianapolis visitor who is receiving much social attention is Miss Ethel Doud of Ft. Wayne, who is the guest of Mrs. John Harrison Bull. Mrs. Bull entertained Wednesday with a beautifully appointed bridge party at the Claypool Hotel, when the appointments were in spring flowers. Dr. and Mrs. Bull entertained with a dinner dance Thursday night at the Maennerchor for Miss Doud, Mrs. Gilbert Karges of Evansville who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Milnor, and for Miss Isabelle Steen of Chicago who is the guest of Miss Amber Ensley. Mrs. Scott Deming will entertain at dinner Monday night for the same guests.

Miss Mary Garrett Hay of New York who will come next week to speak at the suffrage convention to be held at the Claypool Hotel is a daughter of whom Indiana is justly proud. Miss Hay is chairman of the

Woman's Suffrage Party of New York and under her supervision work on a large scale is accomplished. She is a former president of the Society of the Daughters of Indiana in New York, and as a presiding officer, is said to have no peer. She will be the guest of Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson while in the city.

Miss Augusta Stevenson, who has written many clever stories for children, is making her residence in New York, and has recently joined the Daughters of Indiana. She was a guest recently at a musicale at the studio of Mme. Buckhout in Central Park West, at which a number of Hoosiers were guests.

Everyone these days, is taking some part in service for the country. Indianapolis women are busy sewing and planning for the proposed base hospital here, and for the relief committee for the French soldiers, with headquarters on Monument Place. At the latter place, Miss Anita Clarendon, who was with Mrs. Fiske's company, daily sat and sewed for the wounded soldiers of France, snatching hours from busy days for the relief work. Mrs. Charles Shaler, Miss Caroline Marmon, Mrs. Lucius B. Swift and other members of the committee attended the performance at English's theater Wednesday evening, and saw their co-worker in her role of actress instead of seamstress. Miss Clarendon is understudy for Mrs. Fiske.

An announcement of interest in younger society circles is that of the engagement of Miss Faye Elizabeth Borchers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Borchers to Sieber R. Nicholson, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Nicholson, which was made Tuesday afternoon at a party given at the home of the bride on Washington boulevard. The wedding will take place in the near future.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Constance Foster to James Edwin Boruff of Bedford, Ind., will take place Wednesday afternoon at the Central Christian Church, the Reverend Allan B. Philputt officiating. Miss Elizabeth Coldwell will be maid of honor and John Edwards of Mitchell, Ind., best man. The Women's Press Club of Indiana, of which Miss Foster is retiring president, entertained with a luncheon and miscellaneous shower Tuesday for Miss Foster, when the gifts were brought before the bride-elect in a huge wheelbarrow. Mr. Boruff and his bride will leave for an extended western trip immediately after the ceremony.



TAKING IN THE CITY

WITH RUBE KIDDER



The Clean Up

I have been reading a lot of this "clean up and paint up" dope, and it sounded extremely good to me, so I buy me a paint brush and a can of paint the other day and start in to let action speak louder than advertisements—and after seeing some advertisements, you will agree that actions have to have a loud, deep, bass voice to get away with anything like that.

I decided that the floor of the front porch would be a fine place to begin, and so I took the paint and began. The paint was red, and I never seen a porch floor painted red, but that was the paint I had, and why not have a red floor, anyway?

So I painted and worked all one morning, and got paint in my ears, and in my pockets, and ruined a perfectly swell pair of shoes, and wore the knees out of my trousers crawling over the porch, and then it was all finished and say—what do you think?—I'd went and painted myself into a corner of the porch, and there wasn't no way to get out except to walk over what I had just painted, and I had to, and had to paint out my own foot prints, and at that the porch floor don't look as well as it might, and I have heard the neighbors remark that it reminds them more of a four-alarm fire than anything else, which may or may not be jealousy.

But aside from this, I am for this clean up and paint up thing, strong. Think of all the junk that we accumulate during the winter, and how scuffed up looking things get, and how goshawful the back yard looks. What profiteth it a man to raise hyacinths and such in his front yard if the yard itself looks like the city dump? Nothing at all.

Everywhere you look you will see people at work, cleaning up. The paint brush and the rake are the most popular musical instruments just now, not forgetting the ukalele. The trash wagons are going by, staggering under their loads, and on every hand can be heard the low deep rumble of the carpet beater at work, mingling with the inspiring lilt of the vacuum cleaner.

Some of the back yards remind me of a man who has shaved off a set of whiskers of many years standing—one is both pleased and surprised to note the true nature of the landscape after the excess vegetation has been removed. People I know have given their bungalows a coat of paint, and promptly been offered several hundred dollars more for them than it cost to build them—such is the magic of fresh paint, whether on a house, an automobile, a picture or the human map.

Unselfishly the awning men have been urging people to buy awnings now, ere the awnings are all gone, and I started to write a song, something like that one "Roaming in the Gloaming," about "Yawning in the Awning," but got no further because my poetic meter gave out and I didn't have another two bits to drop in it to start 'er going again.

Everyone is raising flags, and new onions, and dust—for, as soon as you get the house painted, you want to hang out a flag, and as soon as you get the back yard cleaned out you want to plant a garden. The dust takes care of itself, and while we may not care for dust, in this instance it stimulates all sorts of industry—the same way as the higher-ups keep trying to persuade us that the smoke symbolizes industry, although I think myself that the people who make those claims are in cahoots with the laundries.

But that has nothing to do with the clean up and paint up campaign, and in spite of my sad experience with the front porch, and the fact that my shoes and trousers are a total loss, I am still for the campaign, and I still have a little red paint left and intend to paint the dog house tomorrow afternoon.

The Lure of the Army

Well, I have been to a lot of State fairs, and such, and have seen the time when I sauntered all carelessly down the midway trying to decide how to spend my lonely dime—and I will say here and now that while such a state of affairs hasn't got anything to do with the earnest young gent who wants to do something for his country besides wearing a little flag pasted on the side of his collar, just outside the spot where the larynx merges imperceptibly with the epiglottis, he's up against pretty much the same puzzle.

Mebbe that's the reason more of these young fellers are enlisting in the National Guard—because they can't decide. It sure is hard to decide, with each troop, and squad, and battery, and company, and corps, etcetera, etcetera, offering all kinds of allurements, and displaying such gifted patriotic appeals that a feller can hardly get by to the next place.

There's a bunch of them on Pennsylvania street, and a bunch more on South Illinois street, and a few more scattered hither and yon over the downtown part of this burg, and all of them have different methods of beguiling the incipient enlistee inside.

One of the best methods is to get the best looking man in the bunch to

put on his best uniform and stand around outside. They pick out a young chap six feet high or so, and straight—one of these guys that look like the pictures in the Cosmopolitan—and he stays out on the sidewalk.

Along comes somebody, and looks at him, and sees how swell he looks in his olive-drab uniform, with the leather puttees wound close around his shapely legs, and a campaign hat set at a rakish angle on his handsome head. This here somebody, he thinks, "Gee, a uniform certainly does look swell," and he gets to wondering if he wouldn't look just as swell in one as that handsome young warrior outside. He forgets that he is a shade or two bowlegged, and that his legs, taking them by and large, were more intended to take him there and bring him back than for ornamental purposes, and he forgets that he is not six feet high, and never will be, no matter how he stretches; no, he just thinks that if that guy looks so swell, he can, too, and won't Myrtle be stuck on him when he goes to see her next Sunday night! And then he decides.

There is one organization that is making a most effective appeal. Everybody that comes in, they tell him, "We've got the best cooks of any outfit in the guard." That alone is enough to lure many a lonely boarding house butterfly. The recruiting officers stand in the doorway, and tell about those swell cooks they've got, in loud and audible tones, and refer carelessly to the elegant grub said cooks are enabled to dish out.

Others rely on the stuff that soothes the savage breast. There is something or other about a fife and drum corps that would make a ninety-five-pound shrimp walk up to Jess Willard and bust him one, and one of the batteries has a fife and drum corps working all day long. Others have phonographs, playing martial airs.

Others have their girls working for them. The girls, all dolled up in their new sport suits, gaze gracefully from the interior of headquarters, and naturally—who wouldn't?—the prospective recruit wanders casually in, hopping his tie is straight, and when he gets out again he has signed up. This method is practically certain.

So is it any wonder, I ask you, that numerous young citizens have been unable to decide which branch of the service to choose?

Too Late Now

When I went to see a lady friend of mine last Sunday night, she was just stowing away the trusty powder

rag, but underneath there was still the traces of tears on her fair cheeks, as the authors in "Scrappy Stories" like to put it.

"Well," I said to her, "what is it now? Don't be worried—I ain't enlisted yet."

"What would that be to me?" she wants to know. "The thing is this—I'll just bet anything that the weather man ain't a man at all but a woman, and a catty old hen at that."

"How could he be a her and a hen and a cat at the same time?" I wanted to know. "And anyway—what has he done?"

"No man would do no such a thing," she said, "It is all too true that woman's worst enemy is woman, and the weather today proves it, for I just know that the weather man ain't a man at all but some old pelican that didn't have the price of no new clothes."

"Why," says she, "I was all ready—I had me one of them cute little suits, with the skirt made circular, and the gores gathered to a hem at the edge of a peplum, and the coat was made with kimono sleeves, with a long directoire effect, and just a hint of the Chinese influence in the sweeping lines of the coat, and it was of this here lovely new color—rhubarb sauce—and made of crepe de menthe, with a border of French persiflage around the hem, and around the cuffs, with a belt of the same. And my hat—oh, my hat!—and here she busts out and almost wails again—"It was the darlinest little hat you ever seen, Rube—a little Pomeranian model, made of geezer straw, with tiny blue dusenberry blossoms draped over the crown, and caught up with a knot of quinine ribbon—it was just the swellest little thing—and when I had 'em all on—Oh, wasn't it horrible of that weather-dame to make it rain like she done? I'll bet she just done it out of meanness."

"I guess the town missed a treat, all right," I says, coming up for air, as one might say. "Only it sounds sort of loud."

"Well, it is," she says, "That's why it's in style."

"Mebbe it will be a nice day tomorrow?" I tries to console her, promising myself, however, that if she wears that rig she is describing I will have a pressing date elsewhere, as it were.

"Mebbe," she says, indifferent, "But it's spoiled for me now—Easter being over, and all. I'd like to see the dame who runs the weather bureau. I'll bet she's a sight."

Women are curious birds, ain't they?

The Rates of The Indianapolis Water Company

The attack on the Indianapolis Water Company has been based on the charge that its rates are excessive. Of course, those who made this charge knew that it was not true, and the attack was based on the assumption that the public would never know the facts. The brief answer to this charge is that the rates charged by the Indianapolis Water Company are lower than the rates charged in any other American city similarly situated, as the following comparison will show:

The American Water Works Association has adopted as a basis of comparison of rates two units of charges—a six-room house with bath, toilet, etc., on a thirty-foot lot, with sprinkling privileges; and the minimum rate per one thousand gallons charged to large consumers.

The following table will illustrate the comparative rates:

	Six-room house.	Minimum rate.
Indianapolis	\$14.75	.04
Average rate in 307 cities supplied by private companies or municipal plants	18.08	.09
Average in cities supplied by municipal plants...	17.49	.09
Representative cities situated similarly to Indianapolis and supplied by private companies or plants municipally owned:		
Los Angeles	15.34	.09 1/3
Denver	19.40	.10
Des Moines	17.50	.10
Kansas City, Kan.....	18.60	.07
Kansas City, Mo.....	17.00	.07
Louisville	18.00	.06
Boston	18.00	.10 2/3
Newark	20.00	.13 1/3
Omaha	24.15	.08
Cincinnati	14.71	.10 2/3
Toledo	17.50	.05
Pittsburgh	28.50	.12
Providence	26.00	.10
Memphis	19.50	.10
Nashville	27.00	.08
Spokane	19.20	.10

The foregoing list omits five or six cities having municipal plants and where the rates are so complicated with general taxes, indirect charges and the expense of other departments, as to make it impossible to determine the actual cost of water to the consumer; also cities employing the meter system exclusively, where the cost of water depends entirely on the consumer.

In a very few instances certain cities supplied by municipally owned plants have

water rates which apparently are lower than the rates of cities supplied by plants owned by private companies. But the difference is *apparent* rather than real. And this for the reason that the municipal ownership of utilities makes possible every conceivable sort of rate juggling, for political or any other purposes.

Two of the most usual of such devices are to conceal a part of the cost of the water system in the general tax rate. Another is to distribute some part of the expense of the water department to other departments, such as the street department, engineering department, or fire department. A third device is indirect charges, such as taxing abutting property for the laying of mains. Another universal expedient is to relieve the water department of taxes. Yet another device sometimes resorted to is for the city to pay the interest on the bonds of the water department out of its general fund. And a final method of modifying the apparent cost of water to the consumer is to make by taxation every piece of property in some degree a customer of the water department. (Only about 70 per cent. of the property ever pays revenues to a privately owned water company.)

A further analysis of the rates of the Indianapolis Water Company discloses the very important fact that the rates for water to manufactures are lower—very much lower—in Indianapolis than in any other American city except one, and for purposes of illustration the following comparison with the commercial water rates of Toledo will serve. The Toledo rates are as follows:

Charge Per 1,000 Gallons.		
First 260,000 gallons.....	9	cents
Next 1,560,000 gallons.....	8	cents
Next 1,560,000 gallons.....	7	cents
Next 1,820,000 gallons.....	6	cents
Over 5,200,000 gallons.....	5	cents
The Indianapolis rates are:		
Over 250,000 gallons.....	6 2/3	cents
Next 750,000 gallons.....	6	cents
Over 1,000,000 gallons.....	4	cents

There are about 1,000 manufacturers in Indianapolis; of these about thirty-five are very large institutions, using more than 1,000,000 gallons per month. About 500 use an average of about 250,000 gallons per month and the remaining 500 are smaller manufacturing establishments, many of them in manufacturing buildings like the Century building, the Murphy building and the Laycock building, where water is supplied by the landlord, who in almost every

case uses enough water to get the manufacturers' rate.

For purposes of this comparison the moderate user and a very large and well-known institution will serve.

The average manufacturer who uses 250,000 gallons of water per month will pay in Indianapolis under the new rates 6 2/3 cents per 1,000 gallons, or \$16.67 per month. In Toledo the same manufacturer would pay 9 cents per 1,000 gallons, or \$22.25 per month.

Nordyke & Marmon use about 90,000,000 gallons of water per year—7,500,000 per month. Under the new rates this firm will pay per month:

For the first 1,000,000 gallons.....	\$ 56.90
For the next 6,500,000 gallons.....	260.00
	<hr/>
	\$316.90

The rate in Toledo would be:

First 260,000 gallons, at 9 cents..	\$ 23.40
Next 1,560,000 gallons, at 8 cents..	124.80
Next 1,560,000 gallons, at 7 cents..	109.20
Next 1,820,000 gallons, at 6 cents..	109.20
Next 2,300,000 gallons, at 5 cents..	115.00
	<hr/>
7,500,000	\$481.60

The difference is \$164.70 per month, or \$1,976.40 per year.

In selecting Toledo for purposes of comparison a city has been chosen that is particularly well situated. Toledo has an inexhaustible supply of water at its very door, and the necessary cost of pumping and distribution is much lower than Indianapolis. But as further illustration let the Indianapolis rate to Nordyke & Marmon be compared with a few cities taken at random from the list of cities given earlier in this article—the comparison being on the basis of 7,500,000 gallons per month:

Indianapolis	\$316.90
Denver (10 cents per 1,000 gallons).	750.00
Kansas City (7 cents per 1,000 gallons)	525.00
Louisville (6 cents per 1,000 gallons)	450.00
Omaha (8 cents per 1,000 gallons) .	600.00
Pittsburgh (12 cents per 1,000 gallons)	900.00

The fact which every householder in Indianapolis should know is that water service is better and cheaper in this city than in any other American city similarly situated. And the citizens of Indianapolis should also realize that the Indianapolis Water Company has shown every evidence of both the willingness and ability to serve this community well.